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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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"Shadows of the Salient," by "The Bard of the Battlefield." See Page 6.

APRIL
1918

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FIFTEEN
CENTS

YES!

Is it pure?
Is it safe?
Is it sweet?
Is it clean?
Is it rich?
Is it practical?
Is it economical?

Is it Made in Canada?—YES!

The Story of Carnation Milk

By HELENE MOORE

Milk is a necessity. It is a universal food from infancy to old age. It forms part of the sustenance of human beings.

In the good old days, practically every family "kept a cow." Towns and cities were not crowding people out of their own pastures and gardens.

With the growth of the country industrially, the milk problem became different. People began buying milk of the neighbors, or of some one who kept cows.

Life became more complex, cities were built more closely. It became impossible to know from where the milk came and often it was just as impossible to know what kind of milk it was.

Milk is a fundamental in cooking. Flour, eggs, butter, milk, sugar—these are among the articles consumed in the greatest volume in the home. Naturally, the milk supply has the most opportunity to deteriorate in quality or to become contaminated. Raw milk, as every housewife knows, seems to absorb odor and contaminating influences from everything about it, hence it is a delicate article of commerce, and the greatest care and precaution often fails to protect it while in the raw state.

The Trade-Marked Milk

Out of this situation, together with the desire to have milk of uniform high quality, grew the industry which offers a most convenient, economical, and satisfactory milk supply—a trade-mark milk, quality guaranteed—Carnation Milk.

In introducing Carnation Milk to those who have not already used it, we ask that Carnation (brand) evaporated, Sterilized Milk be not confused with the so-called condensed or sweetened milks. Carnation Milk is rich cows' milk, reduced to the consistency of cream by evaporation in vacuum (part of the water taken out), and then hermetically sealed in cans and sterilized to preserve its wholesomeness. In sterilizing, a higher degree of heat is applied than is necessary in ordinary pasteurization—and all the original content of butter fat and other milk solids is retained.

Each morning the farmers send in the fresh milk, pure and rich. Every can of milk they bring in is tested. The richer the milk, the more the farmers are paid for it. This is an incentive for them to keep well-bred stock and to exercise the greatest care in feeding and in otherwise complying with our rigid requirements for keeping the milk up to a high standard. The dairies which produce milk for us are inspected by careful, experienced men, who also instruct the dairy owners how to handle and keep the milk in a sanitary condition from the time it is milked until we receive it.

Glass-Lined Tanks Sterilized

Although the Carnation process is a very simple one, years of experience, utmost care, and most sanitary methods, have made it complete and exact. The milk which is brought in each morning, is evaporated, hermetically sealed and sterilized promptly, and is handled in the cleanest manner possible. The receivers for the fresh milk are glass lined, and are thoroughly washed and scientifically sterilized every day. The great vacuum pans in which the milk is evaporated are of copper, polished inside and out every day until they shine with the brightness of perfect cleanliness and purity.

The cans in which the farmers bring the milk are cleaned and sterilized at our own condensers, where we know the work is properly done. The most particular housewife would be delighted with the sweetness of every milk can and every utensil used in connection with the preparing of Carnation Milk.

Carnation "Stays Sweet"

You may open a can of Carnation Milk in summer or in winter, and you will find the milk just as it was when it was put into the cans—as sweet and wholesome as when fresh from the cow. This is accomplished absolutely without the aid of preservatives.

Carnation Milk may be poured into an earthen pitcher and used in the same manner as cream and milk, or it may be used from the can as needed, and when kept properly covered, in a cool, dry place, will keep for several days after opening.

Do not expect Carnation Milk to taste like ordinary raw milk. It is better milk, and it will taste differently to you. Most people like the taste at once; others find that they must acquire the liking by using three or four cans.

For Everyday Cooking

Once you serve it regularly on your table and use it in your cooking, once you realize its cleanliness, its richness, its convenience, and its economy, you will never go back to the old-fashioned supply. Used in creaming vegetables, in making pastry, in most recipes where milk is called for, it is found to impart a more delicate and appetizing flavor than ordinary milk.

For Whipping

That Carnation Milk can be whipped like "whipping cream" is a surprise to many. Yet this is also true—and is a truth that spells great economy.

Carnation Milk should be used in coffee, tea, or cocoa in place of cream. For this purpose, it should not be diluted. The recipes given in our special rec pe booklet tell how it is to be used for ice cream, cakes, mayonnaise, and dozens of every-day uses.

For Infants and Children

For infants and growing children, Carnation Milk is most healthful. All that is needed to prepare it for infants' use is a proper dilution with sterilized or pure water. A physician should be consulted, however, as physical conditions of children differ.

Uniform High Quality

The secret of all this is summed up in one word—quality. Quality is the watchword in every department of the Carnation Milk Products Company, Ltd. Wherever there is a Carnation Milk condensery you will find that same insistent demand for quality—quality in equipment of the condensery, quality in the methods of handling the milk, quality in the care and housing of the cows—the "contented cows" which are known the country over—and first, last and all the time, quality in the milk itself.

Nothing but the quality can possibly give you the cleanness, sweetness, richness, and purity you find in Carnation Milk.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Free practical recipe book sent you on request. Carnation Milk Products Co., Ltd., Box 40, Aylmer, Ont.

Get Acquainted With Carnation Milk Quality

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The Ground Floor

Do You Believe in the Power of Love to Overcome All Obstacles?

"ALL the World Loves a Lover," we have been told. The statement can never be more emphatically true than when applied to Jeffery Farnol's irresistible romance—"My Lady Caprice."

Dick Brent, in love with Lisbeth, is inveigled by Aunt Agatha into giving the girl a six months' respite. Aunt Agatha exiles her to Fane Court in hope of wedding her to Horace Selwyn, a wealthier man. Dick follows, meets Lisbeth and wins the goodwill of her small nephew, The Imp.

There are intrigues and counter-intrigues, and you will find yourself always a party to them—helping, as it were, to make things easier for Cupid. The Imp is exasperating, but you'll love him. Lisbeth is charming. You will not be able to resist her wiles. Neither can Dick, whom you will be glad to support throughout all the highways and byways of his persistence.

"My Lady Caprice" is a captivating, gripping story that will hold your interest from start to finish. This is the first time any Canadian magazine has published a story by Jeffery Farnol. It is fitting that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD should secure the first. There is hardly a reader who is not familiar with his other stories: "The Broad Highway," "The Amateur Gentleman," "The Definite Object" and "Beltane the Smith." They all took the literary world by storm. "My Lady Caprice" is a breezy, chatty novel that you will like even better. It affords entertainment, relaxation and excitement.

Jeffery Farnol

"My Lady Caprice"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

"My Lady Caprice" will run as a serial for seven months in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, beginning with the May issue.

We believe our readers will appreciate a book-length novel concluded in seven instalments. It affords us the opportunity to give you practically two novels a year, in addition to the many other stories and live articles that we present every month.

Mr. T. V. McCarthy, who illustrated "The Hidden Hope" in the March number and "The Intruder" in this issue, will handle the art work for "My Lady Caprice." This insures two-fold satisfaction for you.

Do not miss the opening instalment of "My Lady Caprice" in the May issue. When you have read *that*, you cannot resist each succeeding instalment. Make sure of your copies now. If your subscription has nearly expired, send us your renewal immediately. If it has a few more months yet to run, do not trust to your memory—you may forget when the time comes and miss thereby a part of the greatest serial in years. Write us to-day. We will credit your account with a new subscription starting the month after your expiry, no matter how far ahead that may be. Fill in the coupon on this page with your name and address. *Mail it to-day while you think of it!*

Date.....

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Toronto, Canada

Gentlemen,

Enclosed please find $1.50. Please enter my new / renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for one year, beginning with the May issue, so that I shall not miss any instalment of "My Lady Caprice."

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Wingfoot Heels Lighten Housework

OBVIOUS to thousands of women are the advantages of Wingfoot Rubber Heels on street shoes. They make every pavement the yielding velvet of a lawn. They smarten good-looking shoes. They wear long and evenly.

But for every hour you spend in your street shoes, you spend several around the house—upstairs and down again—from kitchen to front door—miles and miles about the house. And hard leather heels send shock! shock! shock! to delicate nerves. And headaches soon follow. How tired you are! Too tired for an evening's pleasure! Too tired even to enjoy an evening's quiet.

Hard leather heels *do* cause increased fatigue.

And Wingfoot Heels *will* give you relief. They ease the strain on hustled nerves. They are health-saving.

For Children, Too

Clatter! clatter! tap! go leather heels over hardwood floors. Thud! thud! thud! along carpeted halls. And what a pounding and scuffling in the playroom. Hard on nerves? Of course it is. Hard on floors, rugs and furniture, too.

But with the coming of Wingfoots—what a difference. A quiet tread is this around the house. A thudless tread for the youngsters. A well-mannered tread for little ladies and little gentlemen. And careful housewife—because there are no exposed nails—heels that will not injure floors or furniture.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited, guarantee Goodyear Wingfoot heels to outwear any other rubber heels. If yours do not, you can have a new pair free at any Goodyear branch.

Shoe repairers have Wingfoot Heels for men, women and children, in black, tan or white.

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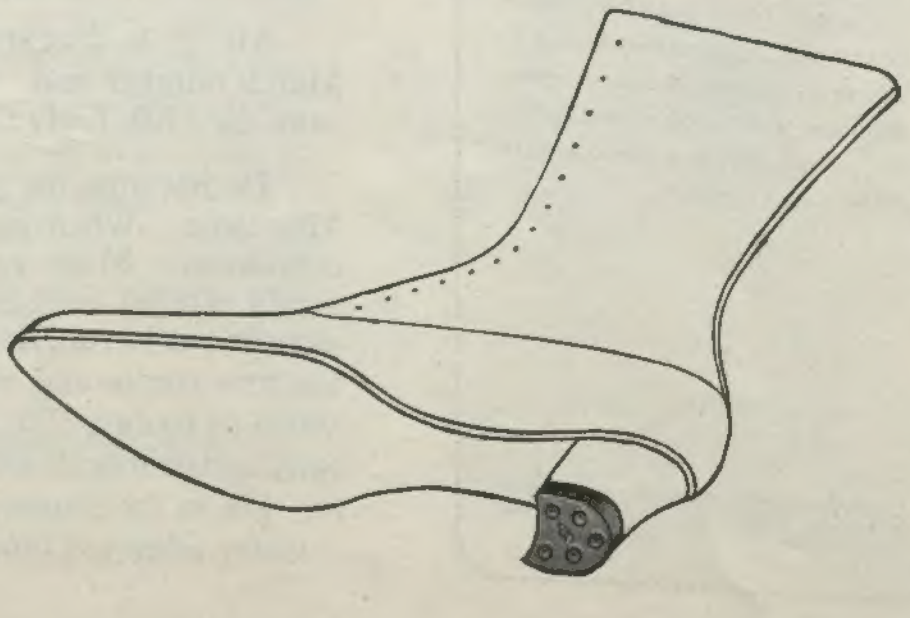

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADA'S GREAT HOME MAGAZINE

Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor
Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor

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Vol. VIII., 10 No. **EDITORIAL** **April, 1918**

The "Mothers of Consolidation"

Are You Going to Join in the Work They Have Planned? The Government Invites You—Will You Answer the Call?

LAST month EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD came forth editorially under the heading: "Mobilization of Canadian Women," wherein Mrs. Nellie L. McClung agitated for unity to meet the problems that are to-day facing us. In another section of the March issue, this magazine championed the amalgamation of women's clubs and organizations in a "Call to Arms,"—an invitation to every Canadian woman to enlist in a league named, temporarily and for convenience, "The Canadian Woman's War League," to be organized for the purpose of meeting issues contingent upon the war and having a direct and vital bearing upon our home life.

Within a few days after the publication of the March issue, the Government called, at Ottawa, a conference of women for the express purpose of working along the very lines suggested in our "Call to Arms." The Dominion has never known so unique a gathering. Women from all walks of life were there. From every province in the Dominion they came—representative of every woman's organization and woman's interest. The assembly was significant, inspiring.

Mrs. Adelaide Plumptre, who presided, expressed the situation aptly when, in her final message to the Cabinet and to the women she said: "Fifty years ago a certain group of men earned for themselves the title of 'Fathers of Confederation.' In future we may be called the 'Mothers of Consolidation.'"

It is to be wondered if the storm of applause that followed the remark carried with it understanding of the true significance of the statement, "Mothers of Consolidation!" Do the women of Canada realize that the time has come when they must sink all differences—differences of class, creed, politics and nationality? Has the fact been borne in upon them that Consolidation rests with each of them individually? To quote Mrs. McClung, from one of her addresses at the Conference:—

"We need waste no time in declaring our loyalty OR IN DOUBTING THAT OF OUR NEIGHBOR."

There's the rub—"Doubting that of our neighbor." If the time many of us spend in doubting the good faith of our neighbors were devoted to food production, what a harvest would there be!

"THE problems of Canada," declared Mrs. McClung, "are the women's problems. This is the first time in our history, and in fact, the first time in British history, when women have been called into council by the Government, and I do hope that the women gathered here will help the conference by human interest. All the world is now divided into two opposing factors—the people who represent the money interests, and the people who are fighting for human rights. We want the enemy, whether at home or abroad TO KNOW THAT CANADIAN WOMEN HAVE DRAWN THE SWORD. WE ARE AT WAR WITH EVERY AGENCY AT HOME OR ABROAD THAT WOULD WEAKEN BRITAIN."

As the conference progressed, no doubt remained as to the intention of the women. They had buckled on their armor and were out to win. For the past several years, through the press and on the public platform, women have been assured that their "day has come." The proverbial grains of salt became more numerous as they accepted the statements and bided their time.

"Home Thoughts from Abroad"

April in England—daffodils are growing
By every wayside, golden, tall and fair;
April—and all the little winds are blowing
The scents of Springtime through the sunny air.
April in England—God! that we were there!

April in England—and her sons are lying
On those red fields and dreaming of her shore;
April—we hear the thrushes' songs replying
Each unto each, above the cannons' roar.
April in England—shall we see it more?

April in England—there's the cuckoo calling
Down in her meadows, where the cowslip gleams;
April—and little showers are softly falling,
Dimpling the surface of her babbling streams.
April in England—how the shrapnel screams!

April in England—blood, and dust, and smother,
Screaming of horses, men in agony:
April—full many of thy sons, O Mother,
Never again those dewy dawns shall see.
April in England—God, keep England free!

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

But this act on the part of the Government—this invitation to lend advice and co-operation—was different. It exemplified emancipation—no, that is not the word; Canadian women have never found the need of emancipation—let us say, rather, exaltation.

They answered the Government's invitation with enthusiasm. They arrived laden down with statistics and a plenitude of common sense. A mischievous thought struck one of the listeners: "Did the gentlemen of the Government anticipate it? Did they realize that with all the love of detail of their feminine nature, their energetic sisters had been collecting this data for years? Did they foresee that they (the Cabinet) were committing themselves to an irrevocable pledge, though yet unspoken?" A mischievous thought indeed, was this, prompted by a certain sense of humor absolutely uncontrollable when a veritable machine-gun fire of questions was directed first at one and then at another member of the Cabinet. Sir George Foster thrilled every woman present with his exhortation to "Save, Save!" But, had he wanted to evade the question whether or not Daylight Saving would be adopted, he could not well have done so in the face of one persistent questioner whose determination it was to ascertain that one point. His oratory was marvellous and appreciated. But his answer was desired! And so, it went! Mr. Henry B. Thomson, Chairman of the Food Board, answered questions as to compulsory rationing, fixing of prices and other matters that have been worrying housekeepers. Hon. N. W. Rowell, Maj.-Gen. Mewburn, and the others, were allotted their shares.

Agriculture and Production, Thrift and Economy, Public Health and Child Welfare, Industrial Activities and National Registration—all these subjects were dealt with.

THE last subject mentioned deserves wider treatment, since upon its success will depend, to a large extent, the success of the other problems. It brings us back to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD'S "Call to Arms." As a result of the Conference, a league such as we suggested, modeled, probably, after the American "League of National Defence," may be organized by the Government.

Further, registration of woman power as well as of man power is to be a reality. A "Canada Registration Board" has been formed, including among its members Mrs. Plumptre. In order that only a moderate amount of machinery be used to carry out the idea, it is necessary that every Canadian woman consider herself a cog in the wheel.

Would you be willing to operate a street car so that its present operator may be placed at work wherein *he* might be more useful but wherein *you* are not physically fit? Then register!

Would *you* sell dressgoods in a departmental store so that the male clerk may be placed at farm labor too heavy for *you* but both healthier for and more required of *him?* Register!

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is open to you at all times for guidance. If you do not know with whom you should communicate in order to become employed to the best patriotic advantage, write us.

The Government needs your co-operation. When the Government is right, we support the Government. In the present instance we "stand at attention"—stand as well, *by* you and *with* you and *for* you.

This national magazine has placed itself on record with the "Mothers of Consolidation" as one of the pioneers in the immense task of organization—for unity and for strength.

Women of Canada! We ask you—Are you with us? Are you going to help us to "CARRY ON"?

The Right Way to Shampoo

How this treatment helps your hair

Let your children keep their heritage of soft, lustrous hair. Train them early in the habit of shampooing their hair with the soap that keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous

DO you think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed. There is a fundamental difference.

For your hair does not breathe as does a plant. No vital fluid circulates through it as does the sap in the plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, hair has no more life than a silken thread.

The whole beauty and lustre of your hair depends upon your *scalp*. Here the hair forms. Here a network of blood vessels feed and nourish the roots. Here lie the color-supply pigment cells. Here thousands of tiny fat glands supply oil to give your hair its glossy, life-like appearance.

This is why caring for the hair is, in reality, exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous, on the same principle as you give your skin the proper care and treatment in order to have a lovely complexion.

Which of these is your hair trouble?

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous.

Is it greasy, oily? or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Is it constantly powdered with dandruff? Or does it come out in combfuls? Begin at once to keep the pores of the scalp as free and clear as you keep the pores of your face.

To keep your scalp healthy and vigorous as it should be, begin at once to use persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Try this famous shampoo

Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails). Do not let the fingers slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles. This not only stimulates the blood that feeds the roots of the hair, but loosens the dead cells and particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores.

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a stiff tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear off with fresh, warm water. Wash all the soap out carefully and finish by rinsing in cold water. Dry very thoroughly. To make the hair fluff out prettily around the face, dry it hanging over the face instead of down the back.

Use this as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For five or six shampoos, or for ten days or two weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, you will find the 25c. cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake to-day. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c. we will send you, in addition to these, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address, ***The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2604 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario***

Men enjoy the active, healthy feeling that a shampoo with Woodbury's Facial Soap gives to the scalp. Try the treatment given on this page. Use it regularly. See how it improves your hair.

MADE IN CANADA

Princess Irene

A One Act Fairy Play

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

Illustrated by Emily Hand

(Entered at Ottawa in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

MISS HOLLAND has completed, for our May issue, another delightful little play—"The Witch's Grandchild." In her inimitable style the author tells of the rescue of the Princess Margery by the fairies from the wicked old witch who had stolen her in childhood.

As with the "Princess Irene," Miss Holland has deviated a little from her Celtic setting to lead her readers into a fairy land that can belong to any country.

—THE EDITORS.

THE setting for the stage may be simply a dark green curtain across the back, or any woodland scene. The dramatis personae are:

Princess Irene, a child of about twelve years of age dressed in any simple childish frock (Kate Greenaway style is suggested) of pink or rose color and wearing a little jewelled cap. Her hair is hanging about her face.

Curdie, a boy of about fifteen wearing a brown smock, baggy brown breeches and cap with feather. He carries a stick.

The goblins wear grotesque costumes of black and yellow, with flapping bat-like wings.

Fairies are dressed in conventional fairy garb, *Flash o' Light* may be in flame color, *Moth* in pale lavender, *Fleck o' Foam* in greens and greeny-blue with touches of silver, *Peaseblossom* in shades of pink, with a suggestion of a peaseblossom for cap.

The *King* wears a mediaeval robe and the soldiers are in old fashioned military dress.

Sophie wears cap and apron.

SCENE—*A glade in the forest. Dim light, which grows brighter as the play goes on. Enter SOPHIE at left, followed by IRENE, both crossing to right.*

IRENE.—How dark it is! I cannot see the way.
Oh, Sophie, Sophie!
SOPHIE.—Nay, I cannot stay..
Hasten! The sun is down, the shadows grow,
And evil creatures haunt this place, I know. (*Exit, R.*)
IRENE.—Wait, wait! Indeed I cannot hurry so.
I've run and run to catch you, but you went
So fast. Oh, Sophie, stay! My strength is spent.
I will sit down upon this mossy stone (*Seats herself.*)
It was unkind to leave me here alone,
I would not have left her so.
(*Music.—The goblins steal through the woods. The goblins enter back, crouching down at first, but gradually rising to their full height.*)
IRENE.—What was that?
Oh, I must hide.
GOBLIN KING.—Hither, my goblins all,
We must to work. Call out my soldiers, Gnat.
GNAT.—Hasten, ye gnomes. Hear ye your monarch's call?
GOBLIN KING.—Come quickly, all. Our time will soon be past;
The moon soon rises, and though clouds be cast
Across the sky, her beams will pierce them through;
Then must we to our dreary caves again
To linger there, far from the sight of men,
Till the sun sinks and night once more is due.
Fairies and elves may moonlight revels keep,
We goblins linger where the shades are deep.
Here, Flittermouse and Dragonet, advance,
Prepare the ground and let us to the dance.
(*Goblins dance.*)
GOBLIN KING.—Each figure of this dance shall haunt the sleep
Of king or peasant, bringing evil dreams;
The child awakens in a fright and screams
Seeing our forms around his cradle leap;
And stormy winds shall ruffle the sea's crest;
Earthquakes and battles give the land unrest.
BATSWING (*seeing Irene*).—Someone is spying on us. Oh, ho, ho!
I see a mortal.
DRAGONET.—By my crest, I swear,
It is a girl! I see her floating hair.
FLITTERMOUSE.—Who dares to watch the Goblins come and go? (*All crowd about Irene, who shrinks in terror.*)
GNAT.—Pull her hair.
HOB.—Pinch her.
DRAGONET.—Let me use my sting.
Upon her.
FLITTERMOUSE.—Bring her swift before the King.
(*Goblins drag Irene across glade to King.*)
FLITTERMOUSE.—Lo, mighty King, this maiden that you see,
Unseen herself, has watched our revelry,
Forbid to mortals. What shall her fate be?
GOBLIN KING.—Whence came you, mortal? And what do you here?
IRENE.—Oh, if it please you, sir, my nurse and I
While yet the morning sun was in the sky
Went out to walk. Ere shadows should appear
We meant to leave the wood. But Sophie fell
And hurt her knee, and that made us delay.
Then the dark came and Sophie ran away
And left me here alone. I could not tell
Which way led home.
GOBLIN KING.—Now answer, who are you?
From town or mountain? Speak, and quickly, too.
IRENE.—My father's king of all this country side,
And when he finds his daughter's lost, I know
He'll send his soldiers seeking far and wide
To find me. O good goblins, let me go.
GOBLIN KING.—So you're the Princess? Well, this *is* a game!
Here's Hob, my son, just seeking for a bride.
You shall be she, you mortal. What's your name?
IRENE.—Princess Irene.
HOB.—I don't want her, father.
GOBLIN KING.—Hush, hush, my son! We might seek far and wide
Before we'd find another mate for you.

"No fear now, Princess, here's the Fairy Queen"

IRENE.—Marry that ugly goblin? No, I'd rather
Ere I do that, be beaten black and blue.
GOBLIN KING.—You won't marry my son?
IRENE.—I should think not,
Indeed.
GOBLIN KING.—Why, he's the handsomest of the lot.
See but his eyes, how greenly bright they shine!
Look at his arms—so muscular and strong! (*Hob tosses aloft his arms.*)
Mark you his hair—red as the reddest wine!
Ay, and his teeth—so yellow and so long! (*Hob grins, showing teeth.*)
Once more, will you not wed him?
IRENE.—No, I won't!
GOBLIN KING.—Insolent slave! You'll rue it if you don't.
(*Goblins dance round Irene, singing.*)
GOBLINS.—Pinch her, prick her, burn her, bite her!
Prod her, kick her, scratch her, fight her!
Since our Prince she will not marry,
Goblins, we will make her sorry.
CURDIE, the miner boy, enters and breaks into ring.
IRENE.—Help, help! Oh, save me, save me—!
CURDIE.—Who is here?
The little Princess! Don't be frightened, dear,
We soon shall make these goblins disappear.
GOBLIN KING.—Rash mortal, do not linger here. Begone!
This maid shall be a wife unto my son.
CURDIE.—What! To that ugly, red-haired, squint-eyed thing?
A nice tale that is. Princess, what do you say?
IRENE.—No, no, don't leave me here. Take me away.
CURDIE.—You hear your answer, Goblin?
GOBLIN KING.—At him, then.
CURDIE (*Pushing Irene behind him*).—Behind me, Princess. Ha, then, would you sting?
(*Strikes at toes of Dragonet with stick as goblins rush at him.*)
FLITTERMOUSE.—Set on him, goblins. Drag him down, and when
He's down, tear him to pieces.
BATSWING.—Mind his stick!
DRAGONET.—Oh, oh, my toes, my toes!
HOB (*catching stick from behind*).—Now, now, be quick!
(*Goblins drag Curdie to his knees.*)
GOBLINS (*shouting*).—Seize upon him! Careful, there!
Batswing, catch him by the hair.
Now we have him. Wreak our spite
On him, scratch him, tear him, bite.
GOBLIN KING.—Hurrah, hurrah! You've got him down at last,
Seize on the princess there and hold her fast.
CURDIE.—Queen of the Fairies, once you promised me
That, when I called you, you would present be.
Now, come, and chase away this goblin crew!
(*Struggles to his feet again.*)
Ha! the clouds break and all the sky is blue.
There comes the moon now. See her shining through.
Fairies enter, in cone-shaped formation, producing the effect of a ray of light. Goblins are pressed slowly back across the stage and exit.)
GOBLIN KING.—The moon! The moon! Now, goblins save yourselves.
HOB.—Bother the Fairy Queen and all her elves!
They always spoil our revels.
LUBBERKIN.—Oh, the moon!
Haste, haste, oh haste! She'll blast us to the bone.
FLITTERMOUSE.—Let's save ourselves as quickly as we may,
Vengeance can wait until another day. (*All exit.*)
CURDIE.—No fear now, Princess. Here's the Fairy Queen
With all her court. Ho! See the goblins run.
I knew they would not wait long. Oh, what fun!
Already none of them are to be seen.
FAIRY QUEEN.—You called me, Curdie, and I came, you see.
Who is this child? What do you want of me?
CURDIE.—This is the little Princess. Yesterday
She strayed into the woods and lost her way.
FAIRY QUEEN.—What? All alone, with all the gnomes about?
CURDIE.—And then, you see, the goblins found her out.
She called—I ran to help her. Then, you know,
I cried to you. I knew you'd make them go.
FLASH O' LIGHT.—He's a wise lad. Upon the Queen he cried,
And then, of course, we came to help him out.
CURDIE.—Then when you came, they scattered far and wide,
And set her free.
FAIRY QUEEN.—I see. Is Moth about?
MOTH (*coming forward*).—Ay.
FAIRY QUEEN.—Go bid the fireflies get their lanterns out.
And come to me.
MOTH (*calling*).—Ho, Children of the Night,
The Queen has need of you and of your light.
Come hither, then.
Enter fireflies, dressed in green with small lanterns swinging at the end of poles.
FIREFLIES.—We hear, we hear, we hear (*chanting and dancing.*)
FAIRY QUEEN.—Come, gadabouts, be still
A little moment, if you can, until
I've told my wishes. Listen now. The King
Is seeking for his daughter far and near.
Go you and guide him and his soldiers here.
FIREFLIES.—We hear. We'll guide him to our Fairy Ring. (*Dance out.*)
MOTH (*to Irene*).—Fear not, they'll find your father, near or far,
And lead him here ere pales the morning star.
FAIRY QUEEN.—Elves of forest and of brake
What report have you to make?
Every fairy who would be
Joiner in our revelry,
Day by day must do some deed
To help another in his need.
Tell these deeds, now, one by one.
Flash o' Light, what have you done?
FLASH O' LIGHT.—A small, yellow buttercup
By the road her head held up,
Till a bee, in passing by,
Jostled her so heavily
And so roughly shook her head
That she split her honey bread.
I was passing by, so then
Helped her pick it up again.
FAIRY QUEEN.—Fleck o' Foam?
FLECK O'FOAM.—The wind had made
All the little waves afraid,
Tossing them about—so I
Went and soothed them tenderly
Till they danced and smiled once more,
Rippling in upon the shore.
FAIRY QUEEN.—Peaseblossom?
PEASEBLOSSOM.—I found a gnome
Stealing all a robin's eggs
While the bird was far from home;
So I took him by the legs,
Whirled him round and let him go,
Laughed to see him fall below.
ALL THE FAIRIES sing:
We taught the slender daffodil
To curtsey to the breeze;
We whispered to each tiny rill
Its tinkling melodies;

We led the honey bee where blow
The fragrant banks of thyme;
We set the bluebells all arow
To ring their airy chime.

(*Continued on page 52.*)

Shadows of the Salient

By "The Bard of The Battlefield"

A New Canadian Poet Whom the War Has "Discovered"

EX-SERGEANT-MAJOR HECTOR MACKNIGHT (our picture shows him as a corporal in the 48th Highlanders), has seen service abroad before the present war.

At the age of 16 he was a cadet in the 1st King's Royal Rifles, from which he went to the famous Queen's Westminsters (13th Middlesex).

Entering the Imperial Army through the 3rd Queen's West Surrey (Militia), he was sent to the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers).

After the South African Campaign he headed for Canada, where he became a member of the Victoria Rifles of Canada, Montreal, and later the Legion of Frontiersmen took him into their ranks.

When the Great War broke out, he was active in preparing a mounted group most of whom joined the earlier infantry battalions.

Turned down several times owing to slight physical defects, he eventually went overseas with the 58th (Toronto) Battalion, having been sent to that unit from the 48th Highlanders

Six months in "the salient" saw him still "carrying on"—he was all through the famous "June scrap," or third Battle of Ypres, 1916.

Even the Somme and Vimy Ridge were kind to him, for he is now home on furlough after twenty-two months in Belgium and France. "Nineteen of these months," he says, "were real fighting months."

The "Bard of the Battlefield" (we christen him so from his poem "For Canada") has come back smiling, and he expects the world to laugh with him too, though we happen to know he has serious views on several subjects of interest to the community.

Belgium stirs no great enthusiasm in his breast, but he loves the French, who, he says, are as hospitable and natural as can be. "War," says the Bard, "becomes utterly absurd and banal when the fighting men do not come forward spontaneously to assert the rights of their Motherland."

"If a man has anything worth defending," he points out, "he will defend it with enthusiasm. Consequently the slacker must be a 'Citizen of Nowhere,' and does not deserve citizens' rights, either now or in piping times of peace.

"'Fritz' has threatened to send all that's left of the Canadians home in one rowboat, but there will be enough 'Defenders' to settle all nonsense and inequalities when they do come home. I can say with pride, and emphatically, too, that Canadians perform the hardest tasks in the Great War, and the boys are trusted implicitly by the authorities.

"The French people love and respect our boys. The 'Poilu' idolizes them. Fritz anathematizes them. To be vulgar, though correct, they 'Get his Goat.'"

We have commissioned Hector MacKnight to write us six descriptive war articles, the first of which appears below, with some of his verse. We hope our readers will like "Shadows of the Salient," told in simple soldier language.

This war is producing literature such as the most sanguine literateurs hardly thought possible. Especially has it brought forth poets. Hector MacKnight is one of them.

From time to time we will present this bard's poetry, most of which has been written in the trenches on odd scraps of paper.

Ex-Sergeant-Major Hector MacKnight

The First Trip

IT is dusk.
A procession of artillery limbers, lorries, busses.
Men on foot, men on horseback.
A rattling, shouting, noisy crowd.
An awesome period.
I wait at the roadside with many others, resting.
It is my first trip.
Every detail of the darkening, busy scene is impressed on my mind.
Wonder possesses me.
This nightly procession has been going on for over a year now,
On many, many roads.
Will it pass and repass in this self-same way at eventide
For many, many years?
Who knows?
Down *that* road shadowy forms, dislodged from the main body, disappear in the darkness.
The road south to Dickebush, Ploegsteert, Messines.
Ahead—Ypres!
We are marching on again.
Faintly, intermittently, the sky is lit up.
These are "Fritzie's Flares."
Some of the boys call them Starlights.
The sickly glimmer adds to the desolate awesomeness of the scene.
Noises assail my ears.
Some are sharp and insistent.
Some are voluminous and sonorous.
Others are like a woodpecker tap-tapping.
Occasionally screaming noises of our own shells.
I diagnose *all* noises in later days.
These are only rifles, cannon and machine guns.
We struggle for place with all kinds of vehicular traffic.
They deluge us with mud.
It is raining again.
We are only the Infantry.
Who cares?—Nobody!—Not me, anyway.
I am past caring already.

"Where's the Sergeant of Number Eleven?"
"I'm here," I answer.
"Railroad Dugouts," says the Shadow, and passes on.

We are now marching two deep.
"Toronto is Hamilton's backyard," says some one.
"Toronto feeds Hamilton's homeless," is the retort.
No argument accrues, we are too dispirited.
We are still marching two deep.
I am *very* tired.
We pass through a village.
An Engineer Sapper informs me it is Kruistraat.
I think of Kronstadt in South Africa.
What a difference!
The Platoon Sergeant in my rear must be a thought reader.
He says: "Gimme Sarf Africa—
"No toe-bustin'—
Gravel agitatin'——"

"Aw, cut it out!" I answer.
He's always grousing anyway.
Besides he has no business up near me.
I think he's nervous!
Of course *I'm not*!

A shell!
Bless it's little heart!
It went into a field alongside.
"Gimme a horse," quavers our Cavalry veteran.
"I'll give you a tap on the dome," says I.

So this is Ypres!
"Oh! God, our help in ages past!"
I don't know why that hymn keeps nagging at me.
"Our shelter from the stormy blast."
Ypres!
I am sorry as though some child, dear to me, had been grievously hurt.
The Flarelights throw a brighter, though ghostlier glow.
I see ghosts—ghosts of a dead city.
We rest again.
A shell passes overhead.
Somewhere back of the Cloth Hall it crashes.
It is a kind of muffled, ghostly crash.
We are resting in Ypres.

Two Tommies come across the road
"What lot's that?" one asks.
I tell them.
They answer, "Thought you was a new lot."
We don't worry—we *feel* old.

Somebody fusses.
"Get along out of here, this is a deathtrap,"
And other talk like that.
So we "get."
The Sergeant of the Rear Platoon is still offering "his kingdom for a horse."
One of my corporals says, apropos of nothing:
"Railroad Dugouts."

The Ramparts of Ypres.
The Little Gate.
Shrapnel bursting.
"Double, boys, double!"
We double.
Over the moat and face to face with star shells galore
But they're a good way away.
I feel sorry for the Sergeant of the Rear Platoon.
He has friendly hold of my entrenching tool
And yet he never liked me.
We are blocked in the road.
At Shrapnel Corner!!
The Railroad Dugouts are just across the fields—
But we must follow the Battalion.
"Ration Farm first, you see, to be checked off."
But this is Shrapnel Corner!!!
The hold on my entrenching tool bothers me.
We have stood thus twenty minutes.
And the Transports are jammed too.
In the fitful glimmers of Fritzie's Flares
I see——
Shell holes!!

Thunderbolts and lightning.
Shouts, screams, crushing.
Silence.
I hold someone in my arms.
It is the Sergeant of the Rear Platoon.
He shouts out huskily:
"Oh! my Gawd, I'm dying! Oh! my—Gawd—"
He dies.

"Look out, Mac—"
I look up—a horse's belly is grazing my head as I kneel

* * * *

"What happened?" I ask.
"Horse kicked you."
"Where am I?"
"*Railroad Dugouts.*"

For Canada!

"Oh! The skies are blue o'er Canada,"
Sings the Bard of the Battle Line.
"There's a heart that's true in Canada,
And the love of that heart is mine."
The white moon whispers, "'Tis true, 'tis true."
Says the stately maple, "I knew, I knew."
The flower-eyes sparkle through tears of dew
And the skies are blue o'er Canada!

"Oh! The sun shines bright o'er Canada,"
Sings the Maid of the Maple Grove,
"I sent him to fight for Canada
In the strength of our hearts' true love."
The flowers nod gaily amid the moss
As she fashions an old-time floral cross.
Oh! Why such an emblem of grief and loss
While the sun shines bright o'er Canada?

Oh! The snow lies deep o'er Canada.
Gone, gone is the sweet romance,
For the Maid lies dead in Canada,
And her Lad lies asleep in France.
The white moon whispers "Ah! me.
Ah! me!"
"Hush! Hush!" says the ghostly Maple Tree,
"'Twas a great and glorious victory!"
And the snow lies deep o'er Canada.

HECTOR MACKNIGHT.

In the May issue, "The Gas Attack," wherein Mr. MacKnight describes the excitement of the boys over an attack that proved to be only a scare, will appear, as well as others of his poems.

Can Your Child Speak the Language of Music?

Or are You Paying for Only Mechanical Repetition?—It Rests with Parents to See that Children are Taught to Think Musically and that Their Education Does Not Consist Only of a Few Stock Pieces

By KATHERINE HALE

CAN a country be called musical whose people, generally, do not think or speak in the language of music? We cannot judge by large cities, where unusual advantages may be had, but must take the level mean: small town, village and farm life. Does music come into our everyday existence?

As an inquirer for news of music throughout Canada, every bookshop and music store in one of our large musical centres was searched in vain for a journal that would cover the question. Nothing was to be found save two small musical magazines, excellent in their way, but giving for the most part entirely local news. When asked if there was no journal in existence in which an easterner could obtain information as to what musicians of the west are doing, and vice versa, the reply was that there is no demand for general musical news.

"What about English or American music journals?"

"We have a few subscribers for 'Musical America,' 'The Etude,' and kindred magazines, but very few. Doubtless the professional musicians order direct. Anyway, we never keep an extra copy of a music journal. No one is interested."

Perhaps this lack of interest will continue until, as a people, we learn to think musically.

I may be mistaken, but I believe there is something revolutionary going on in the United States, in the Community Chorus movement that is sweeping the country from one end to another. It may be in this way that a more universal knowledge of the meaning of music in life will come to us, as a people.

The Community Chorus work began in America just before the outbreak of the war, and had so seized hold of the people before the United States went in that, with the upspringing of the great camps, hand in hand with drill, came such wonderful chorus singing as has not been heard before since soldiering began. To go out to battle with a song on the lips! Invincibility lies in that. To stay at home, and wait, and work, with a song on the lips! Will it not bring a different quality into life?

This singing has not yet come to Canada, and you are probably asking the question, "How does Community Chorus singing begin?"

It usually begins by means of one enthusiastic leader who sets the ball rolling. Mr. Arthur Farwell did that in New York City, and the ball has rolled as far as the Pacific Coast.

A magnetic conductor can teach many others to go through the country and start the people singing, and then the chorus work takes care of itself, for so many people are interested that a leader seems to arise as if by magic in every small or big place.

Take a village of two hundred people, for instance. It is reasonable to suppose that the population is augmented by many farmers nearby. Should even a few of these people get together and talk about singing it is reasonable to suppose that a choir leader would be willing to give one evening a week to the beginning of simple chorus work.

In the United States there is a Central Committee for each State that supplies chorus music of the simpler sort at a very moderate rate, and expenses are met by a small collection, a few cents from each singer. The larger the chorus, the easier to manage financially.

A more explicit article will shortly appear in these columns on this subject. I am calling it to your attention to-day as one of the obvious means of a broader musical expression, and also as an answer to a question that is obtruding itself very forcibly, though by indirect means, in the professional life of music to which so many young Canadians are devoting themselves.

No Appreciation

IS Canada becoming a country of teachers rather than of musical interpreters?

Recently in a Toronto studio a group of musicians were gathered. It was the week of the Mendelssohn Choir concert, and the musicians came from half a dozen Canadian cities. Among the performers was a slim, dark-haired girl of twenty-four or twenty-five. She played with an exquisite touch a little waltz-like air which she saved from utter banality by the grace of its rendering. After she had finished she was asked to play "something she really liked." She looked about the group of people, smiled and said, "Oh I am so unused to being with musicians that I forgot I was free to play real things." And she wandered off into the "Moonlight" of Debussy and then the "Moonlight" of Beethoven; Preludes by Chopin, that everyone knows, preludes that few people know; Bach and Ravel, Schumann and Greig; they were alike loved, understood, and really marvellously well interpreted. The young girl played with the easy authority of an established artist, and there were in her small audience critics of some experience who were first curious and then excited. "Where have you studied?" "How long have you been playing?" "Why haven't you made an appearance here?"

The girl's reply, which I give you almost verbatim, was illuminating as to an everyday situation that Canadian musicians are forced to encounter.

"I live," she said, "in the city of K—, Ontario. I am a Canadian girl. I received all my tuition from a justly celebrated Canadian teacher. My master gave me technique, but I have inherited an intuitive knowledge and passion for the interpretation of piano music. I have been playing in public since I was fifteen, but I have seldom received a fee, and I have never been allowed to play to audiences what I want to play. I have over fifty pupils a week, so you see I enjoy the goodwill and the confidence of the people among whom I live, and I teach my pupils only the real literature of the piano. My greatest joy, in the life to which I seem to be doomed, is to imbue them with the love of the inspired composers that I myself feel. Many of these pupils are the daughters of wealthy parents. They can afford to play what they like. Their friends are educated persons, and it is quite the proper thing to play 'unobvious' music in drawing rooms. But alas for the pianist who imagines that there is a means of livelihood in the presentation of real music from concert platforms in Canada."

Think of the situation! A poet in interpretation, possibly, if she had opportunity, one of the real music makers of the world, detained in her own country and for that reason bound on the wheel of a profession which after a time is sure to blunt the keen edge of vision.

Undoubtedly there exists here a serious situation, one which has not been discussed in any practical fashion. To every situation there is somewhere a key.

I believe that the reason why it is impossible for musicians, however talented, to earn a livelihood in Canada through public performances, is largely because there is no real musical education either in the home or in the schools. We do not teach our children to think musically.

I am aware that there are all sorts of efforts in this direction. The gramaphone constitutes a good musical medium, and I suppose it would be safe to say that in one home out of five hundred, all over the land, one of these machines is placed. That is a step in the right direction, for we know that the best musical literature is available in certain records, and that the constant repetition of oratorio, opera, overtures, and solos by the great artists, is in itself educative.

The Grammar of Music

AT school children are taught little songs in the kindergarten, and chorus work as they advance into higher rooms, but there is no systematized education along simple rudimentary lines in the study of music, and music making, and music makers, either in the home or in the school.

At the age of seven or eight years many children—one can hardly say most children—begin music lessons. They are taught the signs and symbols of a great new language. Easily or painfully, according to their temperament and ability, they learn these symbols, and also a few stock pieces. But, save in exceptional cases, where the teacher has an intellectual and a spiritual conception of music as a universal language and a force—a force quite as great as the spoken or the written word—the pupil is not much wiser for his or her acquirement.

When the child can hear a little waltz, or a simple composition, and is able to recognize whether its grammar is good or bad, whether the idea is sweet and true, or grotesque and ugly, just as he or she would know, as a result of training, whether a juvenile story or verse is beautiful or ugly—when this arrives we shall know that our musical education has begun. When we read about the various music forms and learn to discuss them as we do story forms, when it is as natural to make compositions in music as it is in words—then we shall have begun to think musically.

In the meantime, in the average city under the fifty thousand population mark there is so little opportunity to hear the best music that it is almost an unknown language.

One will find in a town of eight thousand inhabitants, for instance, a little group of music lovers forming a club or society. The membership is probably fifty to eighty people. Ten people at most out of every thousand. If an artist should visit this town an audience of six hundred people would be considered a "crowd." Small audiences invariably greet the unknown artist who is met with the bland assertion, "You know we are not very fond of classical music here."

These things are signs of barbarism, but we take them as a matter of course.

Sometimes a real musician will make his way towards a hearing in Canadian towns by force of some unusual quality. He stirs up a personal curiosity. The Cherniowski brothers, that Russian trio who toured the country two years ago, were examples of this. Their personalities, so colorful, so un-English, opened the doors of small theatres and town halls everywhere, and Canadian audiences who are so afraid of classical music came, and incidentally heard some.

A remarkable story might easily be written about the strange Fear that exists in the minds of those who have it in their power to provide concert programmes. It is a Fear akin to that of editors who, until very recently, have expatriated most of our big writers on the score that their work is "above the heads of the people."

Now it seems to me that the only way out of the difficulty is for the people to take affairs into their own hands, and by that education which begins largely in the home and should be insisted upon in the public schools, make the musical life throughout Canada as real as the social life, and the life of patriotic service.

We should have public lectures on music and musical forms, just as we have lectures on literature and literary forms. And these lectures should be given in small places, and books on musical subjects should be placed in the libraries, and the rudiments of musical composition taught in the schools. Then, and then only, will we awake to the fact that we need and want the genius of the artist interpreter to quicken and inspire our musical life.

Musical Notes

PERSONAL magnetism, one of the forces that moves the world, is never more persistently felt than in the art of music. Canadians who may be able to avail themselves of the good fortune to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Leopold Stokowski, will see and feel one of the greatest examples of personality. The conductor was born in England, his father was a Pole, his mother an Irishwoman. He is absolutely tingling with a vibrant life that produces in his band a quality of spiritual emotion that it is impossible to record in words. One came away from the spell of such music all alive, quickened in imagination and in feeling. To hear the orchestra once is to hunger for more, and to realize anew that there is no joy like the music of strings.

The Mendelsohn Choir, under whose auspices the Philadelphia Orchestra appeared, gave their first concert under the baton of Mr. H. A. Fricker, the successor of Dr. A. S. Vogt. Mr. Fricker is a well-known English musician, lately conductor of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra. With an almost perfect chorus to work with, Mr. Fricker found his instrument tuned and ready. An angelic purity has been one of the distinguishing features of the world-famous band of singers. With the dramatic warmth which most English conductors insist upon, it will be interesting to watch developments.

The Mendelsohn Choir left an exquisite picture, a spiritual projection, in the closing lines of Elgar's Cantata "King Olaf" at the last concert.

The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us,
Christ is eternal.

MADAME Elizabeth Campbell, who has appeared with the string quartette of the Canadian Academy of Music, is an exquisite bird of song—but a golden bird, with the most wonderful color in her deep mezzo-contralto voice. She is a Canadian who has made good in the world of opera, and was recently a member of the Boston Opera Company. She has left now for an American concert tour and recital appearances in New York City. One of her most delightful programmes is composed entirely of songs by our own composer, Clarence E. Lucas, who was for years associated with the Toronto College of Music, and is now one of the editors of the Musical Courier of New York.

A Working Party

Rifles and bandoliers, fifty men strong.
This is a night working party
Bound for a job that don't call for a song,
Yet every man sings and sings hearty.
If they're sad, they don't show it, no good soldier should.
"The morale of our troops," says the paper, "is good."

"Picks, Boys, and shovels, too: fifty's our strength;
Steady! and cut out the smoking.
Our job is trench-digging. I don't know the length:
The sandbags are heavy—they're soaking.
Where's the Guide? Here you are, lad, let's get on our road.
Single file, there! Come on! And take care of your load."

Digging and sandbagging, fifty men toil;
Darkness and dampness impede them.
Stench indescribable comes from the soil.
"Get those stretchermen here, we may need them!
Last night they 'got' twenty right here in the wood.
"The morale of our troops," says the paper, "is good!"

Rifles and bandoliers—thirty-seven strong
Slouch in the grey of the dawning.
Never a whistle and never a song—
All the weary way back in the morning.
But the rum ration warms 'em, their blankets feel "jake."
'Twill be high noon or later before they awake.

"Cookhouse is blowing, boys, tumble out quick,
Food for the strong and the hearty.
Your pal will fetch yours, Bill, if you're feeling sick.
What! Lost in last night's working party?"
. . . Ten Blighty's, three crosses—just plain ones of wood.
"The morale of our troops," says the paper, "is good."

—By HECTOR MACKNIGHT.

MR. MacKnight, whose page of narrative and verse, entitled "Shadows of the Salient" appears elsewhere in this issue, wrote the above poem, and most of his others, in the trenches on odd scraps of paper. They will appear exclusively in Everywoman's World.

—THE EDITORS.

Sentinels of the Clouds

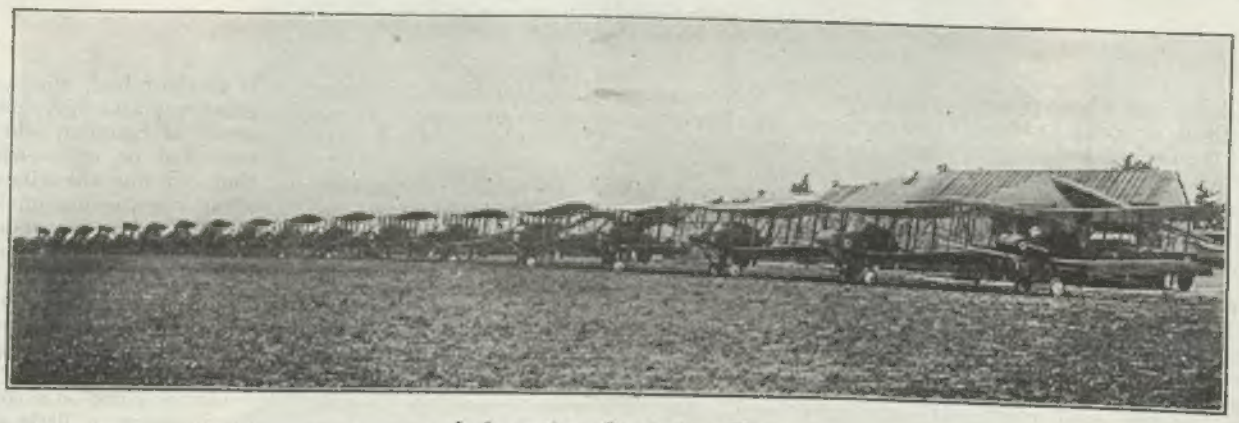
Everyday Experiences in the Lives of Our Aviators

By T. RIDGWAY LONGCOPE

(Passed by the Censor)

ONE of the most difficult tasks I know is to gather information from a returned aviator regarding his experiences on active service. There are several reasons for this, and the foremost is that a good soldier won't talk. He follows the old motto that "A still tongue doeth no harm." There is a more fitting motto and far more expressive, but it would, I am afraid, never get past the censor. Then, too, most of the boys have a natural hesitancy about telling what they have done because the everyday experience of an aviator in France is so crammed full of the most daring bravery that the ordinary person almost refuses to believe that such things have occurred and are occurring daily.

A single example from official records will be used to instance my point. A young aviator who had crossed the enemy lines for a little excursion best known to himself and his Flight Commander, somehow lost his bearings. He came down near to earth and, seeing a group of men working in a large field, taxied over to them to ask his way home. Hardly had he come to a stop when he espied a body of horsemen approaching him at full pelt. He immediately realized that he had landed in enemy terrain. Luckily he had kept his engine ticking over. He gave her gas right away, and managed to outrace his pursuers in his dash for the air. Once there, it occurred to him that he had forgotten something, so he turned around and emptied a couple of clips of cartridges into the horsemen's ranks with excellent results. Then, turning for home, he sailed away, stopping en route to shoot down some heavy gun teams and a supply train and give a staff car an excellent excuse for quitting business. He then climbed into the clouds homeward bent, and, taking no chances, breezed west for a considerable distance, landed in a French aerodrome, spent a comfortable night, flew home the next day—to find himself a Flight Commander for his pains.



In formation—Ready for a Flight

Passing Events

DURING a bout of active service an aviator happens upon experiences that, though they make no immediate impression, become more prominent than the most dramatic events when the period is passed and can be viewed in retrospect. Commenting upon this, an aviator mentioned to me some of these subconscious impressions gathered during his first year's term at the front. He said:—

"I have now mental photographs of some very weird humorous and tragic events, glimpses of which I caught here and there: for instance, the curious smile of a dead observer as we lifted his body from a bullet-plugged machine; the shrieking of the wires whenever we dived on Hun aircraft; a tree trunk falling on a howitzer; a line of narrow nosed busses with heavy bombs fitted under the lower planes ready to leave for their objective; the ghostline of Ypres as we hovered seven thousand feet above its ruins; a certain riotous evening when eight of the party of fourteen ate their last dinner on earth; a severe reprimand delivered to me by a meticulous colonel after I returned from a long reconnaisance that included four air flights, for the crime of not having fastened my

British front line and communication trenches. Photo taken from Airplane 7,000 feet in air

collar before arrival on the aerodrome at five a.m.; a broken Boche aeroplane falling in two segments at a height of ten thousand feet; the breathless moments at a base hospital when the surgeon-in-charge examined new casualties to decide which of them were to be sent across the Channel; and, clearest of all, the brown-faced infantry marching back to the trenches from our village."

Airships That Pass in the Night

WE, here in Canada, must often wonder what can be the feelings of folks in towns and villages when an air raid is in progress, what the people think as they watch the airships that pass in the night and hear the explosions of their bombs. At such a time the sensations of most people, I imagine, are a mixture of deep interest, deep anger, excitement, nervousness, and a desire for revenge. Certainly they do not include speculation about the men who man the raiders. And, for their part, the men who man the raiders do not speculate about the folks below and their state of mind. When back home the aviators may wonder what feelings they have inspired in the people below, but at the time the job's the thing, and nothing else matters. British aviators bomb only places of military value, and do it mostly in the daytime, but even so, their experiences have much in common with those of Zeppelin crews.

German front line trench. Semi-circle to left—Officers dug-out. Note how our Artillery has "peppered" the whole territory

The bombing machines in France visit all sorts of places, forts, garrison places, railway junctions, bivouac grounds, staff headquarters, factories, ammunition depots, aerodromes, Zeppelin sheds and naval harbors. Some objectives are just behind the lines, some are one hundred miles away. There are also freelance raids, as when a pilot with some "eggs" to spare dives down to a low altitude and drops them on a train or a column of troops. A daylight bomb raid is seldom a complete failure, but the results are sometimes hard to record.

A "Nose Dive"

"IT is a favorite trick of the Hun," a seasoned veteran of twenty-two, who has been flying in France over two years, told me the other evening, "to hide in a cloud about ten or fifteen thousand feet in the air. He will stay in this cloud for probably an hour watching for one of our aviators making a flight. Then like a shot he will swoop down on him at the rate of about 300 miles an hour. This is what is known as a "nose dive," the engine being shut off and the machine being allowed to drop through the air with no resistance from the wings. When the Hun is a few hundred yards away, he opens up his machine gun and then the fun begins."

This same chap of ours, I was told later, brought down his first Hun machine which was waiting to attack him in this manner. He was sent out over the German lines to do a "shoot," and he saw, several thousand feet above him and near his own lines, a Hun flyer dodging in and out around a small cloud, waiting for him to return. He finished his "shoot," and, instead of taking the usual course home, he made a bee line for Mr. Hun far above him. Now, an ordinary flight plane is so constructed that the machine gun is geared to the engine so that it fires between the blades of the propellor as they revolve. Many of the German machines are equipped the same way, so that the machine has to be pointed directly at the object in order that a hit can be made. As this young Canadian approached the Hun, he ran his machine around the cloud with the Canadian after him. As they were travelling in short circles, neither could get a shot at the other, and, as they passed, both waved their hands and then kept up their deadly pace. Finally our flier made a hit and shot the German machine in such a way that the wings folded like a jack-knife and it started to fall. It fell about 2000 feet and then burst into flames. The Hun then jumped clear of the machine when it was about 8,000 feet in mid-air.

I have met a great many returned aviators and have talked with them in the privacy of their homes; have taken advantage of them, as it were, when their guard was down. I was surprised to learn from many of them of the chivalry that exists between the German fliers and our boys.

It has been the custom all through the war to bury the fallen victims with full military honors. With the British a full last-rite service is held and crossed propellors are placed over the graves, then a volley is fired. Along a twenty mile front there are two buglers emoloyed for nothing else but to blow last calls over fallen foemen, and one officer told me: "We do our best to keep them busy."

A German flier was brought down uninjured behind our lines not long ago and several of our boys invited him in to mess as it was just about supper-time. They found he spoke excellent English. With the help of a little champagne and a corking good feed they found out all he knew. One of the Military Police making his rounds, saw him dining and immediately took him away The British have an intelligence department where all such men are taken.

The airmen play an important part in the intelligence department of all belligerents. A German spy system that may not be generally known, and which they have used in some of their air raids over London, is quite interesting. Men are dropped in parachutes outside of London. Upon each man's parachute is a liquid fire arrangement which absolutely destroys his paraphernalia when he lands. He then walks into London and takes up his quarters in some hotel. Needless to say, very few of these spies escape detection at the hands of the British Intelligence Department.

The Making of a "Shoot"

THE making of a "shoot" is one of the most important and effective means of destruction employed by air warfare. It takes two men to make a "shoot" and the most important one is the observer, who does all the directing. After several flights have been made, and photographs taken and maps drawn of a particular plot of ground, possibly five miles square, it will be noted that many heavy guns are entrenched and camouflaged and have to be put out of commission.

The observer, who is flying at a height of about 10,000 feet, out of range of anti-aircraft guns, trains the fire of his battery on an enemy gun emplacement by directing the battery by means of wireless signals. This is called the clock code. The gun that we are trying to hit will be represented by the centre of a dial on an ordinary clock. A circle will be drawn on the photograph about 200 yards in circumference around the object on which the figures are marked, the same as on a clock. The observer will give the signal to fire. It usually takes about four shots to make a hit. It is no uncommon thing for an observer to shoot half a day for one particular object. I have seen photographs taken after a shoot at a plot of ground about 100 yards in diameter in which about 900 forty pound shells had struck. You may well imagine the condition of the ground as each shell tears a hole 80 feet in diameter and 30 feet deep. In this particular case, it was believed that German officers had entrenched themselves far under ground in a strongly fortified cement dugout.

Chain of trenches to left—British front lines. To extreme right—German front line. No-man's land intervenes

When the men are relieved from duty there is a good deal of fun for them in trying to outdo one another in air stunts. One chap they tell about with the greatest admiration was returning from duty and thought it would be a good stunt to fly through his hangar and give the machinist a treat. He did this and liked it so well that he thought he would try it again, but he got mixed in his hangars when in the air, and picked one closed at the far end. Ends of hangars are covered with canvas, luckily, so all he did was to leave his wings, etc., inside while he shot out about fifty feet with nothing but the body of the car. The corps presented him with a bill for $15,000. He more than paid it, poor chap, several days later, but that one stunt immortalized him in the eyes of his comrades.

The Gerrard St. Mystery

Another Weird Tale

By JOHN CHARLES DENT

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

"To my astonishment she immediately handed me a letter"

I.

MY name is William Francis Furlong. My occupation is that of a commission merchant, and my place of business is on St. Paul Street, in the City of Montreal. I have resided in Montreal ever since shortly after my marriage, in 1862, to my cousin, Alice Playter, of Toronto. The name of my late uncle, Richard Yardington, is well known to all residents of Toronto, where he spent the last thirty-two years of his life. He settled there in the year 1829, when the place was still known as Little York. He opened a small store on Yonge Street, and his commercial career as a reasonably prosperous one. In the course of years e acquired a competency, and in 1854 retired from business altogether. From that time up to the day of his death he lived in his own house on Gerrard Street.

At the time of taking up his abode in Toronto—or rather in Little York—my uncle Richard was a widower, and childless; his wife having died several months previously. His only relatives on this side of the Atlantic were two maiden sisters, a few years younger than himself. The elder of them subsequently became my mother. She was left a widow when I was a mere boy, and survived my father only a few months. I was an only child, and as my parents had been in humble circumstances, the charge of my maintenance devolved upon my uncle, to whose kindness I am indebted for such educational training as I have received. After sending me to school and college for several years, he took me into his store, and gave me my first insight into commercial life. I lived with him, and both then and always received at his hands the kindness of a father, in which light I eventually almost came to regard him. His younger sister, who was married to a watchmaker called Elias Playter, lived at Quebec from the time of her marriage until her death, which took place in 1846. Her husband had been unsuccessful in business, and was moreover of dissipated habits. He was left with one child—a daughter—on his hands; and as my uncle was averse to the idea of his sister's child remaining under the control of one so unfit to provide for her welfare, he proposed to adopt the little girl as his own. To this proposition Mr. Elias Playter readily assented, and little Alice was soon domiciled with her uncle and myself in Toronto.

Brought up, as we were, under the same roof, and seeing each other every day of our lives, a childish attachment sprang up between my cousin Alice and myself. As the years rolled by, this attachment ripened into a tender affection, which eventually resulted in an engagement between us. Our engagement was made with the full and cordial approval of my uncle, who did not share the prejudice entertained by many persons against marriages between cousins. He stipulated, however, that our marriage should be deferred until I had seen somewhat more of the world, and until we had both reached an age when we might reasonably be presumed to know our own minds. He was also, not unnaturally, desirous that before taking upon myself the responsibility of marriage I should give some evidence of my ability to provide for a wife, and for other contingencies usually consequent upon matrimony. He expressed his willingness to establish me in business, either in Toronto or elsewhere, and to give me the benefit of his experience in all mercantile transactions.

When matters had reached this pass, I had just completed my twenty-first year, my cousin being three years younger. Since my uncle's retirement I had engaged in one or two little speculations on my own account, which had turned out fairly successful, but I had not devoted myself to any regular or fixed pursuit. Before any definite arrangements had been concluded as to the course of my future life, a circumstance occurred which seemed to open a way for me to turn to good account such mercantile talent as I possessed. An old friend of my uncle's opportunely arrived in Toronto from Melbourne, Australia, where, in the course of a few years, he had risen from the position of a junior clerk to that of senior partner in a prominent commercial house. He painted the land of his adoption in glowing colors, and assured my uncle and myself that it presented an inviting field for a young man of energy and business capacity, more especially if he had a small capital at his command. The matter was carefully debated in our domestic circle. I was naturally averse to a separation from Alice, but my imagination took fire at Mr. Redpath's glowing account of his own splendid success. My uncle bade me consult my own judgment in the matter, but rather encouraged the idea than otherwise. He offered to advance me £500, and I had about half that sum as the result of my own speculations. Mr. Redpath, who was just about returning to Melbourne, promised to aid me to the extent of his power with his local knowledge and advice. In less than a fortnight from that time he and I were on our way to the other side of the globe.

We reached our destination early in the month of September, 1857. My life in Australia has no direct bearing upon the course of events to be related, and may be passed over in a very few words. I engaged in various enterprises, and achieved a certain measure of success. At the end of four years—that is to say, in September, 1861—I made up my account with the world, and found I was worth ten thousand dollars. I had, however, become terribly homesick, and longed for the termination of my voluntary exile. I had, of course, kept up a regular correspondence with Alice and Uncle Richard, and of late they had both pressed me to return home. "You have enough," wrote my uncle, "to give you a start in Toronto, and I see no reason why Alice and you should keep apart any longer. You will have no housekeeping expenses, for I intend you to live with me. I am getting old, and shall be glad of your companionship in my declining years. You will have a comfortable home while I live, and when I die you will get all I have between you. Write as soon as you receive this, and let us know how soon you can be here,—the sooner the better."

The letter containing this pressing invitation found me in a mood very much disposed to accept it. The only enterprise I had on hand which would be likely to delay me was a transaction in wool, which, as I believed, would be closed by the end of January or the beginning of February. By the first of March I should certainly be in a condition to start on my homeward voyage, and I determined that my departure should take place about that time. I wrote both to Alice and my uncle, apprising them of my intention, and announcing my expectation of reaching Toronto not later than the middle of May.

The letters so written were posted on the 19th of September, in time for the mail which left on the following day. On the 27th, to my huge surprise and gratification, the wool transaction referred to was unexpectedly concluded, and I was at liberty, if so disposed, to start for home by the next fast mail steamer, the Southern Cross, leaving Melbourne on the 11th of October. I was so disposed, and made my preparations accordingly. It was useless, I reflected, to write to my uncle or to Alice, acquainting them with the change in my plans, for I should take the shortest route home, and should probably be in Toronto as soon as a letter could get there. I resolved to telegraph from New York, upon my arrival there, so as not to take them altogether by surprise.

"THE Haunted House on Duchess Street," the third of the series of mystery stories by John Charles Dent, will appear in the May issue. It will be by far the most interesting of the stories yet presented."

—THE EDITORS.

The morning of the 11th of October found me on board the Southern Cross, where I shook hands with Mr. Redpath and several other friends who accompanied me on board for a last farewell. I took the Red Sea route, and arrived at Marseilles about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of November. I had a commission to execute in London, which, however, delayed me there only a few hours, and I hurried down to Liverpool, in the hope of catching the Cunard steamer for New York. I missed it by about two hours, but the Persia was detailed to start on a special trip to Boston on the following day. I secured a berth, and at eight o'clock the next morning steamed out of the Mersey on my way homeward.

The voyage from Liverpool to Boston consumed fourteen days. All I need say about it is, that before arriving at the latter port I formed an intimate acquaintance with one of the passengers—Mr. Junius H. Gridley, a Boston merchant, who was returning from a hurried business trip to Europe. He was—and is—a most agreeable companion. Before the dome of the State House loomed in sight he had extracted a promise from me to spend a night with him before pursuing my journey. We landed at the wharf in East Boston on the evening of the 17th of December, and I accompanied him to his home on West Newton Street, where I remained until the following morning. Upon consulting the time-table, we found that the Albany express would leave at 11.30 a.m. This left several hours at my disposal, and we sallied forth immediately after breakfast to visit some of the lions of the American Athens.

IN the course of our peregrinations through the streets, we dropped into the post office, which had recently been established in the Merchants' Exchange Building, on State Street. Seeing the countless piles of mail-matter, I jestingly remarked to my friend that there seemed to be letters enough there to go round the whole human family. He replied in the same mood, whereupon I banteringly suggested the probability that among so many letters, surely there ought to be one for me.

"Nothing more reasonable," he replied. "We Bostonians are always bountiful to strangers. Here is the General Delivery, and here is the department where letters addressed to the Furlong family are kept in stock. Pray inquire for yourself."

The joke, I confess, was not a very brilliant one; but with a grave countenance I stepped up to the wicket and asked the young lady in attendance:

"Anything for W. F. Furlong?"

She took from a pigeon-hole a handful of correspondence, and proceeded to run her eye over the addresses. When about half the pile had been exhausted she stopped, and propounded the usual inquiry in the case of strangers:

"Where do you expect letters from?"

"From Toronto," I replied.

To my no small astonishment she immediately handed me a letter, bearing the Toronto post-mark. The address was in the peculiar and well-known handwriting of my uncle Richard.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of my senses I tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

"TORONTO, 9th December, 1861.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM—I am so glad to know that you are coming home so much sooner than you expected when you wrote last, and that you will eat your Christmas dinner with us. For reasons which you will learn when you arrive, it will not be a very merry Christmas at our house, but your presence will make it much more bearable than it would be without you. I have not told Alice that you are coming. Let it be a joyful surprise for her, as some compensation for the sorrows she has had to endure lately. You needn't telegraph. I will meet you at the G. W. R. station.

Your affectionate uncle,

RICHARD YARDINGTON."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked my friend, seeing the blank look of surprise on my face. "Of course the letter is not for you; why on earth did you open it?"

"It is for me," I answered. "See here, Gridley, old man, have you been playing me a trick? If you haven't,

(*Continued on page 42*)

The Intruder

The Story of a Disturbing Element and the Presence that Banished It

By BEATRICE REDPATH

Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

IF there had been anything which she could have criticized in the arrangement of the rooms, Joan felt it would have been an alleviation. Then she could have suggested a change and made them more intimately her own. But they were perfect, with a perfection it would have seemed vandalism to despoil. There was a quiet dignified beauty about the entire house which Joan knew that she herself could not have achieved. It had a studied perfection that charmed and enveloped one in an atmosphere entirely its own.

Joan would have had more light, sunlight or the impression of sunlight; yet as she pondered it, in the beautiful twilight atmosphere of the rooms, even the mental suggestion appeared almost an offence. It was all gray and silver, delicately gray like wreathed smoke, and silver stripped of its fire, the silver of the sea on dull days. There was no discordant note in the whole. No, it was perfect. If the soul of the house was a mist-like twilight soul, a soul loving shadows better than the sun, still it was beautiful with an evasive beauty that made color and light appear almost blatant, almost crude.

Once Joan had brought in a great armful of Iceland poppies, red with the eager burning red of life, and placed them defiantly in a clouded crystal bowl beside one of the windows. And then she had stood back to consider the effect. She remembered that moment poignantly. It was so symbolic of all that she had ever felt since she had come to that house as a bride. The poppies were intruders. They did not belong there. She could not make them part of that room. They appeared flagrantly out of place. With a sudden swift exasperation she had caught them up and flung them out of the open window. The white peonies which replaced them became at once part of the room. But they were not hers. She had no feeling for peonies. They did not belong to her!

She had never alluded to anything of the sort. How could she? Stephen would only have laughed at her. She had never even spoken of *her* to Stephen. But she had heard of her from others. Mrs. Billings the housekeeper, who had been with Stephen in one capacity or other ever since he had opened his eyes on the world, delighted to talk of her to Joan. Mrs. Helmer, their neighbor, in her frequent visits, also often spoke of Joan's predecessor.

"I've never known anyone just like her," Mrs. Helmer remarked for the hundredth time during one of her visits, "a queer witch-like little thing she was. Her great black staring eyes would almost frighten you. She never appeared to me quite human, quite like flesh and blood. She never liked people. She was wrapped up in the house and her music to the exclusion of everything else. She played queer wild music that was as strange as she was herself. I would say that she cared far more about the house and her music than she ever cared for her husband. I always said that she was not human enough to have human affections."

Joan felt a shiver run through her which at that moment she could not account for. She only knew that she often felt a cold chill in her veins when anyone spoke of *her*. She could never quite analyze her own feelings. It was not jealousy that she felt for the dead woman, she was sure of that. She had no desire to have more than what was her own. The past belonged to the dead, but the present was hers. And yet, she had always felt, in a manner which she could not have explained, that it was as though *she* would not resign herself to the past. As though she would encroach also on the present. Joan could never quite rid herself of the notion, fantastic and absurd as it seemed, that the queer witch-like little person of whom she had heard so much, still remained in the rooms which she had loved!

Joan for the moment had forgotten Mrs. Helmer sitting opposite to her, waiting to be spurred on by further questions. She recalled herself sharply from the thoughts which had carried her so far.

"She made the house very beautiful," she said now, "one can feel how she loved it."

"Yes," Mrs. Helmer assented, "she was more artist than wife. And Stephen Merrick let her do exactly as she pleased. Fortunately he had money enough to pay for her whims. But she never made a home for him. The house was always in a state of upset, workmen doing over a room or putting in a window where no one ever dreamed that a window should be. She was just like a child with a toy, never satisfied unless she was tearing some part of it to pieces and building up something different. Stephen Merrick must have spent a fortune just on alterations."

"She was so young to die," Joan said meditatively, "I think she must have hated to die—to leave it all behind."

"Yes, I daresay, it was very sad. But I think Stephen Merrick has been a far happier man ever since. She was too whimsical and capricious to make any man happy. I was not a bit surprised to hear that he was to be married again. And when I saw you, my dear, I knew that the poor man had got all that he had missed before. She was not human to my mind—she was like an elf or some strange woodland creature. A man requires a sweet, sane woman to make him happy—and I couldn't say that she was either."

JOAN never forgot the time that she received the first distinct impression that later was to become so common an occurrence, so much a part of everything in that house. She was sitting at dinner talking to Stephen, telling him of some trivial episode, when suddenly she became conscious that there were three people in the room. She stopped abruptly in the thread of her narrative, and Stephen Merrick looked up inquiringly from his plate.

"What is it?" he said, curiously.

"Nothing, nothing," Joan responded hastily. But she turned and looked over her shoulder with a quick movement. She fancied that perhaps one of the maids had entered the room unperceived by herself, her footfall inaudible on the soft rug. But no, the room was empty except for themselves.

She went on with her dinner with a violent effort, striving desperately to resume the thread of her narrative. But she could not rid herself of the unpleaant feeling that they were not alone. It was too absurd to speak of it. Stephen was decidedly a practical person. And he had surely had enough of whimsical women. She made every effort not to turn her head, not to look to where her eyes were drawn, by the feeling that some person was standing there. She tried focussing her eyes on a piece of glass or silver, and keeping them fixed there while she strove to continue the conversation. But Stephen was quick to notice something strange in her manner.

"What is it, Joan?" he asked again, "aren't you feeling well?"

"I think I am nervous to-night," she responded, "suppose we go into the other room for our coffee."

To leave that room, that was her uppermost idea. To rid herself of that sensation which was so overpowering, of a quiet listening presence there. She caught his hand as he rose and half pulled him through the hall to the sitting room on the far side of the house. On the threshold she paused a moment, to see if the impression still remained with her. But no, the room was quite empty of anyone, of *anything* save themselves. She switched on more lights for greater security and then turned to Stephen, taking his arm and pressing it with a soft, intimate pressure.

"Oh I am so glad," she said quickly, "so glad to be alone with you."

He looked at her half amused.

"Funny child," he said, "from the way you speak you would think we had been entertaining a horde of guests." But his eyes smiled at her serious face and he appeared pleased. He always seemed gratified when Joan was suddenly and audaciously demonstrative.

The next time that she knew a recurrence of the same sensation was late the following afternoon. She was sitting reading beside one of the long windows, when she became quite sure that someone was standing in the doorway watching her. So certain was she that she half closed her book, turning to see who it was. But there was no one there. The curtains hung straight and still on either side of the doorway. She turned back to her book with a dissatisfied feeling, and immediately she was conscious once more of the same sensation.

This time she closed her book and walked across the room, her heart beating quickly. The hall was quite empty, and as she stood there peering into the shadows, she could hear faintly from a distance the sound of the servants' voices.

It was altogether foolish, she told herself. She must really conquer this thing or it would become an obsession. She turned back very deliberately and sat down with her book in the same chair as before, determined this time not to turn round again. But it required all the strength of her will not to do so. It was as if someone's eyes were boring into the back of her head, piercing her consciousness with their steady unshifting gaze. She kept her eyes glued to the pages, and turned them at stated intervals. She knew nothing of what she was reading. The words danced before her eyes in little quavering lines. Her whole attention was concentrated on merely keeping her eyes on the page.

She did not know how long she had sat there, when she heard a footstep close beside her. This time there was unmistakably some one there, and she started up with a stifled shriek, to meet Stephen's disconcerted face.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, my dear, to have frightened you," he exclaimed, "I thought you must have heard me come in a second or so ago. But what are you doing, straining your eyes. It is almost dark," and he turned on a lamp that flooded the room with a soft silvery radiance.

Joan rose from her chair with an unutterable feeling of relief. Her hair felt quite damp and heavy on her forehead, and she was shivering as though she had been sitting in a cold draught of air. Stephen looked at her in some concern.

"You little goose," he said affectionately, "you don't know how to take care of yourself. Why you're shivering, yet the windows are all open. Don't you know that you must take better care of yourself than that?"

Joan laughed, with a comfortable sense of protection now that he was in the room.

"I'm not cold now," she said, "I—I was so interested in my book, I forgot that it was getting late."

After this it became so common a sensation that it was only remarkable when she was not aware of it. She had never even mentally conjectured what it was, this feeling that so dominated her. She was aware, oh, without any conjectures, she was aware. She was an intruder in this house. It did not belong to her, she had not been able to make it hers. That other—*she* belonged here—here in these rooms which she had fashioned, which she had loved with such an over-weening love. Joan did not feel anything sinister, anything malignant in it all. It was just simply that it was not her house. It belonged to the dead woman. She had felt that ever since she had come here, ever since she had stepped over the threshold she had said to herself that she was an intruder. She could not make it her own.

One day in a frenzy, feeling the utter impossibility of continuing in that house, unless she could dispel the feeling that was growing upon her consciousness so omin-

HAS there ever been an occasion when you felt you were not attune with your environment? That is the state of mind in which Joan Merrick, the heroine of Beatrice Redpath's unusual story, "The Intruder," finds herself. Analysis on her part exposed the comforting conclusion that her uneasiness was due to a "presence" —the haunting, accusing "presence" of another woman, and that woman was Stephen Merrick's—but why spoil the story? The author leads one on in a most fascinating manner to a happy climax. See if you don't agree with us!

—THE EDITORS.

ously, she turned upon one of the rooms with a determination to make it her own. She must banish that impression before it conquered her reason—before it conquered her sanity.

The whole of the afternoon she spent in moving chairs and tables, unpacking numerous of her own possessions for which there had appeared to be no place. She worked desperately as though she were working for her happiness. She tore off the silver shades through which the lights had shone dimly as through mist, and created instead a soft rosy glow. She piled the sofas with colored cushions, she draped embroideries upon the low-toned walls, and hung gilt frames where they would catch the light. She ran out into the garden and brought back armsful of deep burning red roses, scattering them about the room in lavish profusion. She piled the tables with her own belongings, and banished the severe simplicity of the ecclesiastical candles, placing instead pink shaded lamps where they had been. She tore down and replaced with quick nervous hands, and then stood back to consider the effect.

It was awful! She could not do otherwise than admit it. Not a thing which she had placed there fitted into the room. Each thing seemed to cry out that it had been placed there by alien hands. The soul of the room was as before, but it looked as incongruous as though someone had decked the Venus de Milo with garlands and fripperies. She loathed what she had done. And it was not now her own any more than it had been before. It seemed more than ever to cry out on her as an intruder. She had only made it masquerade as her own in borrowed plumes.

Slowly she undid all that she had done. It was quite useless then. She could not be other than an intruder in this house. She could not make it belong to her. It belonged still to that other and she could not take away from *her* what was hers. Joan felt a bleak hopelessness descend upon her, and shivering with a dread that was becoming heavier and heavier upon her, she crouched down in a chair, hiding her face on her arm.

But she had left one mark of her defiance. She had left the roses in the low bowls, spots of color against the gray draperies. The next morning when she came downstairs, the first thing that she noticed was that the roses had fallen during the night. They had been too full blown. But as she stood looking at them for a moment, lying as they had fallen in little crimson heaps upon tables and on the floor, she felt a tiny stab at her heart. Was it fancy, was it only her overstrung imagination, or did the petals really seem as though they had been torn from the stalks, crumpled and crushed by actual hands. She felt a suffocating sensation at her heart. Her face was very white as she came into the breakfast room. Stephen looked up from the paper he had been reading, noticing her white face and darkly ringed eyes.

"You look tired," he said a trifle anxiously, "haven't you slept well?"

But Joan was not tired, she was only desperately afraid!

AT times after this she was conscious of hearing a faint rustle as of a woman's dress when she came into a room. It was as though someone had been there, and hurriedly left it just as she crossed the threshold. Sometimes she fancied that she had found a book she had left open on a table, closed when she returned—a piece of sewing fallen to the floor, a vase disturbed. There was not a moment or hour of the day when she was not conscious of *her* somehow, somewhere.

She found herself listening intently to sounds that before would have escaped her notice, and she would attach to them all manner of meanings. Life became nothing but a thing of sounds and sensations which she dreaded. She wondered how much longer she would be able to endure it all, she wondered how it would all end.

Her great fear became that she would sometime speak of it. She would perhaps tell someone, speak of it in an agony of revealing, and then they would give affirmation to the fact which she herself was beginning to believe. Was she insane? Sometimes she was sure of it. She had heard of people having obsessions but she had laughed and put on it simply that construction. They were queer. They were too close to the verge of things.

She could imagine with what pity Stephen would look at her were she to tell him quite seriously, that she could not live in this house, because it belonged to his dead wife, and *she* had chosen to live here also. The living cannot live with the dead. If *she* were to remain, she, the living, must go elsewhere. She could imagine too, how, previously, she would have laughed at such a statement. But no longer could she see a glimmer of humor in such things.

She grew thinner and paler, and the shadows became more distinct beneath her eyes. Stephen was becoming greatly disturbed about her. He insisted on her seeing her doctor, but even to a doctor she could not speak of this. How could he help her? He had no more power than she over the dead!

One day when she was sitting alone downstairs she fancied that she saw *her*. The lights had not yet been lit and a low fire was casting curious shadows across the ceiling and along the walls. It was there, where the shadows were thickest, that she could dimly discern a woman's figure, with arms lifted to a shelf above her head. The head was thrown back and she could just make out the long white sweep of the throat. She sat for a moment her heart beating madly, then fear giving wings to her feet, she ran up the stairs and along the hall till she came to the housekeeper's room. She flung open the door and stood palpitating upon the threshold, feeling acute relief at the sight of old Mrs. Billings sitting quietly at work upon a pile of mending.

Mrs. Billings, an elderly woman with gray hair drawn smoothly down on either side of a round cheerful countenance, started up in concern at Joan's abrupt entrance.

"Dear lamb, what has come over you?" she exclaimed, "why, you're all of a tremble and as white as this sheet. Has anything happened to frighten you?"

"Oh no, not really," Joan said, feeling how absurd was her fear now, from the cheerful shelter of this room, "but it was so dark downstairs and I thought I heard—or saw something. Your room seems so bright and cheerful. I think I'll stay with you for awhile, Mrs. Billings."

"Yes, it's cheerful," Mrs. Billings replied, ensconsing herself again in her chair, "if only the rest of the house was as bright, I often say. But the first Mrs. Merrick wouldn't have anything different. And she was so set on her own way. She planned it all out herself. She spent days over here with an architect when it was being built, while we lived in the old house. Mr. Merrick just let her have her way in everything. I can't see myself that she made much out of it. I think the rooms are as dreary as a tomb. She'd have nothing but candles used, and the wax would be dripping over everything, but there must never be a mark or spot on anything. She was hard to suit. I like a house to be cosy and comfortable, but there was nothing like that about her. She'd make me shiver sometimes just to see her playing away at that piano, her great dark eyes for all the world like a mad woman's. The poor master—I don't know how he put up with her whims and tantrums."

"But she was good—she was kind?"

"Well now," and Mrs. Billings put her head on one side to consider the effect of a patch, "that would be the last thing I would have said of her. I don't have much opinion of a woman who hates children. She wouldn't go near a house where there was a child. And she wouldn't have a child here. I was sometimes ashamed for her, the way she behaved if anyone brought a child to the house. I can tell you they never came again. Why, there was my own nephew, as good a child as ever lived, and as quiet as it's good for a child to be, and she wouldn't let him come here at all. I'll never forget her face one day when she came into the pantry and found me giving him a bit of cake. Her black eyes flashed so that I was afraid the poor child would be frightened out of his wits. I think she was just near crazy about the house, and was so afraid that something might get either scratched or broken. It's not natural for a woman to prefer stone and mortar to flesh and blood."

"I feel sorry for her," Joan said thoughtfully, "it seems so sad when people love the things they must leave behind them forever—love them as you say she did—love them better than other souls. How sad to die and never be able even to hope to see all that you love."

Mrs. Billings nodded her head solemnly.

"Doesn't the Bible say not to lay up treasure on earth? But I don't think she gave much heed to what anyone might say. She was just so self-willed and set on her own way."

Joan twisted her fingers together in her lap and swallowed hard.

"Mrs. Billings—you don't think—you don't suppose—that people ever come back?"

Mrs. Billings looked up with a hearty laugh.

"Bless the child, and what fancies has she been getting into her pretty head. No, I never heard of it when there was a mite of truth in it. There are plenty of fancies and imaginings, but once a person is dead, why they're dead, and there's nothing will bring them back till the last trumpet sounds. Some people will tell you anything just to try and make you believe that they're different to the rest of us. But there are none of us has eyes to see what can't be seen ordinary. So don't you be listening to any such tales. It wouldn't do at all, especially just at present. Don't get any fancies like that into your head, my lamb. It wouldn't do at all."

"No, of course I wouldn't, Mrs. Billings," Joan said firmly, "I wouldn't believe anything like that. Only I've thought if people ever did come back—why she—would be the one to come. I've read of it happening——"

Mrs. Billings broke in upon Joan's faltering to express her contempt.

"Reading," she said, "it's just reading that is most of the trouble—putting notions into people's heads that wouldn't be there natural. I've no use for books, no, nor for the people who write them. Plenty of better things to be done, I always say. I've thought to myself lately that you were reading too much and that you'd be getting notions. Women's different to what they used to be, so restless and nervous now-a-days, and I lay it all down to books."

"Dear lamb, what has come over you?" Mrs. Billings exclaimed. "Has anything happened to frighten you?"

JOAN laughed gaily. Mrs. Billings was like a tonic to her these days. But even Mrs. Billings could not dispel her actual trouble. The house continued to be full of the presence of that other.

She would wake in the night, start up with her heart beating to suffocation, and lean on her arm listening, listening—thinking she heard a stir at the door, a sound beside the bed. She felt that she could not hide it from Stephen any longer. She would have to tell him—she would have to go away from this house forever. They would take her away somewhere, she no longer cared where. She could not, no, she could not live in the same house with the dead!

She was lying one evening on the sofa while Stephen read aloud to her, half listening, half dreaming, soothed by the flow of the words that lulled her to a calmness bordering on sleep. For the moment she was peaceful, quite unconscious of any disturbing element in the quiet stillness of the room. Only Stephen's pleasant low

(*Continued on page 54*)

The Magpie's Nest

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

"WHAT do you want me to do?" she asked submissively. So do good resolutions and bad end alike.

"I have an offer to go to Chicago. You shall go, too. We'll have to wait a year, but it would be three years here. A year isn't very long, if I can be near you. You can get a divorce there. You don't care for him?" he insisted.

"I never did. No, you just can't understand. It was an insane mood—like committing suicide." To her relief he seemed to comprehend. "I can't give a real reason," she pleaded. "Didn't you ever do anything that had just no sense in it at all? That you couldn't even make up a good reason for afterward? Oh, did you really?"

"Often," he said thoughtfully. "Small things; they might just as well have been big ones."

"Because sometimes nothing seems to matter; there are no valid reasons for anything. I will never do things like that again—not now."

"No, not now," he agreed, and kissed her. "You will come?"

"Of course," she said. And though she was beginning to feel faint again, and wanted to shut her eyes and sleep, she murmured first: "After all, you have to work for love, the same as anything else. I don't mind. But did you always know that? I believe I thought it was something you could acquire suddenly, like a piece of jewelry, perhaps. And then you just had it. But it isn't."

"No, it isn't like anything else," he agreed again.

The doctor was quite right. Compelled to quietude, Hope felt her tense nerves slowly relaxing, day by day, and the sluggish fever in her veins subsiding. It was slow, for she had the destruction of years to rebuild, and nothing but Nick to help her.

It was a month before she could go out at all, and then she found herself so uncertain on her feet, so easily fatigued, she had to take her exercise cautiously, in graduated doses. Picking up her drawing again presented unexpected difficulties. Her unused fingers and mistreated arm were singularly clumsy.

"My muscles feel like pulp," she said disgustedly. "And I simply must get into trim soon. I wonder if I could get my job back?"

"You aren't fit to work yet," said Nick. "And—aren't you going to Chicago?"

"Why, yes; when you are ready. But in the meantime?"

"There ain't going to be no meantime. I'm only waiting till you're fit. And I want to have a few days off, first, and take you out of town. Now, will you be a good girl till the first fine weather, so we can go down to the shore?"

She said she would.

"When shall we have fine weather?" she asked wistfully.

"Oh, soon—in April."

And he took her for a careful pilgrimage of a few blocks, and afterward to tea, because he saw she was feeling restless. It was not so cold just then, for the end of February. Hope realised that this was no such rigorous climate as she had been bred to. There was just enough frost to crisp the air. It was dusk when they returned, by way of Riverside Drive. Leaving, it gave them one of those lovely vignettes sometimes to be seen momentarily framed in a cross street that looks to the river. A slender tree, the delicate twigs etching with black the faintly suffused western sky, on one side; the other straightly framed by a wall; and a street lamp hanging in the branches like some marvellous fruit, a globe of the palest frosty violet light. The distant Palisades balanced the picture with their solid masses. Whistler might have painted it.

"What a lot of lovely things there are in the world," remarked Hope, gazing.

"Yes, and you shall have all of them," said Nick fatuously, not following her thought.

She pinched his arm and laughed, and he felt a shock of pleasure, as if he had just discovered that she was near.

"You'll bring that home in a basket, I suppose," she said, indicating the view. "But I do wonder why, when there is so much raw material for it, we don't have more beauty in life? Are we too lazy? I'm sure some people never know what beauty means. Their faces are so dull and mean, or simply vacant. Or is it my fault that I don't get under their surfaces and discover their sensibilities? A real artist would, I suppose. Why does Mrs. Hassard bore me so? Am I not intelligent enough to find anything interesting in her. And the new lodger; have you seen him? I hate his face, don't you? Yet I don't know anything about him."

"I could live without him," admitted Nick. "Holton, you mean?" But Hope, characteristically, did not know his name. She had passed him in the hall and noted that he had fishy, impertinent eyes; she knew no more about him. "Looks like a bad lot," Nick said. "I think I've seen his kind before."

They went out for a short time every day now, in all weathers, as Hope's strength increased. And in the mornings she strove to recapture her skill with the pencil, such as it had been. She used to amuse Nick with impromptu sketches, and introduced the Moon Babies to him. Sometimes he found them in his pockets, in the lining of his hat, in all sorts of unlikely places, on little home made Valentine affairs that would always flutter out at just the wrong moment.

She even went downtown surreptitiously again, once or twice, in pursuit of art editors. Some of the newspapers were kind enough to ask her to call again later, but that was all. She felt reluctant about going to Kennard. Persistence was all she needed, she felt sure.

Then suddenly it was April, and the looked-for fine weather came, and Nick said they need wait no longer. They would find no flowers nor burgeoned trees, nor any of the luxuriance of summer, but the snow had passed, and they could look again on the sea, even if they could not dip in it. He had a sneaking, romantic wish to take her again to the sea.

So they went out of town with immense relief, saying good-bye to Mrs. Hassard with ill-concealed enthusiasm. They never expected to see her again. Hope packed all her belongings. They would return to New York just long enough for Nick to gather up a few loose ends of his affairs. Then Chicago, a smoky Paradise, invited them. Hope faced the prospect with equanimity. She could get work there easily enough, no doubt; it was large enough for all practical purposes.

So she gave up the thought of New York, though she confessed to Nick she wished she had won its favor, forced some recognition from its enormous indifference. There was still that glitter and allure about it. It did look like a treasure box. He promised rashly that they should return some day and loot it, even unto repletion. He

She sat there, studying with an impersonal eye the people who quested past her.

felt serenely confident. So do the children of Naples, under the shadow of Vesuvius. He could not even see Vesuvius.

Yet he should have known they were living on sufferance. Perhaps he did, dimly, the next day. Hope did not realise anything just at the time. Especially she did not realise how utterly her original resolve had gone by the board. She had vowed to leave men out of her life; to take her happiness by the day; to build nothing on promises. And just then there was nothing at all in her life but one man; and she was going to follow him to the end of the world—or Chicago, anyway—on nothing but a promise. An observant man, looking at her mouth and eyes, would have known she was born for nothing else.

They went to a very commonplace summer resort, sparsely populated because the season had not begun, its beaches pleasantly free of humanity; the hotels in a semi-comatose condition, hibernating, with the pulse of activity running low. Coming late for lunch, they were almost alone in the dining-room. Then they walked up the beach a little way, and it was theirs. They ran races on the sand; they sat in the pale sunlight and built sand castles, and filled them with seashell treasure. And they went back to their hotel agreeably hungry.

Pausing at the bend of the staircase, going to her room to freshen herself for dinner, Hope idly noticed a man at the desk, with his back to her, poring over the register.

"Looks familiar, somehow," she commented fragmentarily, and as Nick turned she nodded over her shoulder. "Down there, the man in the brown hat."

Nick looked hard, but Hope went on, and did not observe his apprehensive frown. Nor, after dinner, did she note that the man in the brown hat walked behind them from the dining room, and spoke to Nick while he bought a cigar. Afterward, in the lounge, it meant nothing that Nick excused himself to go in search of some particular evening paper.

He was gone for ten minutes, when it occurred to her to go upstairs for a forgotten handkerchief, instead of waiting where she had been put.

Through the open transom of Nick's room, which adjoined her own, his voice was distinctly audible. And he spoke angrily, though not loudly; she failed to catch an intelligible sentence. But she heard her own name; she was sure of that. A man's voice answered him. Nick cut him off short. She stood blankly wondering and listening, so the door opened in her face. Nick opened it, with a gesture of ushering out his companion, though not at all politely. His eyes were very angry indeed, a cold blue in his flushed, set face.

"Hope!" he exclaimed. Then his hand fell on the other man's shoulder—the man in the brown hat. Hope recognised him now—the "bad lot" whose face she had said she "hated"; their fellow-lodger at Mrs. Hassard's. Hope started to speak, but could not think of anything appropriate to say. The other also opened his mouth, but prudently closed it again at the feel of Nick's grip. "That will be absolutely all!" said Nick. "You'd better go quick." The other was a small man, with a furtive, narrow face. He showed his teeth unpleasantly as he twisted away, and looked back once while hastening down the hall.

Hope stood staring, until Nick took her hands and drew her through the door. Then she got a belated sense of shock, for Nick was trembling. It frightened her unaccountably; she threw herself into his arms with an answering shudder.

"What was the matter? What were you quarrelling about? What did he want?" she asked breathlessly.

"Nothing, dear; we weren't quarrelling." But she took him by the shoulders peremptorily, and he reddened again. "At least, I suppose we were," he said, patting her shoulder soothingly. "Just a man's row; I was rude to him, and he didn't like it, so I told him to get out."

"But you were talking about me," she said slowly.

"No," said Nick, explosively.

"Oh, I heard you!"

He blushed, he stammered miserably, then he caught her hands again pleadingly.

"Look here, Hope, we weren't talking about you; that's just it. That fellow saw us here and tried to force himself on us for the evening; I shunted him off, as I told you; that was when he mentioned you, and I told him to shut up and get out. It was just—just a stupid misunderstanding, the man was a fool, that's all." Poor Nick really did not know what he was saying; he had to satisfy her somehow, and he thought the truth might be alarming to her inexperience. She thought she understood. Evidently the man had insulted her, but no good could come of resenting it further. He should have let it rest at that, but he blundered on: "I'll tell you all about it some other time, if you insist; when we get to Chicago. I'm too angry now." He looked so unhappy and upset over it, she flung her arms about his neck again, closing the incident. Nevertheless, he had said too much and looked too much. It was quite involuntarily that she asked him later in the evening irrelevantly:

"Wasn't it queer that he happened to be here?"

"Awfully queer," said Nick, and flushed again.

It had shaken his debonair sense of security. He did not like to think he had put Hope in the position of an outlaw. He wished profoundly that their year was passed. But he had spared her the same uneasiness.

What he had spared her would hardly have troubled her at all. She was seldom daunted by the things she understood, however inimical. Knowing the worst, she could contemplate it with equanimity. Hope was just the kind of person to make a good breakfast before facing a firing squad. But—she was a trifle afraid of the dark. A common, rather cowardly blackmailer, who had been scared off at that, was nothing.

It was the dark she faced instead, when, a week later, she sat alone in New York, waiting for Nick, who did not come. Not knowing the meaning of either happening, she inevitably associated the two in her mind. It grew to some terrible, unknown menace, connected with herself. Together they overwhelmed her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE is hardly a worse torment than waiting in absolute uncertainty, counting the hours and the minutes, running the gamut of indignation and anxious hope and that gnawing grief which cannot find relief in tears. Hope had known heavy and corroding hours before, but then she had lost faith and could take counsel of forgetfulness. Now came a period she never afterwards cared to refer to: three days of mentally sitting still with folded hands before a misfortune

whose face was shrouded. There was no way she could turn for information; New York is a human sea, which washes out a footprint almost sooner than the maker is out of sight around a corner.

Nick had left her very gaily, saying he would be no more than two or three hours, or until dinner-time. He meant to go to his office and inform them of his completed plans, to go to his bank and get what money he needed, and, if there was time, to make a farewell call upon his cousin. That he might, however, defer. And with that he might have stepped off the earth, so far as Hope was concerned.

She was at a small and quiet hotel downtown. By the next morning she knew the pattern of her room's wall-paper by heart, and at six o'clock was down, asking hopefully and fearfully for letters. There were none. So till afternoon she stayed in her room again, unable to read or sit still. Not till then could she feel she might try to find him through whatever channels her memory might point out. His office, naturally, first.

THERE are times in every human life when bad luck apparently ceases to be merely casual and becomes malignant. The telephone operator at Nick's office told Hope that he had left, very positively. Gone to Chicago, she mentioned cheerfully, and rang off.

He certainly meant to leave, Hope cogitated miserably. It might be that she had not understood him aright, and he had really severed the connection before they went down to the sea. That avenue was closed. She felt rather stunned, but resorted to the telephone again, to see if any unconjecturable reason could have taken him back to Mrs. Hassard's. That was negatived in brief time. Who had he ever named to her as intimate friends? She fished some names out of her mind, but nothing more; she could as soon find himself as these merely heard-of individuals of unknown address. He had a club. After the fashion of clubs, it could or would tell her nothing. And she began to feel beaten and a little shamed. Something—some impalpable shade of a tone from whoever had answered her at the club—had shown her the world's view of what she was doing, a woman seeking a man who evaded. She could almost taste her own scorn in her throat; it choked her when she tried to speak. Hadn't she vowed to take each day as sufficient unto itself? But her heart spoke, thrusting pride aside. Nick ought to have his chance—if anything had happened to him.

Now there remained no one, except, she remembered, strangely only at the very last, his cousin.

Mrs. Stuyvesant—Studebaker? Sturtevant! Grace Sturtevant. And she lived somewhere downtown—Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth Street? The telephone book showed a Mrs. Ralph Sturtevant in East Nineteenth Street. Fully conscious of the unpardonable social solecism she was committing, but with every other feeling suddenly lost again in that black anxiety that was suffocating her, she went to the telephone again.

"Who is speaking, please?" A servant's voice; there is an unmistakable inflection in the tone of the trained servitor.

"I should like to speak to Mrs. Sturtevant," repeated Hope harshly.

There was silence a moment, then a voice, clear, almost toneless, as if strained, and infinitely detached, said:

"This is Mrs. Sturtevant. Who is there?"

"I am afraid you would not know my name," said Hope, her throat dry. "But, if you would be so kind, you might be able to do me a favor. Do you know Mr. Norris Carter's present address?"

The merest ghost of a caught-up cry came back to her—"Ah!" Silence again. And then, as even, as toneless, perhaps more distant than before:

"I am sorry I cannot. He has sailed for Europe, I believe. Is there anything else?" The last she might have spared, but it is instinct to strike out when one feels a blow, whencever it come.

"No. Thank you." Hope hung up the receiver. Then, since she had no other thing in the world left, she called on her pride to sustain her and went quietly up to her room again, till her mind should be clear enough to plan.

Her pride and—how much? Mechanically, she looked into her little purse: four or five small pieces of silver. The hotel bill was not paid. Nick had laughingly turned out his pockets before her the evening they returned, and with a kind of naive pleasure they shared what he found in them. She had a few dollars of her own, and had spent that immediately on some necessary trifle; and he was going to the bank when he went out.

To Europe. Why, in the name of a blind Providence, should he go to Europe?

And what should she do with that sixty-five cents? Anyone can spend a million dollars wisely; the judicious investment of sixty-five cents is a graver problem.

And she wanted Nick, with a simple hunger, that ache for the accustomed thing which is the substantial half of loving. Against him her pride could not arm itself, because it could find no memory for a weapon. Even to the last, when they had made the laughing division of what he had, she could recall nothing that had not been kind.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself. "I must live." Must she? Yes; if she had said that once to get her own way, she still could see the other side of the shield, and know that a privilege is also an obligation. "That's our business," she thought gallantly, "to live. That's what life's for. And Nick's not dead. Was it something I did? Was it——?"

The blindly inimical forces of the world, bent on self-preservation only, dimly apprehended earlier, recurred to her mind. She felt them now. The world had suddenly, violently, projected itself in physical form between them—brick and mortar, walls and gates, and people, endless people, armedly neutral, holding them apart, stolidly, unconsciously, indifferently. No one would help her, and "who is not for me is against me," as a wise man has said. She had chosen to stand alone; she had her choice. Let her bend her proud, graceful neck and say to her lawless heart: "*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*" That was what was left her. Every tradition cried it to her; and she had learned now what it meant to defy tradition.

"And yet, I will not," she said inwardly.

So, since there was absolutely no other thing to do, after her last nickel had gone for her fare, and the last editor had said, with casual courtesy, "Perhaps later," she went to see Mrs. Merrick.

Standing before her wavering mirror, unfastening her white collar preparatory to dressing for the street, a week later, she stopped suddenly and looked, long and curiously, at the slim black figure imaged there, white aproned, capped even. She pulled off the cap hastily.

She got into her tailored frock, shabby now, and a little out of fashion, but still smart in essence, and went out to see if the sun shone. She had hardly looked on it since coming here, and Mrs. Merrick nagged her to go.

It shone; she walked quickly to the Avenue, turned down and followed it to the Arch, turned back and eastward, doubling and twisting, pleased with the old and quiet streets.

Hurrying, for she had been out longer than she should, she walked into the once familiar portals of the hotel before she realized she had transgressed and taken the main entrance. So she almost ran toward the elevator, not wishing to turn back. Someone called to her, but she did not hear, and then a boy in buttons touched her respectfully on the sleeve. The clerk was leaning over his desk, holding out two letters to her.

'You haven't been in for a long time, Mrs. Angell," he said. He had never seen her, capped and aproned, in the upper hall; he remembered her first stay there, a winter ago. "This came quite lately, though. You told us to hold your mail?"

"Yes, I did, thank you," she stammered slightly, took the letters, and vanished. For one mad moment her heart had leaped to her throat. But neither bore Nick's writing. One was in Mrs. Hamilton's hand; the other unfamiliar. She opened the last one first, standing in the middle of her room and dropping gloves and envelope on the floor.

"Evelyn Curtis." She had almost forgotten Evelyn Curtis, having lost her home address.

Sitting on the bed, she read the letter a second time, very carefully, as if there might be a trick in it somewhere.

"I have looked and looked for you," it ran, "but no one could tell me anything. Mr. Kennard said you had been ill and never came back, and I am leaving this letter here as a last resort; they said you might call. I hope you get it soon. Those pictures of yours—I am almost as excited as if they were mine—I meant to do something with them before I left, but you know I went home unexpectedly. So I took them to the Bancrofts'; they get out millions of children's books, and I met Mr. Bancroft abroad. He said they were so quaint, so original, and he has a series of stories he wants done right away, and he said maybe he could arrange to have them run in the Planet, or syndicate them. I am sure he can. The stories, too—can't you furnish the stories to go with them? Come and see me at once, when you get this; I'll take you down to see him. Make him bid up; he wants the stuff, and I told him you were getting quite well established; I hope it is true. Do come soon." And so on, to the same fortunate purport.

"Soon?" But instantly. She thrust Mrs. Hamilton's letter into her bodice unopened, and rushed madly down the hall, waving the one from Evelyn, seeking Mrs. Merrick.

Mrs. Merrick, in the linen room, looked up at her cyclonic entrance with an attempt at severity.

"Goodness, I'm glad you're back," she said. "Ida is sick again—I believe that girl likes cramps—and if you just would, I wish you'd take her place this evening. There are four rooms waiting to be done right this minute and—what? Oh, now, Mrs. Angell, I don't see how I can possibly let you go off again. I know, but——"

Hope talked her down by sheer lung power, and began to explain joyously.

"Well, isn't that lovely?" said Mrs. Merrick, her kind, homely face lighting with enthusiasm. "Go on, I'll do the rooms myself. Of course I knew you'd go sometime, but I hoped it wouldn't be soon. I've been glad to have you."

"What should I have done without you?" said Hope, conscience-stricken. "I will take Ida's turn."

"You will not," said Mrs. Merrick firmly. "Never keep good luck waiting, child. Run along." She put aside an armful of white things to kiss Hope, who submitted politely. Touched by the disinterestedness of these two women—Evelyn and Mrs. Merrick—Hope went back to her room, and remembered Mrs. Hamilton's unopened letter as she put on her coat.

IT was largely made up of good wishes and inquiries. Hope had not written for long, and it seemed Mary Dark also wondered at her silence; several letters had gone unanswered. Mary was still with Mrs. Hamilton, but might not be much longer; an exasperatingly inconclusive bit of information. There was hardly any other news, except of the children, and the growth of the town, until the last paragraph. That was evidently an afterthought. That pretty Emily Edgerton, Mrs. Hamilton had heard, or read, was being married during the month, and in New York! The bridegroom was of New York, and since Emily could hardly be said to have a home—why not, Hope wondered, and conjectured an open break—the wedding was to be at the home of one of the bridegroom's relatives. Perhaps Hope would be there! At that simple supposition Hope looked at her cap, lying on the floor, and grinned. She recalled the day of the month with an effort. Emily must have been married yesterday.

And Conroy Edgerton, quite as certainly, must be in New York.

Even so, he seemed a million years away, with the old mad days, when she wanted the world and he was going to give it to her. Mad days, and merry. Had she been like that? Quite seriously she went to the mirror; for when one remembers old days one feels no longer young. And she thought she must wear a different face now, unrealising how much she was the same—the girl who had helped one man to play with fire; the woman who had walked through it to reach another she wanted.

And here was Conroy Edgerton just around the corner, in at the death again, in a sense. She seemed destined to be shipwrecked at his feet. He had been so kind that other time. What would it be like to see him again?

Not difficult, at least. For all this was New York, and Mrs. Hamilton had naturally credited him with no address, he was no needle in a haystack. By no stretch of the imagination could one consider him a needle! Knowing New York a little, and him a great deal, she would have wagered her new-found luck on her ability to find him. She quickened her pace up the Avenue, as if he might make good his escape before she reached Thirty-fourth Street and Peacock Alley. Having once thought of seeing him, homesickness, loneliness, swept her towards him with the force of floods breaking bounds. The revolving doors let her into the huge brown stone hostelry with a seeming of added haste, impelled her on past the rows of gorgeous, somnolently watchful women and plump, prosperous men, till she came to the desk. She wrote her name on a card—"H. Angell," as she was wont to sign her drawings, quite forgetting that Edgerton might not recall her by any such cognomen—with a line asking if he could come down—and waited.

The close, warm, scented air made her sleepy; she leaned on the arm of her great carved and gilded chair, her face shadowed by her hat, studying with an impersonal eye the people who quested past her. So it was she looked on Edgerton first, hardly realizing his identity, as he came toward her down the strip of red carpet, looking over her head. He was just like all these other solid, comfortable, middle-aged men; there were thousands of him. Until she stood up, directly under his nose, and held out her hand and called him by name; then he was different to her. Because he was kind still; his shrewd eyes, after one moment's amazement, still enshrined her—and were sorry for her! He was speaking, enfolding her gloved hands in his warm, cushioned clasp.

"*You!*" he said. "Did you know I'd been looking for you? And here you are by accident—I just came downstairs to meet a man—no, was that your card? By Jiminy, I didn't recognize it. Come in here where we can talk." He swept her away and commandeered a headwaiter, who bestowed them in an obscure, palm-sheltered alcove and stood at bland attention.

"But I've only a minute," said Hope. "I don't want to eat. Give me—oh, give me some tea," she said desperately, though it was six-thirty. "I've an engagement with a girl right away. And I must go back to work."

"What work?"

She spread her pretty hands, unspoiled by a mere week's labor, on the cloth.

"I am a maid at the Alhambra Hotel."

"What?" Now he appraised her in turn, for confirmation. "I don't believe it." But he did; he believed that hat of hers. "Good heavens, why?"

"Oh, bad luck, bad management, better than starving."

"Or——" He stopped.

She shook her head.

"Not that. Expensive, but I like to own myself. I suppose you'd think you might have been to blame?" Some such matter, truly. She said cryptically: "How we all flatter ourselves! I think I never had a better friend than you. If I have had no success, it was not for lack of the best counsel. Besides, perhaps I have." A childish pleasure in "saving it up" made her defer her very new news. "Why don't you tell me something about your own self?"

"Emily's married," he said, with doting regret. "Got a good fellow. They sailed

(*Continued on page 14*)

"The Magpie's Nest" Concludes Next Month: Our New Serial Begins

THE final instalment of "The Magpie's Nest" will appear in the May issue. It will prove to be by far the most interesting part of the story. It is a climax you have hardly anticipated.

In the May issue also, the first instalment of our great new serial—"My Lady Caprice," by Jeffrey Farnol will be published.

"My Lady Caprice" is one of the best stories the famous novelist has written. It is a captivating little romance full of humor, intrigue, love and excitement. The entire story will be concluded in seven issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which has the distinction of being the first Canadian Magazine to produce a Jeffrey Farnol story.

Do not miss the May issue! It will be worth while.

—THE EDITORS.

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 13*)

for France this morning; biggest suite on the Mauretania. Now, look here, Hope, we've got to change things a bit for you."

"What shall we do?" she asked, gravely mischievous. "We failed once, you know. You don't want to try it over again?"

"Do you want to?" he asked slowly.

"No, no." She felt very small, and remorseful. "I oughtn't to plague you; forgive me, you were always good. It's too late—it was always too late——"

"It was always too late," he nodded. "But, God, how I used to wish it wasn't. Say, Hope, where's your husband?"

"I don't know," she replied truthfully. "And you?"

"My wife got a divorce. It was a kind of a jolt, but I'm glad now. The fact is—But here, now, are you going to let me help you?"

"You're just the same," she said. How restful, how refreshing, to find someone just the same. "But look, I don't need it. I've got everything already—everything anyone can give me, I mean—read this; look here."

She thrust the letter into his hands excitedly, poured a torrent of explanation over him while he tried to read it, and finally made the matter reasonably clear to him, more or less in spite of herself.

"I knew you'd make it sometime," he beamed. "I'm going to order some champagne—sure, you've got to celebrate. Buy a Paris hat, and a trunkful of new dresses."

"Do I look so *passee* as that?" she queried. "Very well, I will—to-morrow. Now I have got to go and see the girl who wrote the letter; I looked for you first, Con. Oh, indeed I must; but to-morrow I will do as you say, anything; I know this is mean of me, but good-bye." She pushed away her untasted cup of tea, and rose, drawing on her gloves.

"Why did you come?" he asked aggrievedly. "Now I've got to eat my dinner alone. Where shall I find you to-morrow?"

"Still at the Alhambra. Oh, I came because—because I was alone, too. And I wanted to tell someone my news." She pulled down her veil and hurried out, bumping into a gold laced page at the door, because more than her veil obscured her eyes. All this wealth, this soft luxury, was what she had foregone from Edgerton, but she was not thinking of that. "It was Nick I wanted to tell," was her thought.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BUT if she had spoken it in his ear, he could not have heard.

At the office, where he made the rounds to say good-bye to the men he knew, their cordial regrets would have touched him if he had been able to bring his head down from the clouds. They noticed that, too; Everson, the manager, a man of dry speech and a quick eye, pricked him neatly.

"You needn't look so damned glad to be going. What? Yes, you do; you look like a new bridegroom. And you won't even give us a chance to congratulate you."

"Rats," said Nick, reddening furiously, and laughing. "Want me to burst into tears? Say, I do hate to leave."

"Well, come and have a drink, anyway," Everson offered. Men liked Nick. "There's a long dry spell ahead, if I know weather signs. Never mind the denials."

"Don't think I've got time," said Nick dubiously. "I've got to go to the bank, and then a call to make."

"Take you round in my car," said Everson, putting on his hat. "Drop you wherever you say; I've got to go uptown anyway. Anyone else on?"

Several of the other men took the invitation, but they left these in a few minutes at the cafe. Nick got into the motor with Everson.

"East Nineteenth," Nick requested, after they had left the bank. "This is your new car, ain't it? Got the new motor in it; really! Let's try it."

Everson had been driving himself, they shifted seats, and Nick took the wheel.

"Smooth," he said admiringly.

Everson told him it was still on trial in a sense, having come from the shop but the day before, and was the first to leave the hands of the experts.

"Sorry we're not on a speedway," he added. "You could show me a little of your fancy driving. Could you do a hairpin turn around the Arch?" They were just passing it.

"Climb it, if you like," said Nick, looking quite capable of carrying out his threat. "Watch me spurt—no, wait till I get in the clear a minute."

Now they were in lower Fifth Avenue. It was more than usually free from traffic; Nick tailed in behind another motor, let it gain on him for a block or two, and then

(*Continued on page 31*)

Woman's New Outlook

The Day Has Come When Mothers Must Take Part in the Nation's Affairs

By JEAN BLEWETT

DO you know why women are coming more and more into their own? It is because they are getting acquainted with one another, and with themselves. They used to be afraid to do much thinking—afraid of being thought strong-minded and unwomanly. "The home is woman's sphere," was the favorite motto everywhere. It is the favorite still, and we trust will continue to be—only woman has found out one beautiful truth, and it is that the sphere of home is wider and broader than any four walls.

This is why she is coming more and more into her own. As wife and mother the highest task of all, the bearing and rearing of children, is given to her, and any and every problem which has to do with making the home better, the community, which is the door-yard of the home cleaner, making this land of ours a saner, safer place for her sons and daughters to grow up in, is *her* problem—her very own—first, last, always. She has arrived at this conclusion by exerting her thinking powers. She would have arrived at it sooner, only that it was decidedly unfashionable, a generation or two ago, to exercise those powers.

Nellie McClung puts it so tersely in "Shall a Woman Think?" that I am tempted to quote her in detail.

"The world has never been partial to the thinking woman. Years ago, when women asked for an education, the world cried out that it would not do. If women learned to read, it would distract them from the real business of life which was to make home happy for some good man. That seems to be the haunting fear of mankind—that the advancement of women will some time, some way, some place, somehow interfere with man's comfort.

"There are many who believe that the physical needs of her family are a woman's only care; that strict attention to her husband's wardrobe and meals will ensure a happy marriage. Hand embroidered slippers, warmed and carefully set out, have been highly recommended as a potent charm to hold masculine affection. They forget that men and children are not only food-eating and clothes-wearing animals—they are human beings with other and greater needs than food and raiment."

Any person who believes that the average man marries the woman of his choice just because he wants a housekeeper and a cook, appraises mankind lower than I do. Ideas do not break up homes, but lack of ideas. The light and airy silly fairy may get along beautifully in the days of courtship, but she palls a little in the steady wear and tear of married life. Women must think if they are going to make good in life, and success in marriage depends not alone on being good but on making good. Men by their occupation are brought in contact with the world of ideas and affairs. They have been encouraged to be intelligent. Women have been encouraged to be foolish, and, later on, punished for this same foolishness, which is hardly fair.

But women are beginning to learn, women are helping each other to see. They are coming together in clubs and societies, and by this intercourse gaining a philosophy of life. The most deadly uninteresting person is the comfortable, happily married woman—the woman who has a good man between her and the world, who has not the saving privilege of having to work. A sort of fatty degeneration of conscience sets in, disastrous to the development of thought.

A woman told me candidly not long ago that she was too comfortable to be interested in other people. She frankly admitted that she was selfish and her comfort had caused it.

There is no sin in comfort unless we let it atrophy our souls and settle upon us like a stupor. Then it becomes a sin which destroys us. Let us pray:

"From plague, pestilence and famine, from
battle, murder, sudden death,
From all forms of cow-like contentment,
Good Lord, deliver us!"

The Painter of Mothers

"THE Painter of Mothers" was the lovely title bestowed upon George Frederick Watts by the people who loved and revered him. It was all the title he desired. Twice was he offered, and twice did he decline the empty honor of knighthood. There was in him, with all his greatness, the simplicity of a child, the inexhaustible vitality and gladness of a child. "Where do you get all your beautiful thoughts?" someone asked him. "From the beautiful souls of the beautiful mothers whom I paint," was his answer—a splendid tribute to motherhood. His paintings hang in every gallery in Europe. A child of the people with neither family nor wealth to aid him, he reached the heights by right of his own God-given genius.

His life held sorrow and sacrifice. Falling in love with Ellen Terry, gloriously beautiful in her youth, he thought he held happiness in the hollow of his hand. But the actress did not pine for domestic life; the home joys, "a few good friends, a few good books and a houseful of good children," did not appeal to her. She had married his reputation rather than himself, and was frank enough to tell him so. "I have no love for you," she said, "but a great respect." "To preserve that respect I make you a free woman," was his response. The marriage was dissolved.

The night the Painter of Mothers died, Terry was acting with Tree in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." One cannot help wondering if she had any thoughts to spare for the man whose genius had been devoted to making a careless world realize the grandeur of motherhood—the genius which had caught—but failed to hold—herself?

In Kilt and Hose

"THE Hun hates a Highlander," said the warrior poet whom Canada mourns, McCrae. The story told by an Edmonton soldier writing home to his mother bears out this statement.

"The sight o' the kilties seems to take the pep out of Fritzie," runs the letter. "One day we discovered that the Germans had massed and were beginning to top their parapets for a charge. We weren't ready for them—in fact, were but a handful of men hungry and tired from a long, hard march.

"Before we realized what Colonel Mc. meant to do he ran up the ladder, the greens and reds of his tartan waving grandly in the wind, gave the battle-cry of his clan: 'Druim nan deur'—'The Ridge of Tears'—and waving his arms wildly, shouted at the top of his voice: 'Ho, MacLennans! Ho, Gordons! McDougals! Macdonalds! Ho, Maxwells! Ho, McKays! Come forth! Come forth!'

"For a moment, we were too dumfounded to grasp the situation, but only for a moment. Then if you had heard the yells, the cheers of our little company, which really held members of each clan called upon, only in numbers pitifully small! 'Buaidh no Bas!' —'Victory or Death!'—flung forth the McDougals; 'The heathery Isle!' the Macdonalds; 'Clan Alpine!' the McAlpines; the McGregors flung their terrible call to the frowning heavens, and catching fire, the MacInnes brothers, named 'the big four,' marching two abreast, shrilled out 'The Cock o' the North' with enough of martial clamor to put the fear of the Lord into every Hun within a dozen miles of us.

"To help things along we let drive a volley at them, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, there was no sign of the enemy—every one of them had dropped back into the trenches. The charge was 'off.' We had opportunity for the food and sleep so sorely needed. By morning we were ready for them."

Why Men Marry

THE man of to-day realizes that his wife is a factor in his success, or lack of success. Therefore, if he is a wise man, he does not marry to secure a cook, chambermaid, seamstress and dairymaid combined. They say he used to, but we think too much of him to put credence in any such gossip. His need of a woman to keep his house may have put him in "a marrying mind," as they say in the country, but he married the girl he loved best—when he could get her—as men have done since the beginning of things. If, as often happened no doubt, she fell into the position of household drudge, it was her fault as much as his, or rather it was the fault of the times. Fate and fashion both decreed that she should not get into mischief by way of idle hands. She did not know how to rest, and she was a faded old woman when she should have been in her prime. The wave went out of her lovely hair, the color out of her lovely face, but the tenderness never went out of her lovely eyes, thank heaven. The eyes of a true woman are the same yesterday, to-day and, I was going to say, forever. So much of divinity is theirs. But to come back to earth and "the good old days," a wife hadn't mastered the art of being ornamental as well as useful. No lily of the valley she, for she toiled and spun most faithfully and thought it a glorious privilege to have a home, a husband and anywhere from six to ten children.

The man of to-day marries cleverness when he can, demands cleverness. He doesn't want a flighty, foolish life partner. The more brains which go into the business of housekeeping, the less dollars needed. He wants a healthy wife. The wife who starts out physically fit has an immense advantage over the old time favorite, "the lass with the delicate air."

The Fighting Bishop

DURING a history lesson in one of our public schools the teacher sought to explain the true meaning of Imperialism.

"Now," said she, after a splendid peroration, "tell me in your own words why Canada to-day is part of the British Empire, instead of being part of the United States."

Up went the grimy hand of a lad, and up went his head. "Please, teacher," he flashed out proudly, "because the Fightin' Bishop, Red Alex Macdonald, an' his Glengarry Highlanders, wouldn't stand for it, that's why. My grandfather tells me," in answer to the teacher's puzzled look, "that in 1812 the Americans would have gobbled this country quicker than a wink if the Glengarry men hadn't made it their business to see they kept their hands off. My grandfather tells me the Bishop was a mighty man, the very deil at both prayin' and fightin'."

Needless to say, this sidelight on a great question made a deep impression on the pupils. Many years later this same teacher spent her summer holidays in Glengarry and heard still more stirring tales of the man who founded t.

Hon. Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonald, first Bishop of Ontario, after helping quell the Irish Rebellion of 1798, came to Canada with his faithful Highlanders, and formed the historic Scotch settlement of Glengarry. Intensely loyal to King and Crown was he, and so active in guarding British interests during those troublous times that the school lad may have given the true answer to the teacher's query when he said in shrill, jubilant tones, "Because the Fightin' Bishop an' his Glengarry Highlanders wouldn't stand for it, that's why."

APRIL

God's garden is this dim old wood
That hides within its bosom,
The feathery fern, the leaf o' green,
The dogwood tree in blossom.

Ho! May is fair, and glorious June
In rose-leaves doth enfold her,
Their bloom is richer than my own,
But mine is sweeter, bolder!

God's garden is this dim old wood,
And I, the pretty vagrant,
I am the gardener he sends
To make it fair and fragrant.

JEAN BLEWETT

Interesting Women from Here and There

By MADGE MACBETH

Mrs. Wm. Williamson

First Woman Trustee

SHE is counted among the old-timers of the Prairie Provinces, but she really belongs to the East; born at Shakespeare, Ontario, graduating from the Ottawa Normal School and teaching in the east for a number of years. She *lives* every minute of her life, and better than that, she helps other people to live also. Although it is against our policy to issue a mere chronicle of organizations with which our friends are connected, we waive the rule in Mrs. Williamson's case, because she is unique. She was the first President of the Local Council of Women, Organizer and President of the Medicine Hat Presbyterial, Provincial Corresponding Secretary of the W.C.T.U. for Alberta, Editorial Correspondent for the Missionary Messenger, member of the Board of the Y.W.C.A. and the Children's Aid Society, formed the first Mother's Club in the city, and also a society known as the Women's Literary. These offices being insufficient to keep her busy, she ran for the office of school trustee and headed the polls, the first woman to undertake a venture of this kind.

A Big Little Woman

THE organization known as the United Grain Growers of Saskatchewan, wields a powerful influence upon the commercial and political life of the Province, and indeed, of the Dominion. Wielding a powerful influence, in turn, upon the Grain Growers, is a big little woman known to us as Mrs. Violet McNaughten, of Piche, Sask. An Englishwoman by birth, a Canadian by adoption, Mrs. McNaughten is a representative of the highest type of public spiritedness; she has been for years a conscientious worker in the National Council of Women, and when Saskatchewan accorded the franchise to its women, Mrs. McNaughten was chosen to represent their interests in the organization mentioned above. She was elected President of the United Women Grain Growers, and placed on the Board of the United Grain Growers—the only woman to have held such a position.

Mrs. Violet McNaughten

Women Work With Their Souls

"DO you think that women work harder than men?" is a question I am frequently asked when commenting upon the success we are making in comparatively new and untried fields of endeavor. "Harder?" Well, I should say so! Harder, and longer, and deeper, and broader. Men work with their brains; women with their souls. We have to. Men have defined hours for work and relaxation. We have defined hours for work—twenty-four of them! Few men can combine the virtues of a business success and a mother or housekeeper; many women have to be all of the latter and fathers as well. There is a danger in this to ourselves, to our race. The calm, the poise, which should be the heritage of every well-balanced person is giving way to nervous energy, unrestfulness, an air of being driven. The necessity to prove that we can do "men's work" is over. We have proven it. Then, my good friends, let us be careful that an element of vanity enter not into the contest while we essay to make it known that we can do better work and more work than our brothers in the field. Let us avoid trying, like the negro parson to know the unknowable, do the undoable, and unscrew the inscrutable! We have just so much work apportioned us. It is, in most cases, not too much. When that is finished, stop! Let there come an hour of peace and rest and joy in a job well done.

MADGE MACBETH.

Mrs. Eric McLachlin

Not Fancy, But Fact

"IT looks pretty enough for a fancy picture, doesn't it?" asked the lady caller, branded with that unfortunate idea which gives but a fictitious place to goodness and beauty. "Was it a masquerade costume?"

No more than a khaki uniform is a masquerade costume. The accompanying photograph shows Mrs. Eric McLachlin garbed for her work of mercy in the clothing worn by the V. A. D. nurses, of which body she is one.

Mrs. McLachlin is an Ottawa girl, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Herridge. Accompanying her soldier husband to England, she found it impossible to sit idle in the face of such stupendous work to be done. She entered a hospital for the eye, ear, nose and throat cases, and became intensely interested in her work for the blind. She was on duty during the big air raid at Folkestone and won voluntary commendation from all her superiors. At present she is in the Queen Mary Hospital, where cases of limbless soldiers are particularly treated

Miss Mabel Burkholder

A Literary Farmerette

IF you are not a farmer, you doubtless feel while marketing that the farmers certainly have the best of it; especially in these days of farming-made-easy, the life-work of soldiers of the soil seems particularly alluring. Miss Mabel Burkholder, whose stories and articles you have read in this magazine and elsewhere, can tell you it is, and she ought to know for she is a very successful farmer-person. For nine months in the year, she cultivates the land, builds fences and does all sorts of things mysterious to the woman whose acquaintance with vegetables is limited to a market wagon or a shop. But in the mid-summer, Miss Burkholder forsakes the farm, unfolds literary wings, and by reason of a happy arrangement with certain railroads, she travels throughout the Dominion writing a description of her route for railroad guide books. She has been in almost every town in Canada; she has been, too, in many places where there are no towns. Her tripping has led her into James Bay, through the mountains of British Columbia, and north of the Yellowhead Pass. She is a first class exponent of my theory that one can make one's holidays pay for themselves, one way or another.

A Government Inspector

MRS. ARTHUR LEWIS, another Englishwoman by birth, and a resident of Calgary, has been recognized by both municipality and province for her civic and patriotic energy. Her public career began at the age of twenty, when she interested herself actively in the suffrage question. At the outbreak of the war she was instrumental in forming a voluntary nursing bureau for the families of soldiers. This work filled a great need, as can be readily imagined. It was a boon to many soldiers' wives who were forced to work away from home, and whose chief concern was the care of their children in their absence. Through its obvious beneficial results, Mrs. Lewis was elected by the civic government to a seat on the Calgary General Hospital Board, being the only woman ever to have received such an honor. She holds various other important offices and last year lectured in the interests of women's work in the Peace River and Medicine Hat districts. Possibly her most interesting office is that of Inspector of factories for Southern Alberta, to which post the Provincial Government elected her

Mrs. Arthur Lewis

MADGE Macbeth's page in the May issue of Everywoman's World will be unusually attractive. It will help to usher in the motoring season. Do you drive a car? Then you will be interested in reading the big things achieved by other women drivers. Even if you only ride in one, you will experience a thrill at next month's chronicle of other folk's accomplishments.

How Children Develop

The Facial and Mental Changes from Infancy to Maturity

By ARTHUR BLACK FARMER, B.A.

Character Specialist, Head of Vocational Clinic of the Memorial Institute, Toronto

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HOW they do change!

The little bundle of helpless possibilities, before we realize it, becomes a restless toddler, of insatiable curiosity. Then, while we are busy a moment, the toddler has become the boisterous schoolchild, the schoolchild, the adolescent and—presto change!—the adolescent is an adult.

We hate to lose our helpless darlings. Still more we hate to lose the little toddling bundles of fun and sunshine. Yet when by any chance or accident the child fails to develop—ah, that is tragedy indeed!

Have you ever stopped to notice how build and features and mind and disposition change together from period to period in the child's growth?

A study of the pictures on this page, showing different stages in the growth of six people, will make the change clear. Then you will understand the changes in some of the young folks about you.

First, look at the infants—six of them—all as different as can be, yet all have some things in common. All have heads as large as their chests. Just imagine an adult with a thirty-six or forty inch head! All have cute little wee noses. All have such little chins, lungs are very small, limbs are small, bones are soft, but the brain is large, active, and oh, so busy taking in and interpreting impressions of the great strange world about it. The emotions—especially love and faith—relating to the back and top head are very strong, awakening a response in the adult and making the helpless infant a most lovable little creature in spite of all the trouble and work it makes.

Critical Periods

I have not found it easy to divide the stages of growth into absolutely definite periods. Growth is continuous. Yet there is a natural basis for the division into seven year periods, which has been generally accepted, that is to say, seven years under parental care, seven years at public school, seven years for special preparation for life's work, learning a trade or profession.

We do well to recognize that the latter three years of each period is a transition period and the sixth year of each seven is normally a year of crisis or change, preparing for the next period.

After the fifth birthday the milk teeth come out and a new set appears which, if conditions are favorable, will last a lifetime.

After the twelfth birthday comes the period of "stress and strain," a period when the body gathers its energies, takes stock of its resources in preparation for the rapid growth and development of the adolescent period; and just as conditions of health in the sixth year largely determine the conditions of the teeth and consequently of nutrition for life, so the conditions at the thirteenth year largely determine the future development.

After the nineteenth birthday comes another critical year, less often considered than the previous critical periods, but hardly less important. Have you noticed how many promising boys and girls collapse physically or mentally during their twentieth year?

Infancy and Maturity

Taking the head only and not the face or the body, it is interesting to observe that from birth up to four, or even six months of age, the proportions of an infant's head are not much different from those of an adult.

During the different stages of growth one part after another of the head develops, until at maturity, after many changes, the form of the head, though not of the face, is much the same that it was in infancy.

During the second six months a marked change usually appears in the shape of baby's head. The upper forehead both before and behind the hair line fills out. First we notice the sense of humor—the babe begins to laugh. Then we see the impulse to imitate and the pleasure taken in imitating a sound or an action. Finally we realize, even before the little tongue can frame a question, that the little mind is puzzling out its own answers to the question "Why?" which so incessantly comes to the lips of the two-to-ten-year-old.

Early Childhood

From babyhood until seven years of age the child is usually left to parental care.

This is the period when reason and imagination are at their best. This is the time when every venerable religious and philosophic absurdity is punctured by the simple and direct questions of the child. This is the period when the resources of knowledge, wit and patience of the parents are taxed to the utmost. Blessed are those parents who stand the test, for their children shall grow up to be thinkers and leaders of thought among men and women.

Alas! how often have the impatience and laziness of the parent silenced the questioning of the child or answered it with a conscious lie and the little mind in the most imitative and impressionable stage has been dwarfed, poisoned and doomed to mediocrity!

During childhood the muscular system and the lungs develop. The limbs become longer, the shoulders broader, the nose more prominent and the face longer in proportion to its width. There is a corresponding increase in physical strength, speed and activity. This is the period when active outdoor games are the most important factor in the child's education.

The School Age

From seven to fourteen years of age is usually the Public School age; an age of great growth and activity, physical and mental.

Usually the growing children are herded into crowded class-rooms, their natural physical and mental activity repressed for five hours a day, in order that an over-worked and underpaid teacher may give perhaps twenty minutes of real instruction. No wonder that the active, alert, interested, inquisitive and retentive mind of the five-year-old becomes the sluggish, indifferent, unimaginative mind of the average young man or woman leaving school!

During this period, the base of the forehead begins to fill out and the mind demands more definite knowledge. Facts begin to supplant fairy tales in interest. The upper back head begins to develop and the boy or girl dreams of honor and attainment, ambitious dreams of accomplishment and human service that reach their maximum during the 'teen age period.

Along with the development of this upper back section of the head, we note the appearance of the gregarious instinct. The boys form "gangs" and the girls "sets." It is this instinct which the Committees for Co-operation of Boys' and Girls' Works utilize in the formation of groups for study along the lines of the splendid programme of the Canadian Standard Efficiency Tests.

The 'Teen Age

In the adolescent boy or girl, as Dr. Tyler of Amherst College has remarked, Nature repeats the experiment often tried with other animals of providing speed by giving lengthened limbs as a means of safety. The boy may grow three, six or even nine inches in a single year—yet practically this whole increase of height will result from the lengthening of the limbs alone, the trunk of the body growing little, if any.

(Continued on page 56)

A 1.—Six months. Head, large as chest. Upper forehead beginning to be prominent. Nose still small

A 2.—Two years old. Note development of upper forehead. The imitative and enquiring period.

A 3.—The same child at three years old. Note the lengthening of the face.

A 4.—The 'teen age. Note the lengthening of the face and increase in nose and chin.

A 5.—Adult. Note equal proportions of forehead, nose and mouth sections. Each has broadened again.

A remarkably talented and popular young woman who has retained many of the characteristics in feature, disposition and intellect of early childhood.

This picture shows the increased development of lower forehead, nose and chin which usually continues after maturity.

B 1.—At sixmonths of age. This boy is a delicate and an artistic child.

B 2.—At ten months of age. Note how the upper forehead has broadened out.

B 3.—At nine years of age. Take note of the top and upper back head.

B 4.—At twelve years of age. The chin and lower forehead are increasing.

B. 5.—At twenty-five, compare forehead, nose and chin with B4, B3, B2.

For The Entire Family

THE utmost in service and satisfaction is yours when you purchase Monarch Knit Hosiery. Its superb quality, fit and finish, lift it far above the commonplace. Your dealer will show you Monarch Knit Hosiery in silk, mercerized, cotton or cashmere.

And in stylish knitted sweater coats the Monarch Knit range offers the most comprehensive selection, both in mode and color combination.

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SYMBOL of LIFE
POWER · GRACE
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McLAUGHLIN
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OSHAWA, ONTARIO
SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE
DESCRIBING NEW SERIES E
McLAUGHLIN

Laugh Time Tales

"Life without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

In the Middle

MRS. LEWIS had made it a practice every night just before bed-time to read some verses from the Bible to her little ones. Among those verses which she particularly endeavored to impress on their young minds was, "Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other one." The following morning Jack came into the house, sobbing bitterly. "Why, what's the matter?" anxiously queried the mother. "Sister hit me." "Have you forgotten about turning the other cheek?" "No-n-no, boo-hoo!" wailed Jack "but I couldn't; she hit me in the middle."

Uneasy

THE local pawn broker's shop was on fire, and among the crowd of spectators was an old woman who attracted much attention by her sobs and cries of despair.

"What is the matter with you?" a fireman said. "You don't own the shop, do you?'

"No," she wailed, "but my old man's suit is pawned there, and he doesn't know it."

End of the War

ABSOLUTE knowledge I have none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Tell a housemaid in Downing Street
That he had a brother who had a friend
Who knew when the war was going to end.

Romantic!

"HOW did I get acquainted with my second husband? Well, it was quite romantic. I was out walking with my first, when my present came along in his automobile, and ran him down, fatally injuring him. That was the beginning of our friendship."

Appreciation

"Look here, Lily, I can write my name in the dust on this chest."

"Lor, there's nothing like eddication, is there, mum!"

What Indeed?

FATHER: When I was a small boy I was left an orphan.

Tommy: What did you do with it?

Practice Makes Perfect

A YOUNG Burnley weaver, according to an English paper, was taking her little baby to church to be christened.

Its father had been in the trenches for three months, and it was impossible for him to get home for the ceremony.

The baby smiled up beautifully into the minister's face.

"Well, madam," said the minister, "I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened two thousand babies, but I never christened one that behaved so well as yours."

The young mother smiled demurely, and said:

"His grandad and me hev' bin practisin' wi' him fer a week wi' a bucket of water!"

Congratulations

PRIZEFIGHTER (entering school with his son): "You give this boy o' mine a thrashing yesterday, didn't yer?"

Schoolmaster (very nervous): "Well—I—er—perhaps——"

Prizefighter: "Well, give us your 'and; you're a champion. I can't do nothing with 'im myself."

Mother was Probably Right

NEIGHBOR—"They tell me your son is in the college football team."

Proud Mother—"It is quite true."

Neighbor—"Do you know what position he plays?"

Proud Mother—"I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

Obliging

THE very black man with the very red lips and the very old banjo was caught in the act of creating a disturbance outside a theatre.

A majestic "bobby" approached and said briskly:

"Now, then, my man, kindly accompany me!"

"Suttinly!" said the black man, with a bow, lifting his banjo. "What are you going to sing?"

Ought to be Spontaneous

GERTIE and Maudie were discussing the tender passion in all its phases.

"How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes?" questioned Maudie.

"If you have to make him propose, you'd better say yes the first time," answered Gertie.

And he Said—!

AN old dame who had never budged from her native village in her life before was travelling to London to see her wounded son. It was a long journey, and she began to be very hungry. She had heard that it was possible to get tea on express trains; but no attendant passed along the corridor. Then a bright thought struck her. One should ring for a servant, of course. She reached up and pulled the communication-cord. There was a screech of brakes, and presently the guard came rushing along.

"Who pulled that bell?" he shouted.

"I did!" said the old lady, sweetly.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the guard.

"A cup of tea and a ham sandwich for me, please!" said the dame.

Scandalous!

THE teacher was trying to get the class to tell in its own words the story they had been studying.

The text ran: "And the old man went into the room where rested the form of the beautiful woman he had loved most in life. There he wept beside her bier."

And this was the way Alice repeated it in her own words:

"The old gentleman went into the back room, where the lovely lady was having a rest, an' cried in her beer."

Knew Them

DURING President Lincoln's first visit to the Springfield Penitentiary, an old inmate, looking out through the bars, remarked: "Well, Mr. Lincoln, you and I ought to be well posted on prisons. We've been in all there are in the country." "Why, this is the first I ever visited," replied the chief executive, somewhat astonished. "Yes," was the reply, "but I've been in all the rest."

A Clear Case

POLICEMAN (giving evidence)—After being ejected from the cinema, he was discovered with a large bouquet in his arms on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture palace."

Magistrate—"Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behavior?"

Policeman—"His speech was very indistinct, your worship, but from what I could gather 'e was waiting to see Mary Pickford 'ome."

No Room for Two

PAT had just joined a horse regiment, and was undergoing the necessary practice in the riding school. After a particularly desperate attempt to unseat its rider, the horse managed to entangle a hoof in one of the stirrups.

"Begorra," said Pat, "if you're comin' on, then I'm gettin' off!"

The New Lather

The Ivory lather is formed quickly. It is thick and copious so that your entire body can be covered easily. It holds together and lasts so that you can massage your skin thoroughly without having the soap become dry and stiff. And you can rinse it away as quickly as it is made because it contains no unsaponified oil to make it stick to the skin.

If you have been using soap that gives a thin, sticky, slimy lather, the Ivory lather will be a revelation.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

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Touchy corns make thousands suffer—on pleasure trips—in business—at home—everywhere.

Until they once try Blue-jay. Then they are corn-free forever.

Painful corns are utterly needless. Science has brought relief. The medicated spot of wax on a Blue-jay Plaster stops pain instantly.

Then in 48 hours the corn painlessly comes out.

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No corn can resist Blue-jay. Yet this way is most gentle.

The chemist of a concern known the world over for its surgical dressings discovered Blue-jay. He studied corns for 25 years.

So with Science's way at your command, no touchy corn need ever bother you again.

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Blue-jay For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Blue-jay Plasters are sold everywhere at drug stores for 25 cents per package. Buy a package now.

End your corn at once and never let one pain again.

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You will enjoy cooking that big meal on this family size oil stove. Everything so convenient. Each burner controllable to any desired heat. Equipped with the perfect baking "Success" oven. Booklet free.

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Malted Milk for Infants

A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

Reason with the Child

Such Means Often Make Punishment Unnecessary

By Inspector W. A. GUNTON

Of the Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Ontario Government.

WHEN first a child is born, its mental forces are wholly undeveloped, and it is only through its feelings that it can be controlled.

These may be touched in two ways:—by the sense of physical pain, or by letting it see the distress caused to its parents by its actions. The most critical time of a child's life, however, lies between the ages of twelve and sixteen, when reason and feeling are about equally balanced.

The accompanying diagram will probably assist in making clear my meaning:

Let A, B, C, D represent the life of the child from birth at A–D to say 21 years of age at B–C. The line D–B divides the life in proportion relatively to the control of feeling and reason.

A–B–D represents the control of feeling which holds full sway at birth and gradually decreases, giving way to the control, in part, of reason. D–B–C represents the control of reason which at first is scarcely perceptible, but gradually asserts itself until at maturity it almost wholly controls, feeling playing very little part.

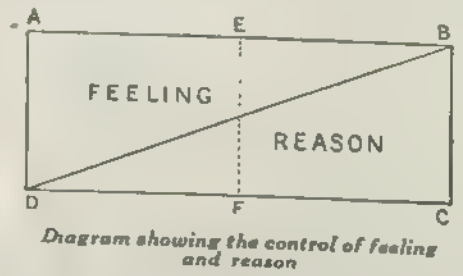

Diagram showing the control of feeling and reason

The most interesting and important point, however, is represented by the dotted line E F. This is anywhere between twelve and sixteen years of age, and is the point where reason and feeling are about equally balanced in their control. This is the great secret as to why it is so difficult to control the child during these years. He does not know what is the matter with himself, and parents and teachers alike are at their wits' end to know how to control him. The remedy is very simple, and if thoughtfully applied, will bring the best results every time—it is this appeal to both feeling and reason at the same time or as nearly at the same time as possible. Follow this principle and you can control any normal boy or girl, no matter how they have been brought up and no matter how so-called "bad" they have been. I have dealt with a great many extreme cases and have yet to meet the first failure when given a fair chance with a sane child. If space would permit, I could give many illustrations from actual experience. One must suffice.

Tom was a truant. He was thirteen years of age. Parents, teachers, and truant officers had all failed. A half hour's application of the above principle succeeded. Upon questioning him I found he did not know why he was sent to school, nor why he preferred to play truant. In a few minutes I found he played truant because, as he said, he had more fun. I showed him in language any boy could understand the advantages of going to school and the evils of truancy, especially with the company he was keeping and the way his time was being spent. This appealed to his reason. I then sought some way to reach his feeling. I told him his father was about to be punished. In alarm he said, "Why?" and "How?" When told, he said, "What? My father to be punished for what I do?" I said, "You don't want to get your father into trouble, do you?" He was decidedly unwilling for this. I had touched his feelings now and so was satisfied I had succeeded. I said: "Now, my boy, I haven't told you that you must go to school, but I would like to know what you think about it?" His reply was: "I think I ought to go. I'll start on Monday." He did start, and continued regularly, taking a high standing in his class and causing no further trouble. As this boy left me, he turned back and very earnestly said: "Say, Mr. Gunton, shall I send the other guys to you?" He knew he was cured and wanted to help the other fellows.

It will pay the reader, if interested in children in the home, in the school, in the court or in church-work, to study this principle and carefully apply it.

May He Reason Why? Or Must He Do or Die?

THAT once universally accepted and oft quoted saying, "Theirs not to reason why. Theirs but to do and die," was shot to pieces in the battlefields of South Africa. There our men learned that they must reason why and that their greatest victories followed the use of their best judgment in cases of emergency and surprise, even when to do so was contrary to orders from superior officers in command. Rarely since the South African war have we heard that saying quoted, excepting to draw attention to its untruth.

Should we ask our children to obey blindly and not ask the reason for our commands? Just try and recall one command which you have a right to give, for which you should refuse to give the reason. Most children have the idea that their parents have no reason for most of their orders (and possibly they are right) and that they just "boss them about, because they do not want them to have any fun."

We must remember that children are not machines, nor mere animals; but that they are creatures of thought, reason and will. Every parent should form the habit of saying, when giving a command, "Do you understand why I tell you to do this?' If you find he does not understand, or if he voluntarily says, "Why?" explain. Should instant obedience be necessary, let there be an understanding that an explanation will follow. But I am convinced that if any parent habitually explains his commands his child will soon gain such confidence that in an emergency when unquestioned obedience is asked it will be promptly given, the child saying to himself, "Father always has a good reason and he must have one now." It is natural for a normal child to ask the reason why until he has been compelled to refrain from doing so.

It will be easier for a child to obey when he knows the reason. The explanation will give him in a few years a great stock of information which he would otherwise not obtain. It will strengthen his reasoning faculties. Give him confidence in his parents and the tendency towards disobedience and rebellion will be reduced to the vanishing point. Give him the reason why. Then, if need be, he will do and die.

Don't! Don't! Don't!

I MAKE no apology, apart from the desire to catch the reader's attention, for doing the very thing I condemned in this chapter.

It is easy, when a child is occupying himself with that which will injure him or another, to say "Don't." The next minute he will be into something else and again he hears your "Don't do that!" This "Don't don't, don't," may continue until the mother is almost distracted and the child is utterly discouraged. The only common-sense method is to direct his energies into proper channels. It may seem a great deal of trouble, but in the end you will find it the easiest way, and possibly in later years save yourself bitter tears and many heart aches. If the child is any good he will be on the move. He simply must be doing things. His surplus energy must find expression. If the boy starts drawing on the walls instead of saying, "Don't," give him paper or a blackboard and explain why this is the better way. If he is interested in doing that which will injure others, call him to you with the expression, "I have some great fun for you!" suggesting the fun. If he does not think it fun, ask him what he would like to do. It should not worry you that the child "cannot keep still for a single minute," for, properly directed, later years will show results in high and holy service to mankind that will inspire pride and amply recompense your patient endeavor.

"Why?"

WHAT parent has not been wearied by the innumerable "Why?'s" of his children? We should not weary of answering the continuous questions of the growing child. Have you been guilty of saying impatiently, "Oh, don't ask so many questions?" Few parents know that in so doing they are putting themselves in opposition to one of the fundamental principles of education. It is almost as natural for a child to ask

(*Continued on page 55*)

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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, TORONTO

Food will win the war.
Don't waste it.

Conducted By

Katherine M. Caldwell, B.A.

Back to the Sugars of Yesterday

To be Up-to-the-Minute, the Good Things we Serve Must be Sweetened in the Old-Time Way

IT'S an odd thing that this war, which has carried science and invention and votes for women and the cost of living forward so suddenly that we must sometimes run to catch up to our own fetish, should have picked up our modern housekeeper and set her down in her own grandmother's kitchen. True, the kitchen has been refurnished—it is white and light and has a porcelain sink, an electric iron, a half-minute egg-beater and an oven at one's eye-level—but it is once more the hub of the household, and the first interest of the busiest woman war-workers in the land. For it's a strategic battle-point at which a single important victory is to be won by the kitchen soldier in command. And that commander, whether she knows it or not, reverts often to the ways of her fore-mothers. The old personal oversight and care, the good, old-fashioned thrift, the best of the old-time simplicity, are the arms and armor of to-day's woman for the fight that is peculiarly hers to win. Though her "outside" interests were never so varied and so intense, she is yet giving more of herself, of her best thought and effort, to the administration of her own home. And she has wisely gone back to the kitchens of the last generation, and the one before it, for every single lesson they can teach her—a surprising number they are, too, for conditions have reverted in so many cases, to resemble those of a decade or a half-century ago.

When the foods of far countries were brought slowly across seas that offered adventure and danger as well as profit—they were not treated in the casual manner fostered by easy transit in great lines of steamships and swift-rushing trains. Or when the pioneer experienced the triumph of a golden harvest where all had but lately been brush and boulders—is it any wonder that food stuffs were treated with a respectful consideration, and that when they took form under a woman's hand, they came forth as dishes that claimed a personality?

When reduced to a mere "ingredient" taken from the pantry shelf that it had reached through the mediums of a telephoned order and a prompt delivery service, no food product could be expected to infuse the same spirit into its ultimate goal of soup or pudding—especially when its mixing became merely a scarce-considered routine.

But they have regained much of the lost prestige of earlier days, those taken-for-granted food stuffs! They loom large in the vision of the commanders of the nation, and the sub-commander in every home. There can be only one result—a recognizable return of the "something" that made many of the dishes of fifty years ago more pleasing than their direct descendants.

Giving Us More Sugar

ONE staple that has been much in our minds of late is sugar. Have you noticed the constant sweetening of women's discourse, when they meet over the knitting needles or the Red Cross cutting-table? For the talk touches ever on foods and inevitably, it turns to sugar. And of late, new terms—new-old terms—have drifted in,—"soft sugars," "old-fashioned sugars," "old-time brown sugar."

The reason is just round the corner. We have accepted the fact that there has been a sugar shortage, and that there will be less sugar than of old, as long as war causes unnatural food conditions. And wherever there is shortage, those who know whys and wherefores put their heads and their wisdom together, to dodge or to offset it to the filling of our larders and the glory of the allies.

And just as the millers have given us more flour from a hundred pounds of wheat by using more of the wheat berry to make our new war flour, so sugar refiners are giving us more sugar from a hundred pounds of sugar cane, by turning more of it into the soft, flavorful yellow sugars that were the basis of sweetening and often the flavoring, in the days of our mothers' mothers. Here is one case of an old friend returning to claim our remembrance, our favor and a renewal of the intimacy of past days that were rich in "the hospitality and grace of good eating." Somehow, in the myriad changes that have come about in stores and kitchens, in cooking and in cooks, many of us have forgotten the really special uses of "brown sugar" (now chiefly known commercially as soft or yellow sugar—light, "brilliant" or dark yellow). The young husband of to-day is not deceived by the enchantment of distance alone when he thinks—oh, ever so privately!—that the sugar cookies or the apple pie or the cinnamon doughnuts his wife makes have not just the flavor of what mother—or grandmother—used to make. He is right—they haven't. And that fact is largely due to the substitution of the good, white granulated sugar that has won so far into our favor of late years that we use it almost to the exclusion of specially-purposed sugars. There is less of the syrup—the cane juice with its rich, deep flavor—in the fine white sugars, and there are many good things to eat that are less good because of its loss.

Getting Abreast of Old Times

TOO modern! Are we? Is this just one little instance of letting the times carry us along in their own "specializing" way, while we lose a little of the art that made of some of the old dishes things to remember?

To win the best from those days that are gone, we have rooted out grandmother's cook-books, and in all humility, we have gone to our elders for, among other things, the almost forgotten wisdom of the sugar-crock.

"And a crock it should be," said the wisest of grand-aunts—she whose cooking was not the least part of the fame of a reigning belle, over half a century ago. "I have seen yellow sugar from your very high-class grocers, that is pale as green tea and full of very hard lumps. Such sugar would never have made the maple hard-sauce that your grand-uncle was so fond of. You should suggest to your grocer to keep his barrels or sacks of soft sugar well away from his granulated sugar, which must be kept very dry while the soft sugar is naturally moist and will probably keep best in his cellar!

"When you get it, my dear, put it in an old-fashioned, covered crock—or even a bowl that a plate will cover! A cloth, wrung out of cold water every few days and kept under the cover, will give the sugar the moisture it needs, and prevent hardening.

"My maple hard-sauce recipe? Very simple—just cream thoroughly a tablespoonful of soft butter (this new oleomargarine you have would do very well instead) and work in moist brown sugar very gradually and very smoothly. Moisten and flavor with a little maple-syrup—or a drop or two of the maple flavoring which you use would do, adding a trifle of cream if you need it to make a soft, smooth mixture about the consistency of butter. It is delicious with fruit puddings, or a batter or suet pudding.

"Many people use the modern icing sugar for hard-sauce, but I do not think it gives the richness that the yellow sugar gives—and its flavor needs to be disguised instead of emphasized. The brown sugar, too, is less expensive."

The point of economy was well-taken—the yellow sugars are selling to-day at about half a cent a pound less than granulated sugar—one more item in their favor!

"You will not have forgotten how you loved brown sugar on your porridge or on your after-school 'piece' as a child," continued grand-aunt. "It makes a delicious sandwich with the whole wheat bread you are using."

A simple suggestion for the school lunch-box!

The flavor of these yellow sugars makes them useful in addition to their sweetening powers, a fact that will win its own appreciation if you will sprinkle a little over your next batch of sweet buns (first brushing the top with a little melted butter or milk). Or spread some yellow sugar on a thin sheet of dough, roll it and cut it like Chelsea buns; they will have a delicious taffy-like flavor.

In fact, a little experiment will reveal many unthought-of places where the substitution of the old fashioned sugar will yield a noticeable improvement -a subtle touch of flavor, or the bringing out of a flavor already there. Pies (though we bake but few of them now-a-days, and limit most of them to one crust), puddings, many cakes—in short, most of the things we cook—will permit the change to brown sugar with a grace that may indicate that this, indeed, was the "original" recipe—a quite probable assumption.

Grand-Aunt Tabitha's generation knew much about "sweets"

Grand-Aunt's Best Recipes

GRAND-AUNT Tabitha—whose gentle authority on this subject precludes all doubt or argument, herself adapted her favorite chocolate cake to meet war-time requirements.

Three tablespoons butter-substitute, 1 square chocolate, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg.

Cream shortening and half of the sugar; add the egg which has first been beaten very light and the remainder of the sugar. Mix and sift the flour and baking powder, add alternately with milk to the first mixture, and lastly, beat in the melted chocolate and vanilla. Bake 30 minutes in a shallow pan.

Aunt Tabitha's Hermits

Two cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons molasses, ½ cup butter substitute, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup currants, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup chopped raisins, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, just enough flour to drop them.

Sugar Cookies

THESE are nice to have in a closely-covered jar for emergencies and are splendid for the carried school luncheon:

Two cups yellow sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup butter substitute, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream the sugar, and butter substitute together, and add the eggs which have been whisked until very light. Beat the mixture well, pour in the milk and add sufficient flour to make a dough that can be nicely handled. Sift the baking powder with the first of the flour. Form in small balls, roll in sugar and bake.

Molasses Cakes

One cup molasses, 1 egg, 1 cup hot water, 2 teaspoons ginger, ½ cup melted butter substitute, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 cup yellow sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 cups flour.

MIX molasses, butter and sugar, add soda, melted in a little of the hot water, and beat the mixture very thoroughly. Add the remainder of the hot water, the egg well beaten, and the flour with which the ginger

(*Continued on page 35*)

The Big Spring Offensive

Every Housekeeper is Marshalling Her Forces for the Indoor Drive She Will Command

THE dust of the long winter months has occupied every crevice in spite of our sweepings and our dustings. Coal, we are convinced, never made so much soot and so little heat! It has lodged a grey film on our curtains and given our wall-papers almost a different hue. Only the thought of the bright, budding days to come when, the fires out and the windows open, *we sweep all ahead of us*, has given us courage to stay with it, to pit our small strength against the forces of Darkness and Dust.

But our turn is coming! The snows are disappearing, the talk is of sap in the woods and spring millinery in the town—of spring garments and fresh wall-papers, clean curtains and cheaper eggs! Assuredly, the spring days are woman's own days!

"But," says the doubtful one, "Can any woman enjoy house-cleaning and attacking the big pile of spring sewing? New clothes and a clean house are nice things, of course, but—"

Much can be done to obviate that "but" and assuredly, a woman can enjoy these things if the sense of accomplishment and the very tangible rewards are not discounted by an aching back, lacerated hands, and a fatigue that blots out even the spring sunshine.

So, obviously, the thing to do is to lessen the physical drag, to change the unpleasant phases where possible and to offset the unfortunate feminine tendency to overdo things. The very best way to accomplish this is to plan the whole attack beforehand; to bring your forces up to their greatest strength and to have the best equipment possible for each part of the undertaking.

Speaking of Amanition!

THERE are big guns and small guns, and "Jack Jonnson's" aplenty, if we know about them, know what they will accomplish for us, and are able to equip ourselves with them.

Dusters and cloths for washing and rubbing and polishing, are truly the shrapnel of the Housecleaning Army. Like the old tin cans, the scrap metal, and all the other left-overs that go into our factories as junk and come out as ammunition, the discards of the rag-bag, by grace of soap and water and an iron for the finer cloths, will do valiant work on windows, woodwork, floors and the like.

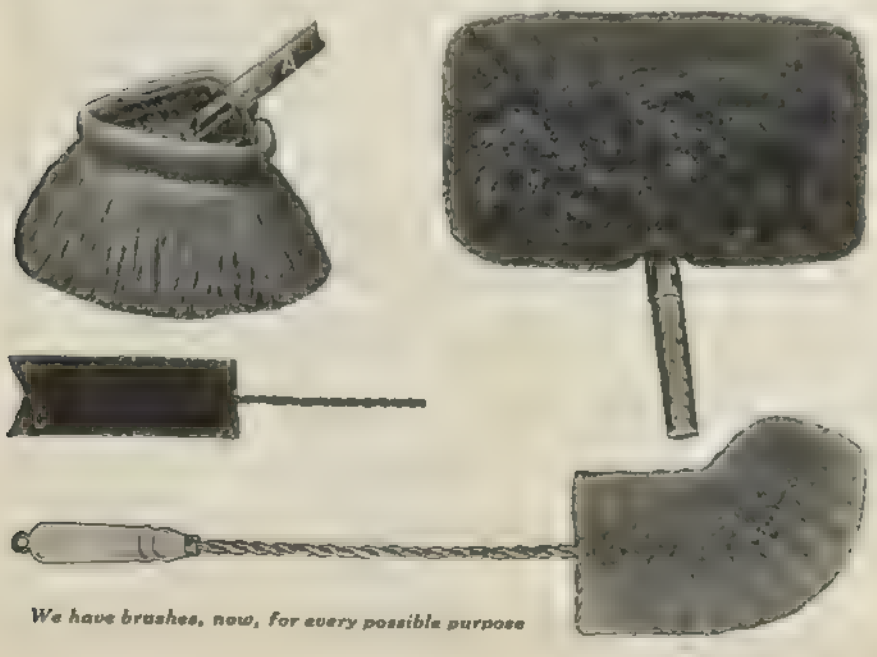
When the actual cleaning is done, one of the chemically-treated dusters that come at twenty-five cents, will be found of great value. They gather and hold the dust, instead of wiping it off one piece of furniture to settle comfortably on another, and make the dusting of a room a much quicker, cleaner and more thorough job.

You will want scouring agents, and you will want them *before the onslaught begins.* Nothing is more annoying than to clear a room for action, only to find you have nothing at hand to give that crystal clearness to the windows that is difficult to attain with just soap and water, after the long neglect of their outside surfaces, sometimes enforced by frost and storm windows and general winter unreachableness. Or the chagrin of having no polish for the nickel finishings of the bathroom or nothing to bring its porcelains back to the dazzling white of span-newness—such interruptions sometimes take more of one's grit and energy than does the actual work itself.

There are excellent metal polishes to be had in the form of pastes, creams and powders. For a few cents, you can buy a tin of powder, or a cake done up like soap, that will take all the grease and dulling soil from metals, porcelains or painted wood-work, and *make one rub do what ten had done without them!* With the addition of good soap—select one that will deal gently with your hands as well as with your belongings—you will have ready the first essentials for the cleaning campaign.

Where Tools Come In

All these, however, are but the first line of attackers.



We have brushes, now, for every possible purpose

THE Experiment Kitchen is here for you—to save you the trouble and disappointments of trying out things that look or sound helpful—and aren't. There are probably many labor-saving devices that you want to know more about. Tell us what they are—give us your suggestions as to how we can further serve you.

If you want to purchase any of the articles on this page, write to us for the address of the manufacturer or merchant who handles it. Or if you would like us to make the purchase for you, enclose money order to cover cost and we will do your shopping without any charge to you.

Katherine M Caldwell.

Fig. I. Hands are worth saving

They must be supported, helped along in every way.

Of course, a house can be cleaned, and *well* cleaned, with little more than these, plus unlimited "elbow grease." But that is one thing the wise woman cuts down to the minimum—the real, take-it-out-of-herself labor of what we have always termed the "heavy house-work." There are modern inventions large and small, expensive and inexpensive, that will relieve her of practically every exertion that is a tax on her strength, and it is certainly worth an effort to obtain them.

For instance, the old task that grows no lighter year by year—the washing of the blankets. We do not like to trust them to the laundry, so—they are done at home. Heavy, aren't they?

The greatest help here is a washing machine—electric, water power or hand-power. It reduces the actual handling of the heavy, water-soaked blankets to almost nothing. Some of the 1918 models show an almost unbelievable canniness—one is half-convinced that they will gather and sort the washing next!

Fig. II. When using a sewing machine becomes a pleasure

If you have no machine, you will appreciate the advantage of using melted soap, or use that which comes in flakes. Put in a good-sized saucepan, cover with cold water and bring to the boil slowly, so that the soap will all melt. Beat some of it into your blanket water, to make a good suds. If you pour a very little at a time, right on the blanket as you rub it, melted soap will surprise you by its vastly increased powers of ousting dirt.

Or another Herculean task—the taking up and beating of heavy carpets. There is not always a company convenient who, "for a consideration," will do all this and lay the carpets again on the clean-scrubbed floors. As a home-task, this is the one that must call out to the masculine reserves!

A vacuum cleaner, not in housecleaning season alone, but in *all* seasons, keeps the dust out of one's carpets—sucks it out from its deepest hiding place. "Once in a blue-moon" is often enough to lift carpets that know the relentless suction of the vacuum cleaner. And of course, this is just one of the tasks it will perform. Hangings, heavy or light, can be kept free from dust; upholstered furniture ceases to belch a small cloud of dust if it is suddenly and severely sat upon; mattresses can never be kept so beautifully clean in any other way, and inaccessible places are not permitted to keep their dust for the semi-annual advent of the step-ladder. Special attachments give the vacuum cleaner power alike over the high-placed and lowly.

Fig. IV. She feels just as trim as she looks

The Sensible Costume

PERHAPS there is no time when a woman is quite so convinced that she is bound by limitations, as when the cleaning season alternately sets her atop a step-ladder or sees her scrambling behind and beneath things that obstruct her path.

And as we are in an age when a need is promptly met by a new article or a new fashion where the old will not suffice, the busy woman who wants to be sensibly, suitably, unhamperingly clad at the tasks she assumes, has been granted an overall that fills her every requirement. She can be neat, comfortable and safe, freed from the skirt that will get in her way, and her overal can be as pretty as she pleases. All pattern services, have added the over-all to their list or you can purchase the regulation garment, (Fig. IV.) made from materials best suited to the purpose and attractive enough to suit the most exacting of women. They cost from two dollars up.

A pair of rubber gloves, too, (Fig. I.) should find place in every woman's scheme of things, in house-cleaning time and out. Much soap and water is hard on any skin, and dust and dirt are even worse. Gloves of thin, red rubber fit the hand and are not a bit clumsy. They can be purchased in all sizes for as little as thirty cents a pair, but better grades, costing from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter will, of course, last much longer. Soft, white hands in spite of household tasks, reward their use. An old pair of cotton gloves pulled on over the rubber gloves, if one is peeling potatoes or using any tool that is likely to puncture the rubber, will greatly prolong their life.

Of Brushes and Brooms

WHERE a broom, a whisk and a stove brush used to constitute our full equipment, we have now a matter of thirty or forty household brushes to choose from. Every hard-to-get at place has been made accessible, every lurking grain of dust can be routed out, when we advance on them armed with a special broom or brush.

Fig. V.

For instance—walls and ceilings should be lightly wiped over. It is easy with a wall-brush—soft yarn on a long, extension handle—such as we see in Fig. B. It costs $1.25.

Failing this, a cover that slips over an ordinary broom, (Fig. III.) will be helpful. The bottom half is made of a plush-like material that gathers dust to itself with an unanswerable insistance. The price is fifty cents.

Fig. III. A cover will make a mop of your broom

The difficulty and unpleasantness of cleaning the lavatory bowl, succumb to the urge of a thick, well-bristled brush that has the right curve (see Fig, D). The bristles are mounted on a heavy, long, twisted-wire handle with a wooden grip, making an absolutely sanitary brush, easily washed by holding it under the tap for a moment.

This, too, is useful as a fifty-two weeks in the year article. It's cost is 70c.

Still another brush that has a highly specialized use use of its own, is the radiator brush (Fig. C). Once more, very heavy, twisted wires form a long, strong handle. Every good housekeeper resents the common trait of radiators to present a clean face to the public and gather every bit of dirt possible, below, behind and between their coils. She can purchase absolute vengeance for fifty cents.

(*Continued on page 30*)

Lack of food—threatens the battle line

ONTARIO

"The food wanted by mankind does not exist.

The word 'shortage' is not strong enough.

The whole world is up against a nasty thing, familiar to the people of India, called 'famine.'"

—LORD RHONDDA,
Britain's Food Controller.

One year ago, only the enemy was on rations.

To-day, Great Britain, France and Italy are on rations.

To-day, Germany controls the wheat lands of Roumania, Russia, Poland and Ukrania.

To-day, the shadows of hunger, famine, disease and death hang over the Allies.

Upon the 1918 crop from Canada and the United States depends the fate of the democratic peoples of the world.

If that crop is sufficient the Allies can be fed.

If that crop is not sufficient the Allies may have to accept a German peace.

That Battle Line in France and Flanders Must Not Want

Do you realize what a German peace would mean to Canada?

Germany covets our natural resources—our agricultural and mineral wealth, our forests, our fisheries, everything that is Canada's.

Germany won't be satisfied with European territory, with teeming masses, wrangling factions and depleted natural resources. She wants colonies—big, thinly-populated countries in temperate zones for her sons and daughters to go to propagate their kind.

The Kaiser would sacrifice millions of Germans to-morrow if he thought that by so doing he could set foot on Canada's shores as Conqueror.

And what's more, the Germans would offer themselves for the sacrifice, so great is their subjection to the military ideal.

The only thing that balks German ambition is that battle line from the North Sea to Switzerland—and the British Navy.

The Only Thing That Sustains Our Men on Land and Sea--is Food

What are we, each one of us, prepared to do to insure that Food supply?

Germany, by her submarine campaign, has seen that great Armada, the British Mercantile Marine, shrink in volume.

Germany has seen South America, Australia, New Zealand, India and far away outposts of the Empire practically cut off from supplying food to the Motherland because of the lack of ships.

Forty million Allied men and women having been put on war work, food production has dangerously decreased in Europe.

These forty million consume more food than when they were in ordinary occupations, and there are fewer men for farming. Hence an increased demand and decreased supplies.

The harvest of France was one-third less in 1917 than 1916, and this year must be smaller still, owing to lack of fertilizers, which cannot be supplied through shortage of shipping.

The world's decrease in live stock, as compared to 1913, is approximately 115,000,000 head.

The heart of this problem is labor.

Without more farm labor more food cannot be produced.

If you really want to serve your Country in a big, practical way, register now for farm labor, or urge and assist your male employees to do so.

Herbert Hoover Says:

"Our European Allies are dependent upon us for greater quantities of food than we have ever before exported. They are the first line of our defence. Our money, our ships, our life blood, and not least of all, OUR FOOD supply, must be of a common stock.

"In pre-war times, Britain, France, Italy and Belgium yearly imported more than 750,000,000 bushels of grain, plus vast quantities of meats and fats.

"The submarine destruction of shipping has made it necessary to abandon the hope of bringing food from South America, Australasia and India.

"Food must, therefore, be shipped from Canada and the United States—the nearest and safest route.

"Canadian and United States supplies are normally 350,000,000 bushels short of the Allied needs. By greater production and conservation Canada and the United States must combine to increase the export of grain by 150,000,000 bushels.

"The remaining shortage of 200,000,000 bushels must be overcome by greater reduction in consumption in the allied countries. And this is being done by Britain, France, and Italy rationing her people.

"From two and a half years of contact with the German Army I have come out of the horror with the complete conviction that autocracy is a political faith and a system that directly endangers and jeopardizes the future of our race that threatens our very independence. It has, however, been able to command complete inspiration of devotion and self-sacrifice in its people to the interest of their nation. The German farmer, in the name of the Fatherland, supports a nation two-thirds as large as the United States and threatens to subject the world from an area one-half the size of Ontario.

"My vision of War is not of an academic problem to be solved by discussion. To me it is a vision of brave, dying men and suffering women and children, for service on whose behalf the greater exertion of the Allies' farmers comes in a direct necessity and a direct plea. The Canadian and the United States citizen who sees war as I see it, needs no inducement and no inspiration but the thought that every spade full of earth turned and every animal reared is lessening human suffering and guaranteeing the liberty of the world."

Lloyd George's Warning

"I fear the disciplined people behind the German Army, the rationed family and the determination of wife and sister and daughter and mother to stand and starve—so that their fighting men may be fed—I fear it more than the Imperial German Army itself."

Britain is now on Food Rations.

France is now on Food Rations.

Italy is on the verge of starvation. Only continuous support from us can enable us to hold out.

Only with a disciplined people behind can we hope to win. The rationed

To send more Food to our Allies is not Charity

British Nation, blood of our blood, bone of our bone, are proudly paying the price and sharing with France and Italy their limited stock of food. For in this there is mighty pride, a conscious measuring of their glory with the best traditions of ancient Sparta, and of Imperial Rome, for Britons know that upon them rests the burden of saving humanity. The story of their service shall ring and echo forever along the hill tops of history.

To Send More Food to Our Allies is Not Charity

It is war. The Allies have a right to demand it. They have a right to resent the offer of only what is "left over." Those who are fighting the common battle for civilization and for our protection have a higher claim than had Lazarus to only the "crumbs that fall from the rich man's table."

The Canadian people must recognize that our Allies have the first claim on our food supplies.

As the shipping situation makes the Allies dependent upon the North American continent for food, it is vitally necessary that Canada should increase her production of food in order to take a larger part in providing for the Allies' requirements. This is especially urgent as the maintenance of a large United States Army in the European field will cause a very heavy drain on that country's resources.

There must be no peace without victory.

For nearly four years Germany has been struggling against the powers of law and order. She has failed so far to make good her escape with her booty by superior strength and skill. And now she is attempting by intrigue, suggestion, device and propaganda to divert the attention of her antagonists from the struggle itself, and thus to gain her ends by relaxing the strength and skill of her antagonists.

What she can gain from these tactics is plain to all the world in the sorrowful experience of Russia.

Germany's most dangerous weapon is not her Zeppelin—that is obsolete. Not her submarine—that can be overcome. Not her machine-like army—that has been repeatedly hurled back by the living armies of freemen. Her most dangerous weapon is her propaganda of peace.

While with her hands she murders and despoils, with her voice she invites to parleys.

When Liberty is in Peril There is Threat of Lasting Disaster in the Very Word "Peace"

Lord Leverhulme, long known in Canada as Sir William Lever, who knows well the German mind, in a recent interview, stated:

"You will never be able to dictate terms to Germany till she is beaten. The argument you mention is founded on the dangerous fallacy that because Germany is sick of this war she is sick of war in general. She isn't. I doubt if her Government is even sick of this war. You've read the speech of that old brigand, Hertling. Is there any sign of repentance in that speech? Is it a chastened speech? Is it the speech of a statesman who wants disarmament and a league of nations? No! Germany is back in her mood of 1914. She believes she is winning the war. She believes she has won now. And if we talk of peace to her she HAS won it. Why, it would be better a thousand times that every man in England should be dead than that Germany should issue from this war with the feeling of a conqueror. You hear people use the phrase, 'to the last man, and the last shilling,' and you think it is only a bit of rhetoric, but to my mind it's the most solemn and absolute truth. I mean when I say it that it would in very truth be a million times better for the people of these islands to be dead, every one of them, rather than live on as the serfs of a triumphant Prussia."

How can any lover of liberty remain insensible to this peril?

Food means Victory and the world made safe for democracy!—

Lack of food means disaster and subjugation to Germany.

The Citizens of Ontario Must Lead This Mighty Crusade for Greater Food Production

They did it last year and will do it again.

As the greatest food-producing Province, Ontario must maintain her leadership in America. Great are our opportunities—our responsibility is tremendous.

Upon every man and woman, boy and girl, rests a personal obligation to serve. Every pound of food produced, in whatever form, is a contribution to the Cause of Freedom.

Ontario farmers should sow 500,000 acres of spring wheat.

Every Ontario farmer whose land is at all suitable, should put an extra five acres into wheat, even at the expense of another crop.

What YOU Can Do To Help

At all costs production must be maintained.

That's why farmers and farmers' sons are being exempted from military service. Working on a farm is equivalent to service in the Second Line Trenches.

To enable the farmer to do the work two factors are essential. The first is Time Whatever we are to do must be done at once. Nature waits for no man. The second is Labor. Many farmers cannot plant the acres they would because they cannot get the necessary help. Many are afraid to increase their acreage because they fear they would not be able to cultivate and harvest an unusual crop after they had raised it.

The burden is not one to be placed solely upon the farmer. Neither can it be placed upon the townsman. It is a personal obligation upon every man, woman, boy and girl, in every farm, town and city home in the Province of Ontario.

AWAY WITH CRITICISM—CO-OPERATE! Mr. City Man, don't say that the farmer should do so-and-so, and thus allow criticism in this hour of our Nation's peril to cripple your effort.

Mr. Farmer, don't hastily underestimate the value the city man can be to you.

Get Together in the Fight for Liberty

Let us not lament what MIGHT be, but earnestly face what MUST be.

Fifteen thousand boys between the ages of fifteen and nineteen must be organized as "Soldiers of the Soil" to work on Ontario farms this season.

Farmers can get one or more of these boys by applying to their District Representatives or to the Public Employment Bureaux at Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton or London.

Unmarried men, exempted from military service, are urged to take up farm work. Married men who have had previous experience on a farm are urged to resume farm work for a season. Employers of labor are asked to assist men to take up farm work.

We urge the farmers and the townsmen to get together for greater production in the interests of a free people and democracy.

Let the Organization of Resources Committee, your District Representatives or the Public Employment Bureaux act as your intermediaries.

When we have done our best, the cry for food cannot be wholly met.

For the rest—our Allies are tightening their belts.

Organization of Resources Committee

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

CHAIRMAN: His Honor Sir John S. Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. VICE-CHAIRMEN: Honorable Sir William H. Hearst, K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Ontario; William Proudfoot, Esq., K.C., Leader of the Opposition. SECRETARY: Albert H. Abbott, Esq., Ph.D.

The only thing that balks German Ambition is the battle line in France and—the British Navy. The only thing that sustains our men on land and sea is Food

2 IN 1
SHOE
POLISHES

Liquids and Pastes.
For Black, White, Tan,
Dark Brown or Ox-Blood Shoes
PRESERVE THE LEATHER

It is just as important to choose a shoe polish which will keep the leather in good condition as it is to select one which will give a brilliant shine. "2 in 1" Shoe Polishes do both. They give a quick, perfect shine, keep the leather soft and pliable, and thus add months of wear to your shoes. The use of "2 in 1" Shoe Polishes is the best way to economize on the present high prices of leather.

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Vacant Lot and Home Gardening

Must be Taken Up With Redoubled Vigor This Year

THE women of Canada are being asked to take up the work of vacant lot and home gardening with redoubled vigor this year. When the call for increased production of vegetables went forth in 1917, they responded instantly, and it would be hard to compute just how much they added to Canada's supply of garden truck.

But what they did last year must be doubled this year for the more vegetables grown the more flour, beef and bacon will be saved for overseas.

The days when "Adam delved and Eve span," are no more. Eve must delve while Adam fights. Gardening is pleasant work. Many women took it up as a hobby before there was any thought of war. Now that they have a definite objective it should not be so hard to use their energies in this direction. It is not the kind of work that requires a woman's whole time and any housewife, with a little land at her disposal, can make something of it, if she really wants to. The kiddies love to help. The business girl, too, can give some of her time. In fact, many girls in the civil service, Ottawa, worked in the evenings last year, and even gave up their summer holidays, in the interests of production. As for the girl of leisure—definite responsibility rests on her to do a little cultivation. It will be the most useful kind of service she can render, because if every family grows enough garden truck for its own needs, the aggregate saving in other food-stuffs will be enormous. Besides it will be a good thing for the women of Canada to get into the habit of making use of the natural resources at their command.

Mrs. Crothers' Gardens

ONE of the most enthusiastic supporters of gardening is Mrs. T. W. Crothers, wife of the Minister of Labor. She would like to see people rolling up their household worries in a carpet bag and going out to the garden to dig. She believes firmly in women simplifying the work of the home in order to be able to devote more time to work of this kind. In her opinion it will be beneficial to the mothers and the children, as well as being really patriotic service. Her own garden last year was a fine example of what can be accomplished.

Other evidences of what amateur gardeners can do, are found in last year's records of towns all over Canada. In Montreal it is estimated that $100,000 worth of vegetables was grown on vacant lots. Calgary had 1,115 lots under cultivation, covering an area of 220 acres. The City Council of Port Arthur formed a Garden Club to assist the citizens to produce in their backyard gardens most of the vegetables they needed for consumption. The value of the products during the first year of operation was $24,527.50. These are only a few instances. Every city did its share.

The Canada Food Board is anxious that even more be done this year. It is desirable that the growth of standard vegetables only should be encouraged—vegetables such as potatoes, beets, carrots, peas, beans, lettuce, onions, parsnips, etc. Tomatoes and strawberries, while highly palatable, are low in food value. The space usually devoted to flowers should this year be given over to vegetables. The growth of food for home consumption eliminates transportation waste, with the attendant cost of labor and fuel.

It is the intention of the Food Board again to prohibit the eating of canned vegetables in Eastern Canada till October 15th and Western Canada till November 1st, 1918. This will further emphasize the necessity of garden production on the widest possible scale.

Soldiers of the Soil

THE Canada Food Board's drive for its 25,000 boys is well under way, and the Soldiers of the Soil, following the example of their older brothers who rallied to the King's colors, are joining up as if the future of their country depended on their service—and so, in a measure, it does.

Food is the need of the hour. Every day that passes now must be used to the best advantage. Every effort counts.

And the boy is an important factor—one that cannot be ignored. Ask the farmers of Saskatchewan what they think of the older boy labor, and they will tell you that it is second to none. So it is essential that every boy who is old enough and strong enough should sign up for service in the fields. Enrollment week is past, but it is not yet too late to be put

(*Continued on page 30*)

Now Women as Well as Men Demand Efficient Tools

Don't be content to do your housework in the old fashioned ways. They mean more work, extra hours, added household expense.

Men have applied all modern efficient improvements to their business. Why not women?

You owe it to yourself—to your family—to your pocket book—to take full advantage of such time and labor-saving conveniences as the

BISSELL Carpet Sweeper

Your daily sweeping is done in one-half the time. And done far better.

In place of arm-tiring, back-breaking broom sweeping, you have the easy, effortless pushing of the Bissell "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweeper.

The savings you make on dollar brooms, carpets and rugs will pay many times over the initial cost of this wonderful household convenience.

Get one today. Each day you delay is exacting its toll in energy and dollars.

Bissell Carpet Sweepers, with the patented "Cyco" Ball Bearings, an exclusive Bissell feature, $3.75 to $5.50; Vacuum Sweepers, $8.00 to $12.50—depending on style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Write today for booklet.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory)
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

WHY WORRY?

There never is a **Blue Monday** where a **"1900" Agitator Water Power Washer** is used.

There are hundreds of these wonderful labor saving machines in use in Canada.

It washes clothes surprisingly well, does absolutely no harm to the finest fabric.

The motor is operated by the little "Nozzle" of your kitchen or laundry tap and is fully guaranteed.

Ask for literature and 10 days' guaranteed trial offer.

We also make electric and hand power washers. Kindly state which you are interested in. Address me personally,

N. T. MORRIS
Nineteen Hundred Washer Company
357 Yonge Street, Toronto

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

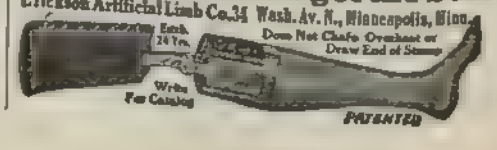
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Artificial limbs are admitted DUTY FREE. SOLDIERS and others should get the best

Erickson Artificial Limb Co., 34 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.



What do You Know About a Mortgage?

By ELIZABETH CLARE

"TO have and to hold" is going to be a difficult feat for the woman who is ignorant of business and its many wiles. Shady speculations, all dressed up like an investment—veritable sheep in lambs' clothing—will try to inveigle her consideration.

If you are the recipient of a legacy, the will, when told of in the private conversation and published in the newspaper, will bring many financial agents, each willing to be your guide, philosopher and friend. Your object to determine the basis of incontestable reputation as a fair and conservative business man, will result in a happy disposition of your money.

Every woman will be wise to observe the strictest conservatism in investing her money. Schemes which suggest appealingly quick turn-overs, are in most cases a dubious speculation, and should be spurned by the novice in business matters. A sound investment bringing in the usual rate of interest, is infinitely preferable to one which though drawing one or two per cent. more interest, is backed by a concern of uncertain stability.

Even more enthusiastic and persistent than the real estate man will be the vendor of bonds and stocks—possibly of some one particular mine or company, that he is "promoting." A good rule for a woman investor is: "Beware of the Promoter!"

His story may be all true, or there may only be enough truth in it to give color to the whole. But whenever you are confidentially "let in on the ground floor" of a scheme that is going to make two dollars bloom where but one had grown before—that is the moment to put all your cash in the bank, burn your cheque-book, and throw out the ink. For most of us have a wonderful optimism where matters of money-making are concerned, and we a not unlikely to drown caution in a sea of hope.

Even when these wealth-while-you-wait expectations are held in the best of good faith—they are not good holdings for a woman. A man who has had years of business experience, who knows something about the thing from the inside, may feel that he can afford to take a gamble—but the woman who is left a little money from which she is to derive her income, or who has accumulated money which she desires to invest safely, can afford to have nothing to do with any but a safe, sure, sound security.

Money will bring from five to seven or even eight per cent., nowadays. It is reasonable to expect that much from certain well-regarded investments of the steady type. But if you seek higher returns than that, you must take up that class of business which offers big returns, and with it goes the sister chance of losing money. The unknown element will probably slip in somewhere—there is room for "something to happen". Most of such chances lose out, sooner or later. Safety has long ago proven to be the best-paying element in an investment.

There are "safe" investments for a woman—her lawyer, her banker (in so far as he is permitted to advise her), her man of business (if he is the real thing)—can guide her to them.

A First Mortgage

A FIRST MORTGAGE has been called an ideal woman's investment. Just why is this?

The very nature of a first mortgage is the principal reason. In the first place, it is advanced on "realty"—on land, or a building—actual property.

If you hold a first mortgage for $1,000 on a property belonging to John Jones, it means that you have lent one thousand dollars to Mr. Jones. If your interest is seven per cent., payable half yearly, you will receive from Mr. Jones three dollars and a half each six months or seven dollars as payment for the use of each one hundred dollars you lent him or seventy dollars a year for the use of the whole thousand dollars.

Now you may or you may not know Mr. Jones personally. This makes no difference. He must make legal statement of his indebtedness to you and as evidence of good faith and to make you perfectly safe in the matter, whatever might befall him, he puts up his property as security.

Should Mr. Jones at any time be unable to meet his obligations, you are protected by the courts against losing the money you lent him. You "foreclose" the mortgage—that is to say, you lay claim to the property, and that claim will be supported by the law before any other claim against Mr. Jones, with the exception of the taxes on the property. If you become its owner, through failure of Mr. Jones to pay you what he owes you, for which he offered the property as security—you are in future responsible for the taxes.

It is therefore obvious that a first mortgage on property that is at all good, is a *safe* investment. The wise investor will call in a competent valuator to pass judgement on the worth of the property. If the general rule of advancing a loan to only half the value of the property is followed, you gain appreciably in the end, if foreclosure is necessary; but it is seldom resorted to unless the mortgagor (the person who receives the loan) has demonstrated either his total inability or unwillingness to pay. "What is my protection," you might ask, "against lending money secured by property which has already been offered as security to other lenders of whose transactions I am told nothing?"

Must Be Registered

YOUR protection is in the fact that a mortgage, to be legal, must be *registered*. It is this registration that provides safety. If your lawyer, on going to register your mortgage—supposedly a first mortgage—on the property of Mr Jones, finds that a man in the next county already holds a mortgage on Mr. Jones' farm, then yours, if carried through, would be a *second* mortgage. Of course if a fraud were attempted, there would obviously be no transaction completed—unless of a very different character!

If the interest is not paid on the second mortgage, the mortgagee can foreclose. He takes over the property, and must thereafter assume the responsibilities of all payments in connection with the first mortgage.

The holder of the second mortgage should for his own safety, keep tab on the payments to the holder of the *first* mortgage as well as his own for if they are not kept up the holder of the first mortgage may foreclose and he has no responsibilities toward the holder of the second mortgage. This constitutes the real risk in putting your money in a second mortgage, as compared with a first mortgage. The first mortgage is the place for a woman's money.

A straight mortgage is one given for a definite term of years, at a stated rate of interest; at the end of the time specified, the whole sum is due to be paid in full, or if agreeable to both parties, the mortgage may be renewed.

Another form of mortgage, however, calls for a portion of the principal (the sum originally lent on the property) to be repaid along with the interest agreed upon. This is called "reducing the mortgage," that is, it reduces the indebtedness of the owner of the property by repaying a portion of the sum borrowed.

The outbreak of the war so greatly changed money conditions for most people, that the government saw fit to pass a measure for the protection of property owners. Very many of them would have lost their property by reason of suddenly altered conditions had it not been for the "moratorium," as it was called. This provides that as a general rule, a mortgage should not be foreclosed because of failure to pay off principal, as originally agreed, so long as the interest is paid up. It is anticipated that this ruling will continue for a reasonable length of time after peace is declared—in fact until money, amongst other things, settles down to something like the old normal.

The moratorium would not affect a mortgage drawn up *now*, in face of conditions already existing and fully known. Any person undertaking to pay principal as well as interest to-day, would certainly be held to his agreement.

These are just the merest basic facts about a mortgage—just enough to show that, if the property is good and a fair valuation of it has been set, a first mortgage, up to fifty per cent. of that value, is a really good investment for a woman. It is probably what her lawyer would choose for her, it is quite likely to be what her husband or father would advise for her—and it will, ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, be yielding her six-and-a-half or seven per cent. long after the "wild-cat" schemes that were so rosily presented have boomed and died away.

Airmen In the Great War

are using WRIGLEYS regularly. It steadies stomach and nerves, allays thirst, puts "pep" into tired bodies. Aids digestion. Lasting refreshment at small cost.

Chew it after every meal

The Flavour Lasts

Made in Canada

Westclox

Westclox is Big Ben's family name. *Westclox* is a name an alarm clock is proud to bear. *Westclox* is a mark of quality.

All *Westclox* must earn the right to wear it. Like Big Ben, they must be as good all through as they look outside.

The Western Clock Co. makes each one in the patented *Westclox* way—a better method of clock making. Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. *Westclox* run on time and ring on time.

That's why *Westclox* make good in the home, that's why these clocks have so many friends.

Your dealer has them. Big Ben is $4.00. Or, sent prepaid, the same price, if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*.

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Big Ben

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

LET EJECTHAIR destroy your hair FOREVER. NO PAIN, NO HARM, cannot fail. Cheapest and only guaranteed Treatment of its kind. Different to others which only remove the hair over-night. Send 10c for a sample.

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IF you have anything to sell to farmers, use a Rural Canada ad. Full information, Rural Canada, Toronto, Canada.

Doing Your Share at Home

WOMEN'S greatest patriotic service today is to conserve those foods which are necessary to win the war.

The wheat must be saved and every housewife can do this by "the use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours." This has been recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration of the United States.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

not only makes the recommended coarse flour breads light and palatable, but insures their wholesome quality.

Try these New War Time Recipes:

Prune Cake

½ cup shortening
1½ cups brown sugar or
1 cup corn syrup
½ cup milk
1 cup rye flour
¾ cup white flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ lb. prunes (washed, stoned and cut into pieces).

Cream shortening, add sugar or syrup and milk. Mix well and add the flour which has been sifted with the spices and baking powder. Add the prunes and mix well. Bake in greased loaf pan in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Oatmeal Fruit Cookies

½ cup oatmeal
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup milk
½ cup seeded raisins, grated peel of half orange, chopped citron

Put oatmeal through food chopper, add flour, baking powder, sugar and salt which have been sifted together. Rub in shortening, add milk enough to make soft dough; add raisins and grated peel of orange; roll out very thin and sprinkle over with chopped citron and grated orange peel. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Excellent results may be had by reducing the eggs in most recipes one-half or more, or often leaving them out altogether, by adding a small additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try it with your favorite recipes and remember you must use Royal to obtain the best results.

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Are You Responsible for These Crimes?

Some Cases and Facts Reviewed by an Everywoman's World Staff Investigator

PERHAPS you may object to this question and consider it a bit too personal!

But let us see:

The curse of social diseases thrives through ignorance. Nearly everyone knows a little of this subject, but they are either ignorant or entirely cold as to the true situation.

We wish to consider in this article particularly a typical case where one has been betrayed. Mr. W. B. Nicholson, of the Province of Alberta, tells of this actual case:

A young girl just past sixteen years came from the farm to work at a hotel in a small town. Her parents were absolutely ignorant of the temptations that await any girl when away from older friends. She was just an ordinary, common, everyday kind of girl, full of life, and pleasure-loving, but had not training that would have been of use in teaching her the value of virtue and what temptations she might expect, how to guard against them or what the results might be.

THERE were several young men in the town, not necessarily vicious men, but just the common, everyday sort of men that you will find everywhere, who make their living honestly, dress well and go about in good society.

As is always the case where the girl has no one to protect her, she received a lot of attention from this class. I had it from some of the men themselves that it was several months before she finally gave way to the repeated attempts of one of the men, who was unusually cursed with an attractive manner. After that her fall was rapid, and she soon became public property.

These men had worked singly and collectively to ruin her and her ruin was complete, at least for the time, for she never found her way to a rescue home, and over a year afterwards was still on the "primrose path."

One good understanding woman might have saved that girl from a disgrace that will follow her to her grave, and have helped her to a higher plane of life, but there were none such there. The pity of it!

But, on the other hand, there were plenty of them to cast her from their society at the first hint. And they were not slow to act!

How much might have been done in this case as a preventative measure against the spread of disease!

Such a Serious "Joke"!

INCIDENTALLY, will our readers kindly note, as Mr. Nicholson points out, that these men were *entirely within the law.* No crime was committed according to our provincial statutes, and the whole thing was just considered a joke!

The public, of course, contended that she could have given the men to understand from the start that she would have nothing more to do with them. But why should she, when she could not possibly have realized the danger and had never known any other atmosphere? This had always been her world, and from all she knew there might not have been a higher plane for her.

But, even if she was partly to blame, who has paid the price? Some of the men who contributed to her downfall are still there looking for more victims, while some have since married and to all accounts are "living happily ever afterward."

If the people only knew, if they could only see and realize the results in the terrible venereal diseases, which come from ignorance and grow in darkness, would anyone wish to stop another from turning on the light? If she had really known, do you think that a very influential woman would have remarked as she did remark recently, "Why do you use the front page of your magazine for announcing such articles as this? The Government is taking the matter up. There is nothing more for the magazines and papers to do. It is lowering the tone of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD."

A SOCIAL worker in a small town in another province reports conditions similar to the case just outlined. She was visiting a red-light house in an endeavor to get some of the girls to leave the life Shortly after leaving the house, she came back past that way and was stopped by one of the girls, who said: "You cannot do much with us, for we have gone too far to ever care to go back, but I wish you would warn some of the mothers of the town of the danger that awaits their daughters."

She then went on to relate that there were several young men in the town who were keeping company with girls still in their 'teens, and that after they had been out with these girls in an effort to accomplish their ruin, they would spend the rest of the evening laughing and telling of their progress.

The lady, following directions given her, found that every word was true. She saw several of the couples together in questionable places and then went to inform the mothers of their daughters' danger. Some were indignant and coldly informed the deaconess that they would take care of their own affairs; others were surprised and horrified, as they supposed their daughters' friends were perfectly respectable.

The Most Prolific Causes

IT is far from our purpose to give any information in this series of articles beyond what seems to be absolutely necessary to let in enough light for the uninformed, who may then, on their own responsibility, follow it up and get more information as they may desire. We *do* want to make it abundantly plain, in this article particularly, that parental inefficiency is considered by all social workers to be one of the most prolific causes of the evil.

Children must be taught as soon as they begin to ask questions. They must learn the value of virtue and the price of lust. And it will be criminal negligence to wait till their little minds have already been besmirched by evil companions or other people. There will invariably be present that self-consciousness, indicating the right, but without sympathetic, understanding help from older people, they are in danger of forming habits of thought that will lead to loss of self-control and prove disastrous in after years.

If parents and children were more candid in these matters, not treating them lightly, but with the sacredness due them, many a life burden would be prevented.

Lost Souls vs. Blind Babies

IT has been brought home to all social workers that in the past, even well-meaning Christian parents have simply told their children that if they didn't be good the angels would not like them, and then left the children to pick up outside poison and develop an unnatural, morbid curiosity that must necessarily lead to a desire for indulgence. As one social worker has aptly pointed out, they have talked too much of lost souls and not enough of blind babies, of the numerous operations mothers have undergone because of the ignorance of their husbands and of their own ignorance, and of the price that someone has to pay *in this world* without waiting for the next!

A lamentable feature of this entire situation is that the older people will have to qualify before they can teach their children. As Dr. Howard points out in his book,* "Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene," "If the brain and body-destroying plague confined its ravages only to those who 'follow her whose footsteps take hold on hell,' the whole subject could be confined to teachers, physicians and ministers; these men to use their professional and moral influence on the men, who, through untrained impulses and ignorance of the dangers to themselves, rush in where the wise man fears to enter."

"But even so," continues Dr. Howard, "we should have to train and educate both teachers and ministers; for of all men these latter are the most ignorant of the *real* facts; of the indirect and hereditary effects that are the curse of venereal diseases. And strange as it may appear, not all physicians have that full knowledge of these conditions that the public has a right to expect them to possess. This

(*Continued on page 55*)

*" Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene," by William Lee Howard, M.D., price $1.00 net, $1.05 post paid. Obtainable through Home Library Association of Canada.

Grandmother made *delicious* things to eat

FRESH, snappy, brown cookies, Poor Man's Pudding - *but it was good enough for a millionaire*—rich coffee cake with fruit and spices put in with a generous hand, pumpkin pie with the genuine old-time flavor, and many more. All these good things grandmother *made with brown sugar*. Her granddaughters can make them just as successfully to-day if they use

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Pure brown sugars give to baking and desserts the characteristic *molasses taste* which is a great improvement to many dishes. Brown sugar, as well as white, should be kept in *every household which appreciates old-time goodies.* Brown sugar is economical. It costs a little less per pound than other pure sugars and it flavors as well as sweetens.

LANTIC old-fashioned Brown is packed in 100-Pound Bags, from which your grocer will sell you *as much or as little as you need.*

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I enclose 2c. stamp to cover cost of mailing me "Grandmothers Recipes," *your book of delicious old-time dishes made with Lantic Old-fashioned Brown Sugars.*

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SCAR-NOT is the varnish for woodwork — even your best furniture. Dries absolutely waterproof with a finish that protects against scratches and hard knocks and is not affected by hot or cold water. Excellent for dining room table and chairs.

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Why Best for Babies?

"Granny" Chamberlain

"I am often asked why Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is best for babies. Well, there are several reasons:

First: It is perfectly harmless and can be given with every confidence to the youngest or most delicate child.

Secondly: It contains no alcohol, opium, chloroform, morphine or any other narcotic.

Thirdly: Children like it, and no persuasion is needed to get them to take it.

For the above reasons alone it is impossible to get a better medicine for babies than

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

But aside from its safety it relieves coughs and colds, is the best remedy known for croup, and when given as soon as the croupy cough appears it will even prevent the attack."

Yours for Health.—Granny Chamberlain

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Circulation Manager, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario

The Big Spring Offensive

(*Continued from page 23*)

At the Base of Things

AND when the walls and windows are freshened, and the furniture has taken on a smooth, shining surface under vigorous application of soft cloths and a good furniture-polish that will renew the wood as well as clean it—we may come to the question of hard-wood floors and their treatment. For every day use, we have the chemically-treated mop—Fig. A—the invention that made women like hard-wood floors. Such a mop just gathers all the dust in its path, and clings to it, leaving the floor speckless and shining. The mop is washable and the preparation for renewing its "dustless" trait can be bought in any desired quantity. A dollar and a half spent on a good mop will come back, in sheer satisfaction and saved time, within a week of the purchase.

A good prepared floor-cleaner can be purchased or the floor may be wiped over with benzine (with the greatest care, of course, because it is so highly inflammable—not a thing to be used if there is a fire or even the chance of a lighted match about). Bad stains will yield to a tight rubbing with fairly coarse steel wool, about number three. Then apply a good floor wax and polish. A weighted brush is usual for this purpose, but it is a very heavy thing to push—too heavy for a woman to use much.

Fortunate indeed, is the possessor of an electric floor polisher such as that shown in Fig V. Like other electrical appliances, it merely needs to be attached to any electric outlet—and after that, all it requires is steering. Fashioned to look somewhat like a vacuum cleaner without its bag, it has a strong brush which revolves an unbelievable number of times per second, polishing any area in the merest fraction of the time required by any other method, and calling for absolutely no exertion—a child can guide it. The initial outlay of forty dollars is well-spent if you have many hard-wood floors.

And Then—Spring Clothes

BUT when Milady doffs her up-to-date overall and looks with pride upon her cleaned and smiling house, the Great Spring Advance is not quite completed. For, though she does not need the variety of spring and summer fineries that the pre-war days demanded, still the season calls for long, long hours at the sewing machine. Truly, she needs one of the little motors (Fig. II) that will do all the work of running the machine, leaving her hands quite free to guide the work. No more treadling. The machine is started by a single pressure of a small pedal, and its release stops the sewing instantly.

With such support for her efforts, what woman will not come victorious through the spring siege? Better still, she will be none the worse for wear.

No longer is the battle merely to the strong—it is to the well-equipped, whether the field be a continent or a kitchen.

Vacant Lot and Home Gardening

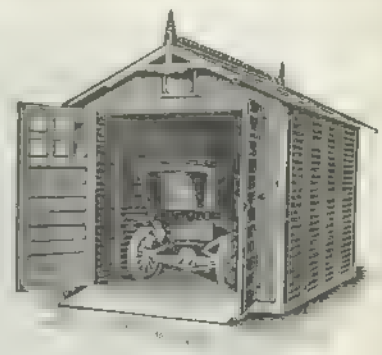
(*Continued from page 26*)

on the lists. The boy who has been hanging back waiting to see how many other fellows joined, now has his chance to be one with them. He will not want it to be said of him that he was a "slacker" who held back when there was dire need of his help.

Last year eight thousand boys proved their mettle on Ontario farms. Hundreds of farmers who regarded boy labor somewhat skeptically at first, are now its warmest champions. In not a few cases boys were the only help available last year and there is no doubt of the fact that they made good.

In the Fall a happy, sturdy, well-browned lot of boys returned to the cities with well-earned money in their pockets, bodies that had grown strong and well-knit, eyes bright and brains clear, ready to tackle their lessons with new zest.

Mothers need feel no anxiety about sending out their boys to the farms. Every precaution is being taken to protect the boys and to put their service on a businesslike basis. In addition to the wages they will earn, each one who gives three months of farm service, whether he is a city boy or works on his father's farm, will receive a bronze medal testifying to the work he has done. In years to come this will be a treasured proof of what he did to help the Allies. It is the utmost service a boy can render. What mother does not want to have her son share in this?



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Every car owner should have his own private garage in his own yard under his personal supervision. Then you have your car handy for every occasion and every emergency, and you know at all times who is using it.

Your own garage will pay for itself in rent saved in a few months if you buy our Sectional Garage. Hundreds have been sold. Everywhere in Canada you find them—well finished—neat, durable and satisfactory.

Sectional Garages are built in standard sections in large quantities thus enabling us to use best material and manufacture same at minimum cost.

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the way Zam-Buk relieves the burning and irritation of eczema," writes Miss A. Gallant, of St. Nicholas, P.E.I. "For a year I suffered with this disease, and tried all kinds of remedies, but nothing helped me until I used Zam-Buk. The continued use of this herbal balm has completely cured me.

"Although it is now two years since this cure was effected, there has been no return of the disease."

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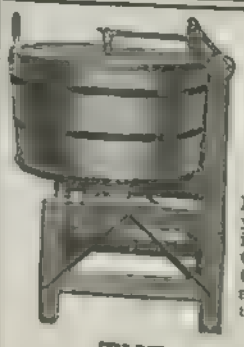

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J. H. Connor & Sons,
Ottawa, - Ont.

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 14*)

risked the ire of the traffic policeman, if one were looking, by jumping to about twice the rates the regulations allow. He had calculated to a nicety on that car ahead; that is, on its proceeding soberly at its fixed pace. Which was where he miscalculated. Without even a warning explosion of the engine, it swerved a little towards the curb, skidded, and stopped within its own length.

Something, Nick inferred in the moment's grace allowed him, had gone seriously wrong with that car, and the driver had simply jammed his brakes. Nick tried to turn out and pass, but there was not enough leeway. He yelled to Everson who jumped, and braced himself, hearing the peculiar grinding crash of collision just before he was aware of himself sitting on the pavement against a lamp-post and looking about curiously for his own hat, which was still on his head. In the impact, and in Nick's final effort to get by, Everson's car had twisted a little sideways, with a bucking motion that just stopped short of overturning, and Nick had been unable to hold on.

Everson, uninjured by some freak kindness of the God of Wheels, came running up. Everybody in the world, in fact, seemed to be charging down on Nick in mad excitement; people fairly sprouted from the paving stones. The owner of the car in front forgot his grievance and was the first to offer a hand. Several distracted bystanders began inquiring loudly for a doctor.

"Thanks, I'm all right," said Nick, and got to his feet to prove it. He felt a little light-headed from the shock—that lamp-post had been very much in the way—and there was a good deal of dust on his clothes, but beyond that nothing. "Glad I didn't kill you," he remarked apologetically to Everson, who swore in a grateful and relieved manner and shook his hand.

Then a policeman interrupted, with heavy authority. Their names, places of residence, who owned the car?

"I do," said Everson hastily, complying with all three requests. He understood instantly Nick's look of frantic appeal; Nick had told him he had a train to catch, to say nothing of that call. Might be a very important call. Everson's heart was not so dry as his manner. "My friend here is from Buffalo; I was driving—you don't need him, do you? My car; I'll answer for the whole thing; here's my card. Grab a taxi," he added to Nick, in a quick aside. "Send me a line from Chi. Sure you're all right? Fine. Good luck."

He engaged the policeman again; Nick vanished, not so much through as around the crowd, and picked up a predatory taxi that had been hovering hungrily near.

It was only five minutes to Grace's, and she was at home.

"Do I look a wreck?" he asked her, refusing to shake hands. "I wonder if Skene could brush me down a bit—of course I'll tell you all about it, but I feel like a tramp now."

Skene, the butler, took instant charge of him, and brought him back shortly, entirely presentable, to Grace's impatient presence.

"I suppose it took an upheaval of nature to bring you here," she said, but smilingly. "How can you tease my curiosity so?"

"Honest, I was on my way here," he assured her. "And I was in such a hurry I smashed Everson's car doing it. There was a lamp-post, too; I believe I broke that with my head. Feels like it. Can you see a goose-egg? Oh, it wasn't anything really; we took the tail-lights off another car for a souvenir, and I came on in a taxi."

"What flattering eagerness. You've really been a very bad friend, Nicko. I haven't seen you for—how long?" She could have answered her own question, almost to an hour.

"You'll think me worse," said Nick cheerfully, getting to the point in his usual style. "I came to say good bye."

"Good-bye?" Grace echoed vaguely, looking at him with her clear grey eyes dilated. "Why? What have I done?" So near she came to betraying herself.

"You? Why, you haven't done anything. It's me; I'm going away. You know, I told you about it before." He put his hand up to his head, as if unconsciously. "I took that Chicago job. Rising young business man. You ought to be proud of me. Can't lecture me any more for lack of ambition."

"Oh," she said, and then, regulating her voice carefully. "I shall miss you."

"I'll miss you—and the kiddies," he assured her. "And the——" His voice thickened, a dull flush rose to his face

"What is it?" She leaned forward, sensitive to every shade of his expression.

"I—don't know," he muttered. "Going away——" Then he swayed in his chair, and with arms thrown out a little, pitched forward, with his head on her knees.

She did not scream, nor start: Grace had good stuff in her. And her slim body held more strength than one would credit. Putting her arms beneath his, she lowered him to the floor, put a cushion under his head, and rang for Skene and her maid.

"A doctor—yes, Doctor Lempriere, quick," she commanded the terrified girl. "Tell him a surgical case, probably concussion. Life and death. Go—don't stand gaping. Help me lift him, Skene. To my own room; it's the only one on the ground floor."

Between them they managed it, and laid him on her own dainty bed, his boots making a dusty streak on the white lace counterpane.

And there he stayed, unknowing, if not uncaring, while Hope waited and hardened her heart to go on alone.

DR. LEMPRIERE, entering—they got him without delay—cast a quick look around, even while he was examining Nick. He had not stopped to ask what was the matter; as a doctor, he felt it his business to know.

"Clever girl, Grace," he said at last, his deft fingers still exploring Nick's hair. He had known Grace absolutely all her life, having assisted at her entrance thereto. "Concussion; you guessed it. How did you get him here? You say he had a motor accident?" He was removing Nick's collar now.

"He came—he walked in. Talked to me." She spoke shortly, gripping her hands together, holding on to herself. "How could he?"

"It doesn't always show immediately," he assured her. "I've known a man go four hours with a broken neck and not know it. Same thing with concussion. Now we can't move him——"

"I don't want him moved," she cried passionately. She had him now, by a very miracle, just when he was about to leave her. He was hers, at least so long as he was helpless.

"Well, then, we'll have to spoil your pretty room for awhile," returned Dr. Lempriere calmly, looking about at the muslin curtains, the shining array of silver on the inlaid dressing-table, the rose-flowered chintz chairs. "That nurse ought to be here by now; I told Skene to 'phone. And where's that hot water I asked for?"

He set Grace herself running errands for him, seeing with a keen professional eye her need of some immediate distraction. And before he went away, leaving Nick to the efficient ministrations of a trained nurse whom Grace detested on sight, he drew her outside the despoiled chamber and soothed her with assurances that convinced her more than himself. With a constitution like that, he said, while there was always danger, Nick had all the odds in his favor. He merely needed quiet, absolute quiet. Grace had better save her strength for his convalescence, when she could really help; which was the doctor's gentle way of bidding her keep away from him now.

Of course they could not keep her out always; not in her own house. Though he could not recognize her—they kept him under opiates for quite a week—she had to look at him sometimes, to watch him wandering in that dim borderland between here and the vast reaches of space the eye cannot pierce. And when his lips moved, she tried not to listen, and did it despite herself. She was afraid of hearing the other woman's name, as she knew she had heard her voice.

To the end of her days Grace never quite forgave herself that lie which uttered itself so spontaneously. It had come to her like a weapon which in a moment of stress is seized unconsciously and discovered in the hand, later, with bewilderment. As a weapon, she used it to guard the door of that quiet room; it was more for him than herself. But later, when she realized everything, she realized that she had wounded her own honor most with it. But even for that she would never have cared, if she could have felt she had served him. She tried to think so; she had to. Whoever that other was, she could have no rights. Nick

(*Continued on page 46*)

50c per 1,000 Calories 6c per 1,000 Calories

Meat Meals

Compared With Quaker Oats Meat Costs 8 Times As Much

Madam, here are some facts which deserve your attention in these days of high food cost.

First, let us compare foods by calories—the energy value - the general unit of nutrition.

Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound.
Meats, eggs, fish and chicken—ten kinds of them—average 750 calories per pound.

Then let us compare them by cost—

Quaker Oats costs less than 6c per 1000 calories.
Those same ten kinds of meats, eggs, fish and chicken average 48 cents per 1000 calories.
That's over eight times as much.

Comparisons based on prices current at time of writing.

In flesh-building elements Quaker Oats is practically the same as lean meat. In lime it is ten times as rich. In phosphorus Quaker Oats supply three times as much as beef. And all the beef and iron mixture you could drink at a dose would not supply so much available iron as a dish of Quaker Oats.

So Quaker Oats—at one-eighth the cost—vastly excels by every food measure. It is the supreme food in all-round nutrition and flavor. It is the age-famed food for energy and growth. Make it your basic food. Make it the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor.

Quaker Oats

Flaked From Queen Grains Only .

The reason for Quaker Oats is superlative flavor. They are flaked from queen oats only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. When such extra flavor costs no extra price it is due to yourself that you get it.

35c and 15c Per Package
Except in Far West

Quaker Oats Sweetbits
The Oat Macaroon

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2 cups sour milk or sour milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons molasses, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter, add to taste, to the consistency of pancake batter.

Process: Soak Quaker Oats overnight in the sour milk. In the morning add salt, flour, soda, molasses, melted butter, eggs well beaten. Bake on griddle.

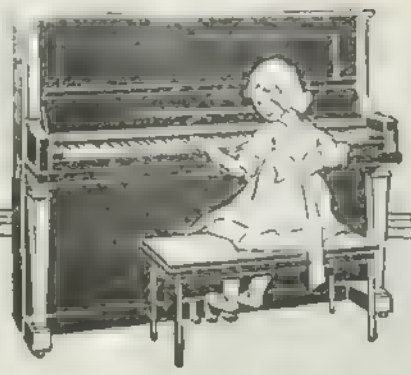
Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Peterboro Canada **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon Canada

1869



A Piano that Teaches True Appreciation of Tone

The training of your little ones should be guided by an instrument of highest merit. No lesser instrument is good enough for your child's musical education

NORDHEIMER
APARTMENT UPRIGHT

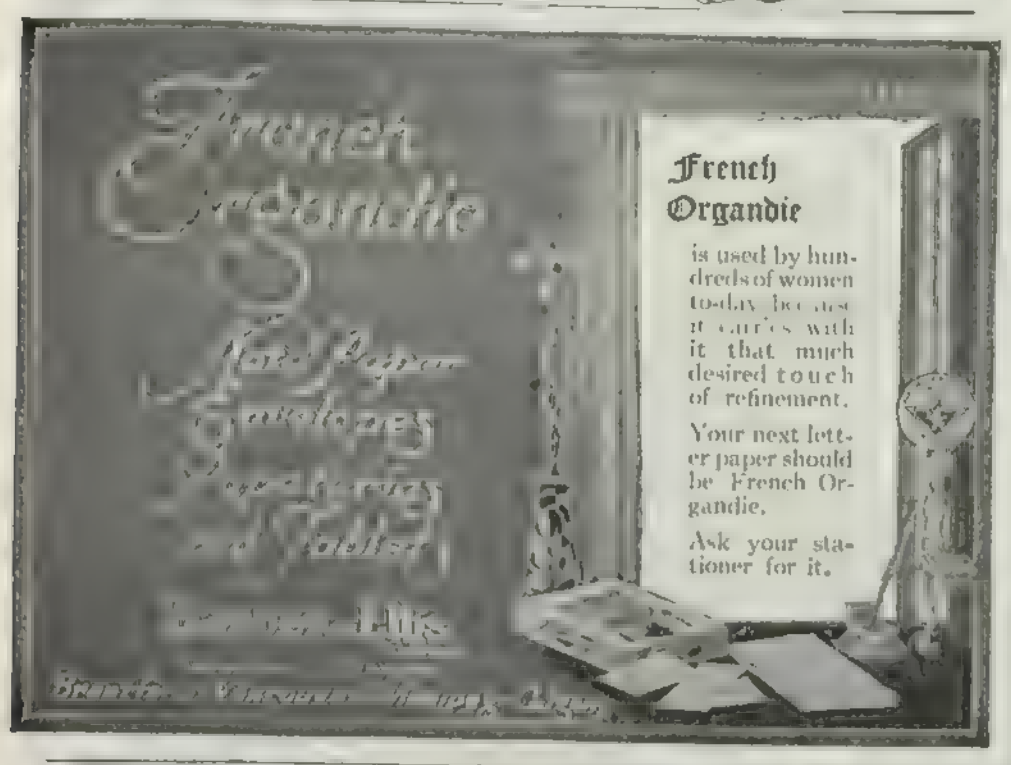
"A Large Piano in a Small Case"

This wonderful little instrument is all music. In it you pay for no superfluous case work. In it you will have an instrument that possesses a power, depth and richness of tone comparable only to larger and more costly pianos

It's price ($425, East of Fort William) is a popular one—well within the reach of all who wish a really artistic piano

Write for Design Book of Nordheimer Pianos and full particulars of the Nordheimer line. Address Dept. E

NORDHEIMER'S
Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets
TORONTO


French Organdie
French Organdie
is used by hundreds of women today because it carries with it that much desired touch of refinement.
Your next letter paper should be French Organdie.
Ask your stationer for it.

GET AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS' FISHING

CANADIAN NORTHERN

YOU'LL ENJOY IT AND FEEL BETTER

HUNDREDS OF GOOD SPOTS FOR GAMY TROUT, BLACK BASS AND MASCALONGE IN ONTARIO OR QUEBEC—IN FACT THE FINEST FISHING IN EVERY PROVINCE; AND FOR REAL MOUNTAIN TROUT, TRY VIRGIN HAUNTS IN THE CANADIAN NORTHERN ROCKIES. Ask for new book "Where to Fish and Huht," contains concise description of every worth-while place on the line, also other valuable information—Any C.N.R. Agent, or General Passenger Supt., Montreal, Que. Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

Be A Nurse

Earn $15 to $25 per week
Thousands are taking up this congenial, respected vocation. Offers unusual social advantages, excellent income. Any woman of 18 or over can learn under our simple, perfected system.

LEARN AT HOME
Our system founded 1907 is endorsed by leading physicians. Dr. Parker is the founder, will personally instruct you, assures thorough training yet saves a lot of time. Low tuition, small monthly payments. Send for 32 lesson pages and large illustrated catalog today—ALL FREE upon request. Write now. Chicago School of Nursing, Dept. H, 116 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Reduce Your High Cost of Living—Yet Live Better!

Grow Your Own Vegetables

OUR SEEDS

And Your Sowing Bring Success

Catalogue FREE for the asking

DUPUY & FERGUSON
38-40-42 Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal

To Our Boy Friends

I AM frequently asked how I came to be especially interested in boys. I think there are two reasons: First, I have two husky boys at home; and then, I was a boy myself not so very long ago and remember very well just how I felt about things. I remember my plans to become great. I dreamed at one time of becoming a great ranch-man, at another of being a great locomotive engineer. To manage a horse or an engine seemed to be the pinnacle of greatness.

"When a lad of twelve I read the life of General Grant, and my father told me stories of campaigns under that great General. It made a deep impression upon me. For months I lived in a world of camps and campaigns, of bivouacs and battles. I thought of going to West Point and learning to be a soldier, then, perhaps, I would some day become a general.

"Everything that was manly appealed to me. There were many questions that kept coming to my mind that I would have been

Sir Galahad

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

glad to talk over with my father, but I felt diffident about asking him. If I had asked what made boys grow into men, and why some healthy boys grow into weak, shiftless, unsuccessful men, while other healthy boys grow into great, strong men, who do great things in the world—he would have told me frankly what he believed to be the reason.

"But we never talked about such things, and I grew up to young manhood and went away to college without ever talking with my father about manhood. In those days parents did not speak freely with their children on matters of development.

"Nowadays parents wish their children to know these great truths. So boys, I am going to tell you very plainly in this little book of the things that every boy should know about manhood. I am going to tell you what I have told my own boys, and what all boys ought to know.

WINFIELD S. HALL."

THE foregoing is the introduction by Doctor Hall to his book, "The Strength of Ten," a *great* book for boys. It tells what manhood is and how a boy may win it. Every boy in the world from ten to fifteen years of age should have the privilege of reading this stimulating, helpful book.

Through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD we are now prepared to supply to our readers at cost the best of the Purity literature for boys and for girls. This book by D. Hall is copyrighted and it sells at 25 cents

FINE
French Violin Outfit
$14.95

You may secure the following remarkable outfit at once by sending **$1.00.**

Fine French Violin, Bow, Rosin, Canvas Case, Extra Strings, Instruction Book and Certificate for

20 FREE LESSONS
IN U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Examine the whole outfit before you pay the balance. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory after 10 days' trial.

THOS. **CLAXTON** LIMITED
251 Yonge St., Toronto

—just one of many uses

Cuts

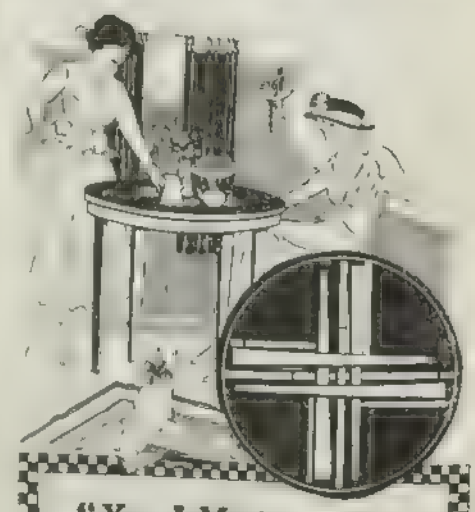
"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

WHEN "it" happens, do as many thousands of wise mothers have been doing for 24 years—*help heal the hurt with Mentholatum.* It is not harsh, like some antiseptics, but *gentle* and soothing to the most sensitive burns, bruises and skin abrasions.

A HEALING CREAM
Mentholatum
Always made under this signature A. N. Hyde

At all druggists; in tubes, 25c.; jars, 25c, 50c, $1.

DO THIS: Write for Free Sample. Or send 10 cents for postage and packing.
The Mentholatum Co., Dept. N, Buffalo, N.Y.



"Yes, I Must Have One, Too!

"—and you say I can get it in Early English, Golden Oak or Mahogany Finish, to match my furniture?"

"Yes, and when you get your

PEERLESS FOLDING TABLE

you'll wonder how you ever managed to be without it, my dear. Why, it's useful in so many ways!"

Sold by the best dealers everywhere.

Write for illustrated Catalogue of various styles.

HOURD & CO., LIMITED,
Sole Canadian Manufacturers.
Dept. 3 London, Ont. 95-D

A simple lesson in dishwashing

A stands for Any water—hard or soft

B stands for Batch of dishes—no matter how greasy.

C stands for Correct amount of Gold Dust for a dishpan of water

Thousands of women with no time to waste over their dishpans now use Gold Dust—because it dissolves the grease so nicely.

They also use Gold Dust to keep the kitchen sink sweet and clean, because Gold Dust dissolves the grease, leaves no sediment to clog the drain and rinses out beautifully.

But, of course, they make sure it really *is* Gold Dust they use.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL

GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

MADE IN CANADA

by mail. Single copies will be supplied at this price to any reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, or, if accompanied by a new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at $1.50 we will send the book for six two-cent stamps additional.

Life's Story—A Book for Girls

IN reference to the question "How shall I tell my daughter the story of life?" this little book has been written by [illegible] Winter Hall (a mother). It is the best answer to the question in print. The story is most beautifully and ideally told for girls of ten to fifteen years of age. Price 25 cents postpaid, or sent with a new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for only six two-cent stamps to cover royalty, postage, packing, etc

Try Growing Seeds for Your Own Needs

THE short supply of garden seeds and the indifferent stock offered in many instances have been an unpleasant experience to many gardeners. The gardener who grew his own seeds did not need to worry about poor germination, high prices, shortages or crop failure, and is now planning to grow all the high class seeds that he requires for next year. Why not get busy now and do likewise?

BIENNIALS.—Select or obtain from your neighbor choice specimens of one variety of garden beet, carrot, parsnip and turnip as mother roots for seed production. Plant in well prepared soil, one root for each four ounces of seed required. Cover the roots completely with soil and nature will awaken the seed stalks which you must care for as you would any plant that you desire to be either attractive or productive. When the seed stalks have grown high, bank the roots with earth or support the stalks with stakes that the wind may not cast them over. When the seeds ripen gather them, put carefully away where ripening may be completed and where damage from mice and fungi is not probable. During what would be idle hours on stormy days, thresh these seed heads out and prepare the seeds for the coming spring of 1919.

ANNUALS—ONIONS.—Select choice onions, firm and ideal in shape, about two inches in diameter, plant by covering two inches deep in well-prepared garden soil, one onion for each ounce of seed required. Weed and hoe during the growing season and stake the seed stalks up before the heads become heavy. Gather the seed heads when the seeds are beginning to fall and put away on trays or in thin cotton sacks that ripening may be completed. Threshing and seed-cleaning may be done at any convenient time. Onion sets are grown by sowing seeds thickly in rows but one inch apart; so thickly must the seed be sown that the little plants will crowd one another so closely that growth to greater dimensions than one-half inch is not probable. When the leaves of the little onion wither and die it is time to harvest the crop. This is done by pulling and spreading in shallow trays to dry. When dry the leaves are pinched off and the little sets stored in a dry, cool place, free from frost danger.

LETTUCE.—Choice lettuce plants of your most favored variety should be saved and permitted to seed. When the seed heads are ripened the entire plant may be cut, placed in a paper bag and hung up to dry, after which the threshing may be done when convenient.

RADISH.—Secure choice seed, sow early in the season, thin the plants out to a distance of 12 by 12 inches. Cultivate and keep free from weeds during the entire season. When the roots are well developed the seed stalks appear, following with blossom and seed pods. When the seed pods are fully ripe the plant may be cut and the seed threshed at any time. Many other garden plants may be used in home seed production by employing methods just as simple as those enumerated. Spinach, cabbage, celery, parsley, peas, beans, are all easily produced.

To thresh many of the seed heads, rubbing them over a coarse screen is both quick and effective.

Seeds grown under home conditions will almost invariably give better results than will commercial seed. Try it this season, but don't try to seed more than one variety of each kind of garden plant.

Good Horse

HARE—"Cabby, what are you stopping outside this public house for?"

Cabby—"Bless yer, sir, I didn't stop. Me 'orse stopped of 'is own haccord. 'E's the tenderest-'arted 'orse that hever was. 'E knows I'm that thirsty I kin 'ardly keep me mouth shut!"

FAIRY SOAP
Mild and agreeable in its cleansing qualities, Fairy Soap is most refreshing to use in toilet and bath.
The pure, floating, oval cake is found in the homes of particular people everywhere.
THE N.K. FAIRBANK
"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

Piano
Organ
Violin
Guitar
Piccolo
Clarinet
Harp
Saxophone

Cornet
Mandolin
Banjo
Cello
Trombone
Flute
Ukelele
Sight Singing

Learn Music at Home

Music no longer difficult! Learn to play your favorite instrument by note in a few short months—without a teacher at your elbow. New method. Easier than private teacher way. More than 200,000 men and women have learned by our simplified home-study method. You too can brighten your life with the ability to play. Write today for free book and particulars of free lessons offer.

Louise Bowles,
Epworth, Va., writes: [illegible] teacher's certificate. I highly recommend your school and would not take anything for the help it has given me."

H. S. Whittmack,
New York, writes: "I compliment you on your wonderful system. Did not know one note from another, but in a short time have mastered the piano and am now composing music."

C. N. Pitts,
[illegible] writes: "I completed [illegible]"

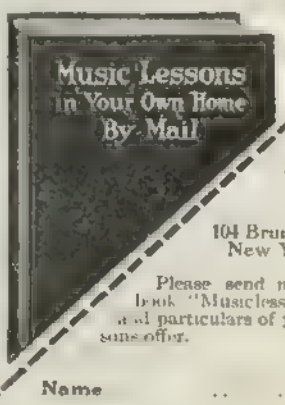
Lessons FREE

We want to have one pupil in each locality at once to help advertise our home-study method. For a short time, therefore, we offer our marvelous lessons FREE. Only charge is for postage and sheet music—averaging only 12½ cents weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils.

WRITE!

Write today for amazing free book, giving all the facts and particulars. Send the coupon or a postal.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
104 Brunswick Bldg. N.Y.C.



Free Book

U.S. School of Music
104 Brunswick Bldg.
New York City

Please send me your free book "Musiclessonsby Mail," and particulars of your free lessons offer.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

THE ADVERTISEMENT WHICH WON THE $1,000 PRIZE

Text of the Prize Winning Advertisement

"THE most marvelous machine can never be a person, but Thomas A. Edison, the inventive wizard, has at last mastered a human voice reproducing instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists.

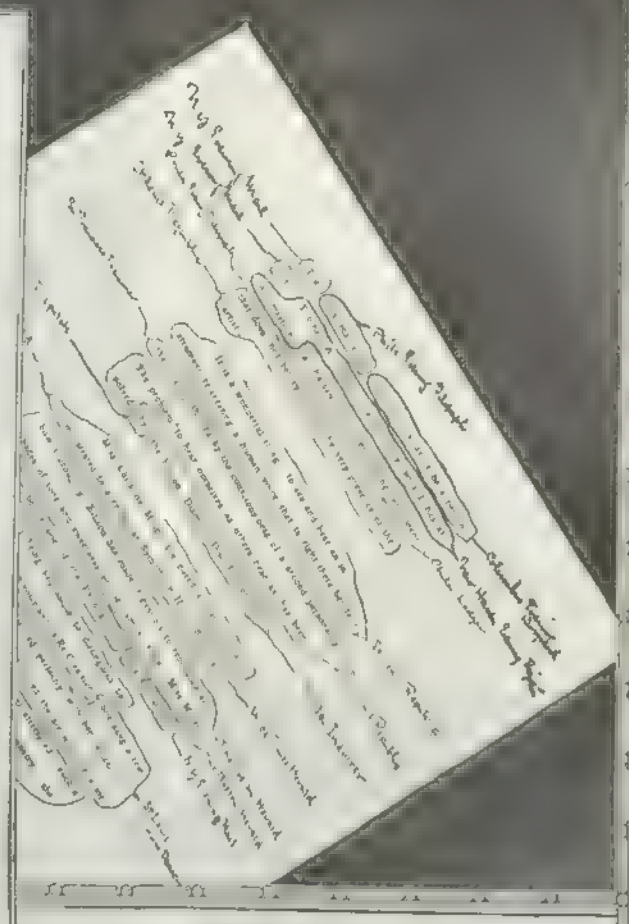
"It is a wonderful thing to see and hear an instrument Re-Creating a human voice that is right there beside it, the singer thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality. The problem 'to hear ourselves as others hear us' has been solved by the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

"Miss Christine Miller, the noted concert contralto, demonstrated in a recital at Symphony Hall, Boston, how thoroughly Edison has made it possible to reproduce all shades of tone and sweetness of the human voice. Miss Miller, standing beside one of the phonographs, sang in unison with herself, it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Re-Creation. She sang a few bars and the instrument blended perfectly with her voice. She ceased and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality. Had Miss Miller attempted such a concert in Salem, in the early days of this country, she would have been hanged for a witch.

"The large audience of music-lovers sat enthralled under the spell of the wizardry which reproduced a human voice, the most delicate violin tones and the blare of a brass band with such fidelity that no one, hearing also the same music at first hand, could tell which was the real. The instrument was a stock phonograph, intended solely for the home.

"Perhaps the artistic merit of Mr. Edison's invention can in no way so well be attested as by the fact that 600 members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston were present."

Earle Insley, Nannet, N. Y.



IT is safe to say that no such advertisement as the above has ever appeared before. The man who received $1000 for preparing this advertisement did not write a single word of it. The words were written by representatives of various newspapers, who after hearing a direct comparison between living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work, pronounced the Re-Creation in every case an exact counterpart of the original music. The music critics of approximately 1500 newspapers have described these remarkable comparisons and are unanimous in their favorable verdict. The prize-winning advertisement illustrated on this page is composed of extracts taken from newspaper accounts of these daring comparisons.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS IN THE EDISON WEEK PATCHWORK ADVERTISEMENT CONTEST

First Prize—$1000
Earle Insley, Nannet, N. Y.
Second Prize—$500
Edward [illegible] Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Third Prize—$250
Jane P. Kelly, [illegible] Water St., [illegible]
Fourth Prize—$100
[illegible] 17th St., Des Moines, Ia.
Fifth Prize—$50
[illegible], Montreal
Ten Prizes of $10 Each
[illegible] Audry Ave., Los Angeles
[illegible] 1203 S[illegible]

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

is positively the only sound reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the comparison described.

You owe it to yourself to hear the New Edison and to learn more about it. Our dealers will be glad to give you a complimentary concert. We shall be glad to send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, New Jersey.

Thomas A. Edison
Authorized Exponent of Music Reproduction

Family Food Budget

FOLLOWING is a budget for a family of five: a man and his wife at moderate work; a boy of 12 years; and two other children of 9 and 3 years respectively. This food will provide adequate nourishment for one week. According to well-known authorities, it allows sufficient material for body-building as well as energy for the various activities of the family.

1. MEAT AND MEAT SUBSTITUTES

Four lbs. lean meat, 2 lbs. fresh fish, 1 lb. salt fish, 1 doz. eggs, 1 lb. cheese 2 lbs. dried beans or split peas,

2. FATS

Two lbs. butter or oleomargarine, 1 lb. cooking fat.

3. MILK.

Seven quarts whole milk.

4. SUGARS

Three lbs. sugar, 1 lb. corn syrup, molasses or honey.

5. CEREAL PRODUCTS

Ten lbs. flour, 10 lbs. cereals in other forms.

6. FRESH VEGETABLES.

Forty lbs. potatoes, 14 lbs. fresh vegetables.

7. FRUIT

Fourteen lbs., according to season.

MEAT AND MEAT SUBSTITUTES

FOUR lbs. lean meat.—This weight does not include bone and fat. When these are purchased with the lean, the weight ordered should be increased accordingly.

Two lbs. Fresh Fish.—This may be any fresh caught or frozen fresh fish, e.g., cod, mackerel, herring, white fish, skate, lake trout, hake, pollock, etc

One lb. Salt fish.—Salt codfish, finnan haddie, red herring, etc.

One dozen Eggs.—These may be replaced by—
2½ pints whole milk with ½ lb. frozen or fresh fish; or
2 qts. buttermilk with 1½ oz. fat; or
2 qts. skim milk with 1½ oz. fat; or
8 oz. cheese with 6 oz. frozen or fresh fish; or
1¼ lbs. frozen or fresh herring with 1 oz. fat; or
4 oz. dried codfish with 3 oz. fat.

One lb. Cheese.—This may be replaced by—
6½ pints whole milk; or
2 lbs. fresh or frozen fish with 5 oz. fat;
4 oz. dried codfish with 5 oz. fat; or
4 qts. skim milk with 3 oz. fat; or
1 1/3 lbs. lean meat with 3 oz. fat.

Two lbs. Dried Beans and Split Peas.—
12 oz. split peas with 1½ oz. fat may replace 1 lb. lean meat;
5 oz. split peas with 1½ oz. fat may replace 1 qt. whole milk,
1 lb. split peas with 5 oz. fat may replace 1 lb. cheese,
12 oz. split peas with 1½ oz. fat may replace 1 doz. eggs;
15 oz. dried beans with 1¼ oz. fat may replace 1 lb. lean meat;
6 oz. dried beans with 1½ oz. fat may replace 1 qt. whole milk;
1 1/3 oz. dried beans with 1½ oz. fat may replace 1 doz. eggs;
1¼ oz. dried beans with 5½ oz. fat may replace 1 lb. cheese.

FATS

MARGARINE and butter.—These are interchangeable as regards fat content.

Cooking fats may include dripping, rendered fats, and commercial cooking fats and oils. These may replace butter or margarine if about one-eighth less is used.

MILK

ONE quart Whole Milk.—This may be replaced by—
1 qt. skim milk with 1½ oz. fat; or
1 qt. buttermilk with 1½ oz. fat; or
1 qt. sour milk with 1½ oz. fat; or
6½ oz. lean beef.

SUGAR

CORN syrup, honey, and molasses may replace sugar if one-quarter more is used.

CEREAL PRODUCTS

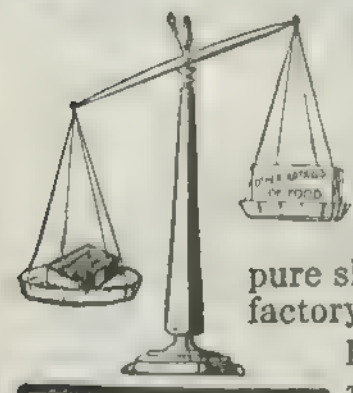
TEN lbs. Flours.—These include wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn and buckwheat flours.

As we are asked to conserve wheat for overseas every effort should be made to secure other flours.

TEN Lbs. Cereals in Other Forms.—These include oatmeal, rolled oats, white cornmeal, yellow cornmeal, barley and rye meals and rice

NOTE.—The above replacement quantities are not exact equivalents, but they are near enough for practical use in providing for variety and economy

McCormick's JERSEY CREAM Sodas ARE DECIDEDLY ECONOMICAL



Next to milk (the perfect food)—McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas contain more food value than any other article of diet. They are made from pure creamery butter, sweet milk, high-grade flour and pure shortening, in a snow-white, sunshine, modern factory that spares no expense to insure utmost purity and cleanliness.

THE GREATEST VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

THE McCORMICK MANUFACTURING CO., Limited
General Offices and Factory: London, Canada.
Branch Warehouses: Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

Makers also of McCormick's Fancy Biscuits

SOLD FRESH EVERYWHERE

72

Always keep a bottle of Minard's Liniment "KING OF PAIN" in your Home!

strength, purity and healing powers [illegible] in the world.

Get it from your druggist now, and use it to check your [illegible] ailments before they develop. The healing qualities of Minard's Liniment, so valuable to YOU, make it use indispensable in the stable.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited - Yarmouth, N.S.

Don't Wear a Truss

BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Write today and let me tell you all about it. Sent free. Send no money.

C. E. BROOKS, 229B State St., Marshall, Mich.

Back to the Sugars of Yesterday

(Continued from page 22)

and salt are sifted. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered sheet and bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Graham Cookies

One egg, 1 teaspoonful baking soda, 2 level tablespoons melted butter substitute, 1 cup sour cream or milk, 1 tablespoon molasses, 2½ cups graham flour, 1 teaspoon lemon extract, a grating of nutmeg.

BEAT the egg, add the melted butter or substitute, the molasses and flavorings, whip up the soda in the sour milk and add to the mixture and stir in the graham flour. When mixed, drop from a teaspoon on a well greased baking pan, leaving two inches of space between each cookie. Place a raisin, some candied peel, or half a blanched almond in the centre of each cookie, sprinkle lightly with granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

Sugar Pies

THERE is no better pie-let to use up the fragments of paste than the sugar pies that even my grandmother made," confided Aunt Tabitha. "Just put a tiny bit of butter on a round of pastry, and a good spoonful of brown sugar. Fold over, crimp the edges tightly together and bake to a golden brown.

The soldier overseas will welcome these tasty bits from the home kitchen just as much as the children will like them.

Fruit Cake

HALF pound butter or butter substitute, ½ lb. brown sugar, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful spices of all kinds, 1½ lbs. currants, 1 lb. raisins, ½ lb. flour.

Steam 3 hours and bake one.

Flour fruit well and add nuts, citron, etc., if you wish. This makes a splendid cake to send overseas, if you bake it in a tin biscuit box, in which it can be sent.

Marble Cake

Dark Part

HALF cup brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup butter or butter substitute, ½ cup sour milk, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, yolks 3 eggs, 2½ cups flour, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, allspice.

Light Part

WHITES of 3 eggs, 1 cup white sugar, ½ cup butter or butter substitute, ½ cup sweet milk, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 2½ cups flour.

Doughnuts

TWO cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter or butter substitute, 1 coffee cup milk, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, pinch salt, nutmeg and vanilla.

Sift enough flour to make stiff, cut in rings or strips which can be twisted and fry in deep fat. Sprinkle with fine sugar.

Fig Pudding

HALF lb. figs, ½ lb. bread crumbs, ½ lb. brown sugar, 3 eggs.

Spice to taste and boil three hours.

Apple Tapioca

THREE-QUARTERS cup pearl tapioca, ½ teaspoon salt, cold water, 7 apples, 2½ cups boiling water, ½ cup brown sugar.

Soak tapioca one hour in cold water enough to cover. Drain. Add boiling water and salt. Cook in double boiler until transparent. Core and pare apples. Arrange in a buttered pudding dish. Fill cavities with sugar. Pour over tapioca and bake in a moderate oven until apples are soft. Serve with sugar and cream, or cream sauce.

Soft Gingerbread

TWO eggs, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1¾ cup flour, 1½ cups ginger, 2/3 cup milk.

Beat eggs until light and add sugar gradually. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with cream to first mixture. Turn into a buttered cake pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Oatmeal Cookies

TO one large cup of cold boiled oatmeal, allow 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 cup white flour, butter or butter substitute the size of an egg, 1 pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream tartar. Roll out thin and cut out same as cookies.

Bake in a hot oven.

If You Could Only See Germs You'd End Their Menace

YOU'VE seen dust in the sunlight as it shines through a window. You know how dust floats all over the house, in every room, usually invisible. Some is harmless — simply dirt. But frequently there are thousands of lurking germs about. Much sickness is their fault.

Particularly in the Spring, after the long, shut-in months of winter.

So fumigation at this time is essential to good health. It insures cleanliness. It destroys quickly the winter growth of germs from colds, grippe, influenza, etc. All are contagious.

Mere scrubbing won't do. Dirt isn't the chief danger. It is the germ life that breeds in hidden places, safe from scrubbing and dusting.

No room is 100 per cent sterile at house-cleaning time until it is fumigated.

Before Moving

Fumigation is even more essential when you move to another house or apartment. You can't tell what sickness occurred there before. What if it was scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria or tuberculosis?

Ask your new landlord if the rooms have been fumigated. Insist on it before you move in. Or do it yourself. It is easy and cheap.

Soon all will understand better the need of fumigation. Not only in the home — but in public places. Such as churches, theatres, trains. Pullmans are fumigated now.

So Simple

Close the doors and windows, light the wick in the B&B Fumigator. Nothing can be harmed but plants and pets.

The formaldehyde fumes penetrate every nook and crack. No germ can live.

None are simpler than B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators. And they are in accord with U. S. Government recommendations, which means double the usual strength. Do not be content with any inferior kind.

At any druggist's you may buy B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators. They come in several sizes — one dollar will fumigate the average room.

You'll be bound to feel safer once you protect your family this way.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., Toronto, Chicago, New York

B&B

Formaldehyde Fumigators

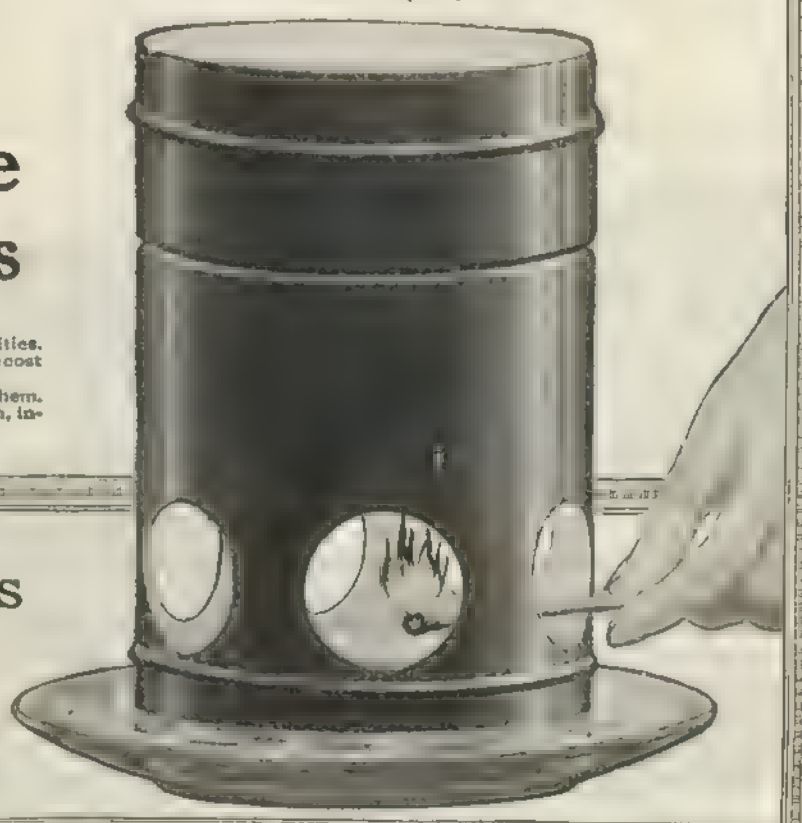
One of the Double-Sure Products

Are made to accord with Government standards, which means twice the usual strength. Don't rely on any half-way measures.

They come in several sizes for various room capacities. For the average room, the cost of fumigation is about $1.

Ask your druggist for them. To be sure of the strength, insist on the B&B.

Write for interesting treatise on proper fumigation. Free on request.



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This concern has a world-wide fame for the B & B Double-Sure products. These include:

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OF all furniture or woodwork, the staircase requires the most attention. It seems as if every hand in the house passes up or down the bannisters several times a day. Is it any wonder the railing so quickly becomes dulled with finger marks?

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gives the staircase a quick, hard, lasting polish—so dry that after using it a white-gloved hand may safely rest upon it.

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Channell Chemical Co.
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O-Cedar Polish

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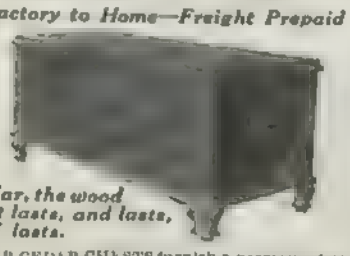

Cedar, the wood that lasts, and lasts, and lasts.

OUR CEDAR CHESTS furnish a permanent and handsome utility for the home, made to provide storage for furs and woollen clothing and to protect them against moths and dampness. Why buy valuable furs and clothing, now more costly than ever before, without providing protection for them?

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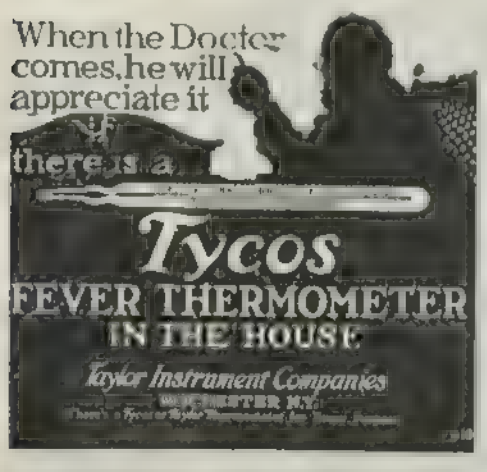
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Moving Picture Mystery Arousing Keen Interest

Chance to solve it and win one of the new 1918 autos illustrated below and other valuable prizes, or $1600.00 in cash, has spurred many to action

IN this particular Moving Picture Theatre shown at the bottom of the page, the names of famous players soon to appear in the pictures are each night flashed upon the screen, but on the night the photo below was taken the operator, wanting to play a little joke on his audience, mixed up the letters in the names of each player so that they spelled the funny sentences you see at the bottom of the page.

Time and time again this film was flashed on the screen, only to be demanded repeated by the audience. Many of them are still trying to solve the mysterious names. ***Can you help them?***

In case you are not familiar with the names of the popular moving picture actors and actresses, the list shown below the picture on the side may help you.

THESE MAGNIFICENT PRIZES GIVEN FOR THE BEST, CORRECT OR NEAREST CORRECT REPLIES!

What Others Have Done, You Can Do!

Winners of Motor Cars Awarded in Previous Contests

Overland Touring Car	Lorne E. Hicks	Centralia, Ontario
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Ford Touring Car	W. F. Geddes	Kinburn, Ontario
Ford Touring Car	Hugh A. Ross	Smith's Falls, Ontario
Ford Touring Car	Roy C. McGrath	Ottawa, Ontario

1st Prize, 1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value $825.00
2nd Prize, 1918 Ford Touring Car, Value $595.00
3rd Prize, $100.00 Cash
4th Prize, $75.00
5th Prize, $50.00
6th Prize, $25.00
7th Prize, $20.00
8th Prize, $15.00
9th Prize, $10.00
10th Prize, $10.00
11th Prize, $10.00
12th Prize, $10.00
13th Prize, $5.00
14th Prize, $5.00
15th Prize, $5.00
16th Prize, $5.00
17th Prize, $5.00
18th Prize, $5.00
19th Prize, $3.00
20th Prize, $3.00
21st Prize, $3.00
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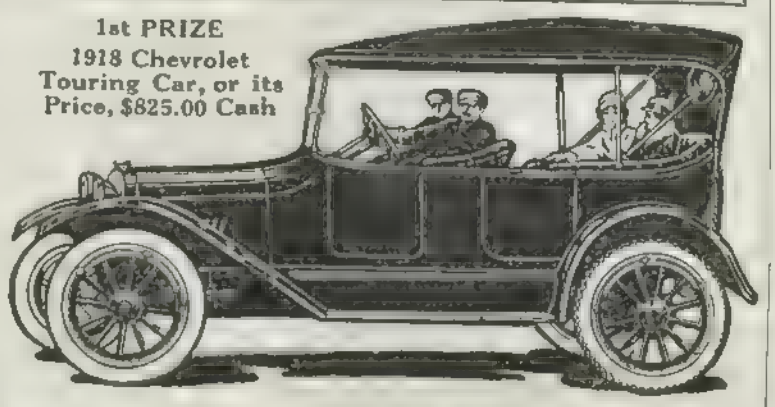
23rd Prize, $3.00
24th Prize, $3.00
and 25 Extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each.

1st PRIZE
1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, or its Price, $825.00 Cash



2nd PRIZE
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This great contest is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant. Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine. You may enter and win the best of the prizes whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and, moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money in order to compete. **Here's the Idea:**

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of over 125,000 copies a month; but our motto is: "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in Every Woman's Home." We want more Canadian magazine readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you **without cost** a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the grand prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by showing your copy to just four friends or neighbors who will appreciate this really worth while, **All-Canadian** magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time and we will even send copies for each of your friends if you wish.

How to send your Solution.—Use one side of the paper only and put your name and address (stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

Three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 160 points will take first prize. You will get 10 points for every name solved correctly (No. 10 being excepted as it is practically given); 20 points will be awarded for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc.; 10 for handwriting, and 40 for fulfilling the condition of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 30th, immediately after which the answers will be judged and the prizes awarded. Address your answers to day to

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WHO ARE THEY?

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2. A FOUND A GLASS BRIK
3. MAKER A CUTER GIRL
4. A BAD HEART
5. WET A SATIN RAT
6. ROAM OR DIE
7. FUN MUST DRAIN
8. A LETS BEN CHEW
9. NEVER LYE BABY
10. I PREACH ALL CHIN

Names of Some of the Favorite Players

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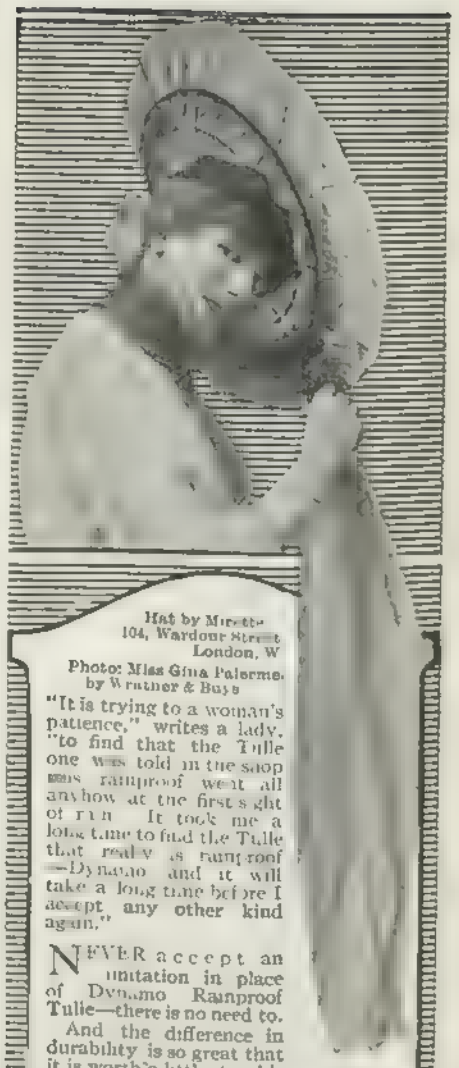

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Photo: Miss Gina Palerme, by Wratner & Boys

"It is trying to a woman's patience," writes a lady, "to find that the Tulle one was told in the shop was rainproof went all anyhow at the first sight of rain. It took me a long time to find the Tulle that really is rainproof—Dynamo—and it will take a long time before I accept any other kind again."

NEVER accept an imitation in place of Dynamo Rainproof Tulle—there is no need to.

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For Scarves, Dynamo is the one Tulle which gives you that sheer, crisp, fresh-looking effect, and adds that distinctive touch of smartness which ladies so much admire. You will need a scarf for the summer season—be sure it is made of "Dynamo" Tulle. It is wonderfully durable—it can be worn over and over again.

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36 Ins. wide. In black and white and all fashionable shades.

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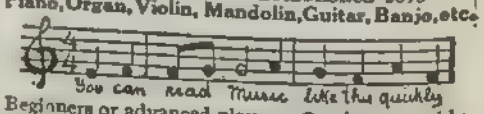

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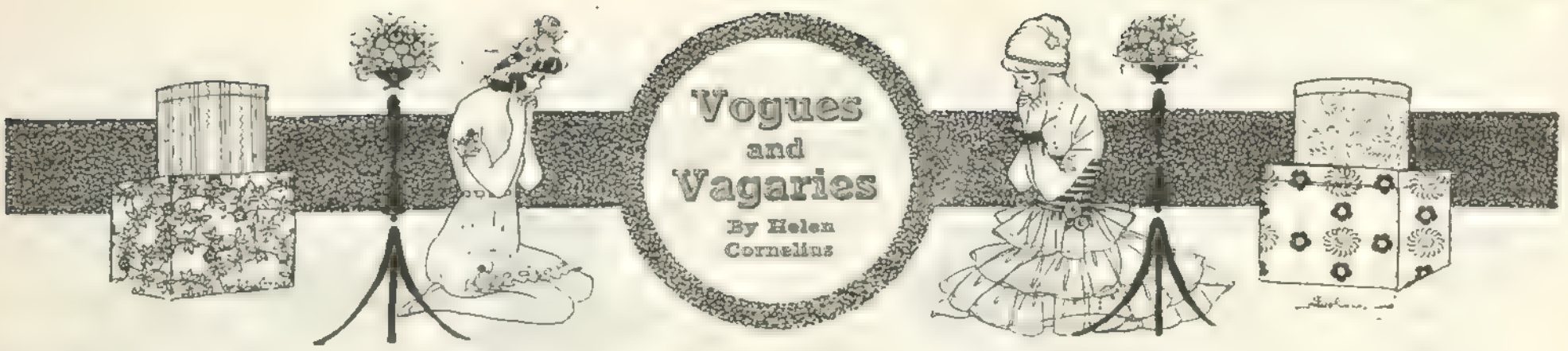


THE Spring drive is on. The long supple arm of fashion has stretched far into the heart of France, Italy, Japan, China, even reconquered Jerusalem, ingeniously extracting precious plums of western originality and Eastern orientalism to fill the rank and file of the war woman's wardrobe with a kaleidescopic array of silks, satins, foulards, crepes and crisp organdies, vieing for true patriotic economy's sake to be the first "over the top" to welcome a war-weary feminine world.

There may still be snows and rumors of snows, but the end is near, the probs. predict, and France smiles through her tears, tilts her chapeau to the military angle, takes a reef in her skirt to meet the approval of the war-time wardrobe censor, and says "Cheero! Canada, better days are coming for us all."

When Fashion, the Paris dressmakers, manufacturers, and the government joined forces to help woman strike the keynote of economy in clothes, little did they realize the paradoxes that would follow. Instead of woman being clothed sombrely and in sackcloth, as one would naturally suppose, circumstances force her to relinquish her former hold on wools and sterner stuffs to the warriors of the world and remain content but charming in the lighter fabrics, sheer clinging, gauzy heterogeneous in quality. Woman can go as far as she likes in these without fear of depriving one mother's soldier-son of comfort or warmth, provided she buys wisely, for all fabrics are at more or less of a premium.

As the wood carver chisels his model after his mental conceptions of the ideal, so the designer of the gown; but the times and the year determine and influence the finished tout ensemble to-day more than ever before.

It was a purely patriotic heart the designers put into their work this Spring, to devise ways and means of using the profusion of exquisitely novel fabrics the manufacturers struck off their looms. In days gone by the matter of material was secondary to the accepted silhouette, but in these days of reversal, the fashionable line which "perverse and foolish oft did stray" is held in check and determined absolutely by the material, and she who deviates from fashion's decree of "straight and narrow" is patriotically and fashionably a fizzle.

A superfluity of ideas fell from the brush of these fashion artists in consequence, creating an atmosphere full of possibilities for calico, the latest headliner on an all-star bill of patriotic textiles. After the first gasp over the strangeness of reviving this long forgotten dress foundation, the shops and everybody opened welcoming arms to it, for does it not help to solve the economical side of the dress question as well as prove that old ideas may be made new again? Plain or spotted, crossed or dotted, striped or sprinkled with dice-shaped figures artistically arranged in contrasting colors on dark or light backgrounds, quaint, pretty and practical, this material is often combined with organdie or net to emphasize their lightness and prove the infallible rule that combinations are still in high favor. The season is still young, but some of the shops are offering calico at 25c. a yard.

IN line with these super-simple, inexpensive fabrics, gingham comes back after a year's popularity, and determines to stay to help the Red Cross worker or sports devotee snap her fingers at the summer suns. Cotton voiles and crepes, warm in color, diversified in design and sheer as butterfly's wings, are finding favor in the early summer predictions.

Organdie, sometimes circumspect, often audacious, with an almost uncontrollable will to flare, is also among the materials requisitioned for summer duty, and submits with grace to the new line, without losing any of its crisp smartness. Since the first penned pages of the history of this gauzy, perky material, nothing has taken its place as the coolest and freshest of summer apparel for maid or matron, and this year it may be successfully used for chapeau, skirt over a lacy petticoat or complete costume.

In these days of enforced preparedness, it's the wise woman who anticipates her needs, and although summery days and summery clothes seem such a remote possibility in a Canadian April climate, an early announcement of what one may look forward to is not amiss when the shops persist in displaying irresistible wonders to make the hot days cooler.

Spring wouldn't be spring without a silk dress to hang one's hopes upon, and now that serge, the life-long friend of the one-piece-dress-woman is at a premium, this irresistible substitute offered in so many kinds and designs, has established a place of prominence in the foremost ranks of materials that will be difficult to replace while our khaki-clad heroes fight the foe, and wool-gathering is part of the plan of war.

A wool-less summer holds no terrors for the fashionable woman, when the field of suit fabrics is literally aglow with rajah, or the new "Hirashiki" silk, first cousin to rajah; shantung, taffeta, charmeuse, and others who were "among those present" in the spring openings.

Considering the labor and dye difficulties the manufacturers have been subjected to, silk prices are not extraordinarily excessive, but quality first rather than quantity should be the slogan of the wise buyer.

Foulards that are informal enough for morning and practical wear meet the demand of the one dress a day habit to perfection, for in their complex simplicity and richness, they serve double duty to the busy woman. Combinations of black and white, blue and white, or biscuit are preferable tones to accompany the fifty-fifty tailored and dressy hat, the mode of the hour. A high lustre or soft finish is left to the individual taste, but the general soft clinging quality of foulard that responds to the slightest touch of the hands is its most alluring feature.

The designs are legion, ranging from dice-spot to checkerboard, striped or crossed, printed upon lighter backgrounds or vice versa.

SPORTS suits have made a direct attack on the lustrous satins, and give promise of crowning the highest hopes of summer success for "sub-deb" or full fledged debutant.

At a recent showing of ultra modes in one of Canada's leading emporiums, satin skirts in all the pastel shades were "coated" in brilliant hues of green, cerise or copenhagen blue brocade silks—charming and exceedingly smart. Vivid French flannel coatees, sleeveless and bound in narrow white braid, are meeting with strong favor when worn over white skirts of satin, crepe de chine, jersey or even linen.

Also a novelty satin for skirts, checked on greens or blues, to be worn with sports coats or sweaters of solid tones corresponding to the check in the skirt are decidedly new.

And now that the slim silhouette is decidedly a fixture of the season, it makes no concessions to the overly tight. Belts must be comfortably straight and loose; hips may be swathed after the fashion of old Biblical pictures, doubtless revived to be in accord with the signs of the times, influenced by the capture of Jerusalem.

Let Us Solve Your "Make-Over" Problems

Q.—"I have a Paddy-green broadcloth coat, cut on box lines, pocketless and no skirt to match. Can you advise me how I might utilize this coat, as it seems impossible to match this particular shade in the same weight cloth for a skirt. Thankfully.—E. S."

A.—The present sports styles offer a splendid opportunity to convert this coat into a sleeveless jacket to be worn with white skirts, preferably of flannel or jersey cloth. Rip the old sleeves out, cut large patch pockets from this surplus material, and utilize the remaining pieces to cover wooden button molds, and if desired a narrow belt. The "box" effect is not undesirable and quite fashionable. A white caterpillar braid sports hat, bound with a narrow binding of Paddy green grosgrain ribbon, and a smart tailored band and bow of the same around the crown would be smart, to say the least.

Q.—"Can blue serge of a heavy quality be successfully reversed? From many pressings, my suit of last year has become irreparably shiny on the right side, but otherwise in perfect condition. As it is cut rather straight, would appreciate a suggestion as to how it might be converted into the fashionable flare, as I have an extra width of the skirt, which was taken out when fullness was tabooed. Thank you!—Mrs. V. T. Cobb."

A.—A good quality of serge is usually as wearable on the wrong side as on the right. Rip your suit up, brush the pieces out well and put the same in a bath of gasoline, making sure to scrub all the spots out with a small camel's hair brush. Allow them to become dry and press, on the former right side. This remedy has proven satisfactory to many. In order to assure uniformity in shade, put the extra width in the gasoline whether soiled or not. By cutting your coat off in the back width just at the waist line and joining extra "width" of the material cut circular and long enough to correspond with the front length, the desired flare would be accomplished.

Q.—"In a rush moment I was tempted to buy a small rose-colored straw hat, almost pot-shaped, which has never looked well on me. It is as good as new, but nothing I have trimmed it with seems to improve it. Would you give me your suggestions?—Mrs. Arthur Snaith."

A.—Extend your brim with narrow purple straw sewed carefully together by hand, around and around until you have secured the desired width of a becoming brim, and wire the edge, covering the wire with a single row of the straw. Grosgrain, or moire ribbon about an inch in width drawn around the crown and studded with French knots to form a small floral design, would make a pretty finish.

Forecast of the Demands April's Latter Days Will Make Upon Fashion Artistes

Models Combining Thrift and Style

1209.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist measure. Price 15 cents.

1149.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 28, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 5¾ yards edging. 15 cents.

1152.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Any size requires 3 1/8 yards 44-inch material. 15 cents.

1157.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 36 requires 5 3/8 yards 36-inch material, with ⅞-yard 36-inch lace and 3 yards 1-inch edging. 15 cents.

1218 Ladies' Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material, with ¼ yard 36-inch contrasting and 35 yards braid. 15 cents.

1107.—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch material, with 2¾ yards 27-inch contrasting. 15 cents. Embroidery, 12698, 10 cents.

9988.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. 15 cents.

1324.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. 15 cents.

9988-1324.—Dress in size 36-inch bust and 26-inch waist requires 5¼ yards 36-inch taffeta, with 5/8 yard 27-inch georgette.

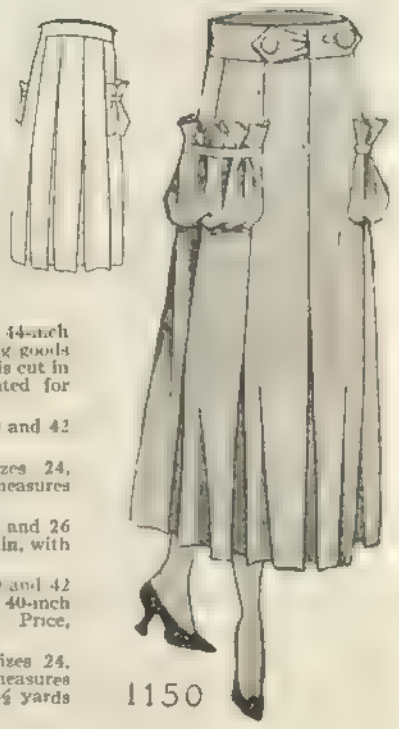
TO supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page we have issued for the benefit of our subscribers—"Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"—a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. This book is available to subscribers *only*, with every new or renewal subscription—$1.50—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY.

The price of each pattern is 15 cents; this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Domin on Express Order or any way that is convenient to you; the mails are safe. Home patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering it is important that you write very plainly; that you give your name and address; the number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

Frocks That Stand Out Prominently Among The Season's Smartest Modes

Suggestions for the Most Economical Application of New Designs

To the Right—A Nobby Skirt for Office Wear



1419.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. 15 cents.

1422.—Ladies' Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. 15 cents.

1419-1422.—Costume. In size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 3 1 8 yards 36-inch plain silk, with 3 yards 36-inch figured silk, 1½ yards 6-inch lace.

9955.—Ladies' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 7/8 yards 44-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting goods, and 15 yards braid. The pattern provides for two entirely different styles of sleeves. Price, 15 cents.

1150.—Ladies' One-Piece Straight Box-Plaited Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

1062.—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 30 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 measures 2½ yards at lower edge of skirt and requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material, with 3 8 yard 24-inch contrasting goods and 8¼ yards edging. The gathered skirt is cut in three gores, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Price 15 cents.

1432.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

9893.—Ladies' One-Piece Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Size 26 measures 2½ yards at lower edge. Price, 15 cents.

1432-9893.—Costume. In size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 1 7/8 yards 36-inch white satin, with 4¼ yards 36-inch black satin.

1425.—Ladies' Waist. Sizes 36, 38 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards 40-inch georgette, with 1¾ yards 19-inch satin. Price, 15 cents.

1430 Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Size 26 measures 2 1 8 yards at lower edge and requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price 15 cents.

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The Kodak Letter

to their soldier "over there."

The morning letter of cheer and hope has been written and with it pictures are going, simple Kodak pictures of their taking that tell the home story,—pictures that will bring a cheery smile to his face, a leap of joy to his heart, that will keep bright the fire of courage in his soul as with the home image fresh in mind he battles for the safety of that home and for the honor of his flag.

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Pattern 9008.—Ladies' and Misses' Garden Smock. Sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch dotted material with ½ yard 36-inch plain material. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9294.—Ladies' and Misses' Middy Blouse. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 30-inch material; 12 yards braid. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 8953.—Ladies' and Misses' Smocked Middy Blouse. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 27-inch material with 5/8 yard 36-inch contrasting material Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9945.—Ladies' Sport Blouse. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 36-inch contrasting material. Price, 15 cents. Braid No. 14504. Price 10 cents.

Pattern 9983.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with 5/8 yard 32-inch white material for collar and cuffs. Price, 15 cents.

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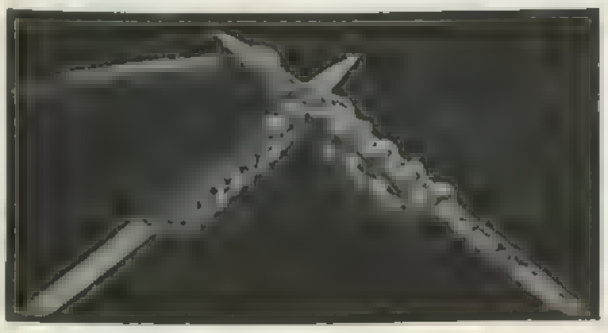
First Lessons in Knitting

For the Patriotic Beginner

To Cast on Stitches

MAKE a loop in the yarn and put it on the left-hand needle. Slip the right-hand needle into the loop. Throw yarn around the point of right-hand needle, draw it through and slip that loop on the left-hand needle. Put the right-hand needle into the loop just made and repeat until you have the required number of stitches.

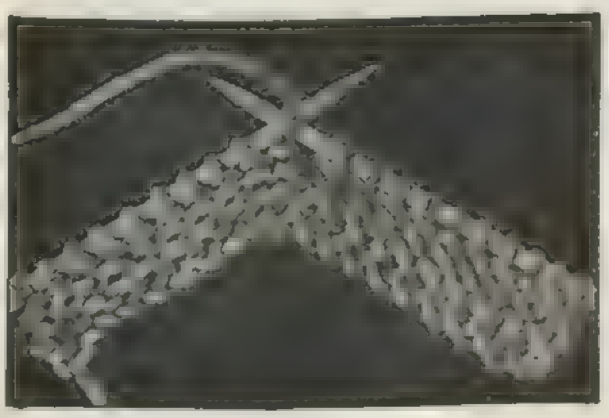


To Knit Plain

HAVING the number of stitches required on the left-hand needle, slip the right-hand needle into the last stitch made. Throw yarn over right-hand needle and draw through stitch. Repeat until all the stitches are on the right-hand needle.

To Purl or Seam

BRING the yarn in front of the right-handle needle, take up the stitch on the left-hand needle by slipping right-hand needle into the front of stitch. Throw yarn around the back of needle as it passes in the stitch, catch it in, and take it off.

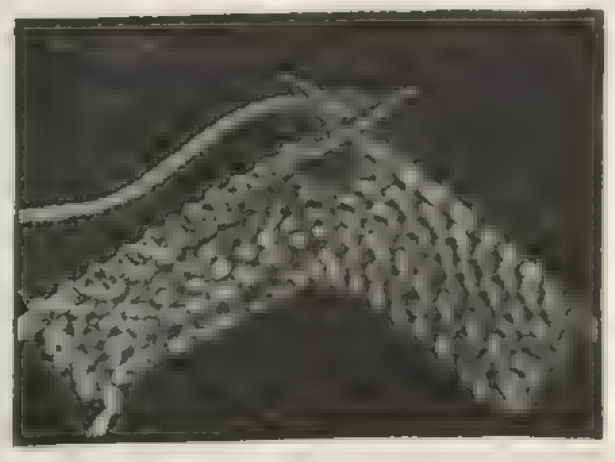


To Slip a Stitch

INSERT the right-hand needle under the stitch. Take the stitch from the left hand needle without throwing the thread over the right hand needle as is done in plain knitting. merely slip the stitch from one needle to the other without knitting.

To Make a Stitch

INSERT the left-hand needle under the stitch and knit one, then in the back of the same stitch or without putting the needle under another stitch, knit again; now slip this stitch off the left-hand-needle to the right-hand needle as shown in preceding cut, thus making two stitches in one.



To Make a Stitch When Purling

AFTER the purling stitch has been taken the thread is still in front of the needle. Instead of merely taking another stitch, as in knitting plain, the thread must also be passed round the needle as when purling. After this is done, proceed in the same manner as is done in the cut of "Making a stitch."

It's no uncommon thing for the saleslady to mention LUX to help her make a sale. So widespread is the reputation of these dainty, little satiny soap wafers that almost every Canadian woman knows about LUX. If you don't—just get a package to-day. It shows the modern way to perfectly washed silks, woollens, laces, lawns, crepe-de-chines, etc., without rubbing.

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For HIGH Production

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	Pkt.	oz.	¼ lb.	lb.	5 lbs.
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LETTUCE — Burpee's Earliest Wayahead	.10	.35	1.00	3.00	
ONION—Early Yellow Danvers	.10	.40	1.35	4.40	
Rennie's Extra Early Red	.05	.35	1.00	3.75	
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Blue Stem Early (King Edward)	.10	.60	1.75		
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	lb.	5 lbs.	lb.	5 lbs.
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THE WILLIAM RENNIE COMPANY LIMITED
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IRISH LINEN
World Renowned for Quality & Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen Industry—they have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples :—

IRISH TABLE AND BED LINEN. Damask Table Cloths, size 2 x 2 yards, from $1 92 each; 2 x 2½ yards, from $2 14 each; 2½ x 3 yards, from $6 72 each. Damask Table Napkins, to match, from $2 56 per dozen. Linen Sheets, size 3 x 3 yards, from $11 48 per pair. Pillow Cases, size 19 x 30 inches, from $1 08 per pair. Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, from $7 44 each. Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams, from $1 18 each. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, from $4 68 per dozen.

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THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN, non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide, $0 48 per yard.

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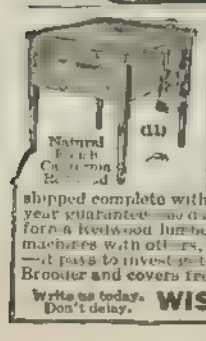

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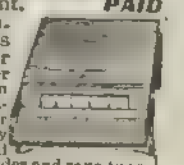
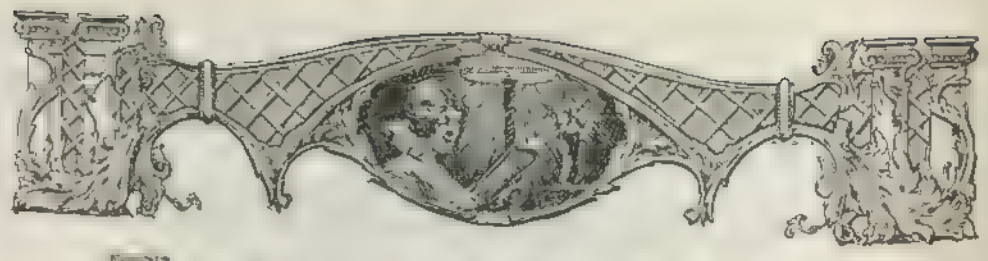


Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 210, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**



The Gerrard St. Mystery

(*Continued from page 9*)

this is the strangest thing I ever knew in my life."

Of course he hadn't been playing me a trick. A moment's reflection showed me that such a thing was impossible. Here was the envelope, with the Toronto post-mark of the 9th of December, at which time he had been with me on board the Persia, on the Banks of Newfoundland. And, to put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt, I remembered that I had never mentioned my cousin's name in his hearing.

I handed him the letter. He read it carefully through twice over, and was as much mystified at its contents as myself; for during our passage across the Atlantic I had explained to him the circumstances under which I was returning home.

By what conceivable means had my uncle been made aware of my departure from Melbourne? Had Mr. Redpath written to him, as soon as I acquainted that gentleman wth my intentions? But even if such were the case, the letter could not possibly have reached Toronto by the 9th of December. Had I been seen in England by some one who knew me, and had not one written from there? Most unlikely; and even if such a thing had happened, it was impossible that the letter could have reached Toronto by the 9th. I need hardly inform the reader that there was no telegraphic communication at that time. And how could my uncle know that I would take the Boston route? And if he had known, how could he foresee that I would do anything so absurd as to call at the Boston post office and inquire for letters? "I will meet you at the G. W. R. station." How was he to know by what train I would reach Toronto, unless I notified him by telegraph? And that he expressly stated to be unnecessary.

We did no more sight seeing. I obeyed the last contained in the letter, and sent no telegram. My friend accompanied me down to the Boston and Albany station, where I waited in feverish impatience for the departure of the train. We talked over the matter until 11.30, in the vain hope of finding some clue to the mystery. Then I started on my journey. Mr. Gridley's curiosity was aroused, and I promised to send him an explanation immediately upon my arrival at home.

No sooner had the train glided out of the station than I settled myself in my seat, drew the tantalizing letter from my pocket, and proceeded to read and re-read it again and again. A very few perusals sufficed to fix its contents in my memory, so that I could repeat every word with my eyes shut. Still I continued to scrutinize the paper, the penmanship, and even the tint of the ink. For what purpose, do you ask? For no purpose, except that I hoped in some mysterious manner, to obtain more light on the subject. No light came, however. The more I scrutinized and pondered, the greater was my mystification. The paper was a simple sheet of white letter-paper, of the kind ordinarily used by my uncle in his correspondence. So far as I could see, there was nothing peculiar about the ink. Anyone familiar with my uncle's writing could have sworn that no hand but his had penned the lines. His well-known signature, a masterpiece of involved hieroglyphics, was there in all its indistinctness, written as no one but himself could ever have written it. And yet, for some unaccountable reason, I was half disposed to suspect forgery. Forgery! What nonsense. Anyone clever enough to imitate Richard Yardington's handwriting would have employed his talents more profitably than by indulging in a mischievous and purposeless jest. Not a bank in Toronto but would have discounted a note with that signature affixed to it.

Desisting from all attempts to solve these problems, I then tried to fathom the meaning of other points in the letter. What misfortune had happened to mar the Christmas festivities at my uncle's house? And what could the reference to my cousin Alice's sorrows mean? She was not ill. That, I thought, might be taken for granted. My uncle would hardly have referred to her illness as "one of the sorrows she had to endure lately." Certainly, illness may be regarded in the light of a sorrow; but "sorrow" was not precisely the word which a straightforward man like Uncle Richard would have applied to it. I could conceive of no other cause of affliction in her case. My uncle was well, as was evinced by his having written the letter, and by his avowed intention to meet me at the station. Her father had died long before I started for Australia. She had no other near relation except myself, and she had no cause for anxiety much less for "sorrow," on my account. I thought it singular, too, that my uncle, having in some strange manner become acquainted with my movements, had withheld the knowledge from Alice. It did not square with my preconceived ideas of him that he would derive any satisfaction from taking his niece by surprise.

All was a muddle together, and as my temples throbbed with the intensity of my thoughts, I was half disposed to believe myself in a troubled dream from which I should presently awake. Meanwhile, on glided the train.

A heavy snow-storm delayed us for several hours, and we reached Hamilton too late for the mid-day express for Toronto. We got there, however, in time for the accommodation leaving at 3.15 p.m., and we would reach Toronto at 5.05. I walked from one end of the train to the other in hopes of finding some one I knew, from whom I could make enquiries about home. Not a soul. I saw several persons whom I knew to be residents of Toronto, but none with whom I had ever been personally acquainted, and none of them would be likely to know anything about my uncle's domestic arrangements. All that remained to be done under these circumstances was to restrain my curiosity as well as I could until reaching Toronto. By the by, would my uncle really meet me at the station, according to his promise? Surely not. By what means could he possibly know that I would arrive by this train? Still, he seemed to have such accurate information respecting my proceedings that there was no saying where his knowledge began or ended. I tried not to think about the matter, but as the train approached Toronto my impatience became positively feverish in its intensity. We were not more than three minutes behind time, as we glided in front of the Union Station, I passed out on to the platform of the car, and peered intently through the darkness. Suddenly my heart gave a great bound. There, sure enough, standing in front of the door of the waiting room, was my uncle, plainly discernible by the fitful glare of the overhanging lamps. Before the train came to a stand still, I sprang from the car and advanced towards him. He was looking out for me, but his eyes not being as young as mine, he did not recognize me until I grasped him by the hand. He greeted me warmly, seizing me by the waist, and almost raising me from the ground. I at once noticed several changes in his appearance; changes for which I was wholly unprepared. He had aged very much since I had last seen him, and the lines about his mouth had deepened considerably. The iron grey hair which I remembered so well had disappeared; its place being supplied with a new and rather dandified-looking wig. The old-fashioned great-coat which he had worn ever since I could remember, had been supplanted by a modern frock of spruce cut, with seal-skin collar and cuffs. All this I noticed in the first hurried greetings that passed between us.

"Never mind your luggage, my boy," he remarked. "Leave it till to-morrow, when we will send down for it. If you are not tired we'll walk home instead of taking a cab. I have a good deal to say to you before we get there."

I had not slept since leaving Boston, but was too much excited to be conscious of fatigue, and as will readily be believed, I was anxious enough to hear what he had to say. We passed from the station, and proceeded up York Street, arm in arm.

"And now, Uncle Richard," I said, as soon as we were well clear of the crowd,—"keep me no longer in suspense. First and foremost, is Alice well?"

"Quite well, but for reasons you will soon understand, she is in deep grief. You must know that——"

"But," I interrupted, "tell me, in the name of all that's wonderful, how you knew I was coming by this train; and how did you come to write to me at Boston?"

JUST then we came to the corner of Front Street, where was a lamp-post. As we reached the spot where the light of the lamp was most brilliant, he turned half round, looked me full in the face, and smiled a sort of wintry smile. The expression of his countenance was almost ghastly.

"Uncle," I quickly said, "what's the

(*Continued on page 48*)

Luxite Hosiery

LUXITE HOSIERY leaves nothing to be desired either in durability or style. It has a charming air that seems to say of those who wear it—"This man knows clothes." Or, "Here is a woman of exquisite taste."

These hose are shapely and resplendent, and retain their beauty regardless of how much they are laundered. Luxite Hosiery is always pure dyed.

Men's and women's styles are made of pure Japanese silk—many strands to the thread. Also of fine lisle, mercerized cotton and Gold-Ray (scientific silk) for men and women.

The principal stores can supply you. The few who do not have Luxite in stock can get it for you if you insist—and you should.

LUXITE TEXTILES OF CANADA, Limited, London, Ont.

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Choose Neōlin-Soled Shoes From Many Styles

THE shoe manufacturers of Canada are now building a large percentage of their shoes on Neōlin Soles.

Included in this wide range are styles from which every member of the family can choose.

Not all of these styles are yet in the dealers' hands. But the manufacturers' salesmen have now all samples.

Many merchants now offer a large number of lasts Neōlin-soled.

Others can secure models that please you on Neōlin Soles.

All will have for your future requirements shoes for every occasion.

Your shoe-repairer can now equip your present shoes with Neōlin—full-soles or half-soles.

Shoes Now Made With Neōlin

For women—dressy shoes with Cuban or Military heels in practically all leathers in black, brown, white and combinations. All styles of walking and sport shoes. House shoes in sensible lasts and more moderately priced.

For men—smart shoes both for social and business wear in brown and black. Sport shoes in brown, black and white. Heavy work shoes and farm shoes. Military shoes.

For boys and girls—practically any last in sizes from three years up.

Neōlin Soles are longer wearing than any soles you have heretofore known. And this extra wear is a pleasant and satisfactory kind of wear.

Neōlin Soles are flexible—very easy on the feet; they resist slipping; they are waterproof; they are quiet and do not harm furniture or polished floors.

For your own protection—see that you get genuine Neōlin. Every sole has the trademark on the bottom—Neolin.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Neōlin Soles

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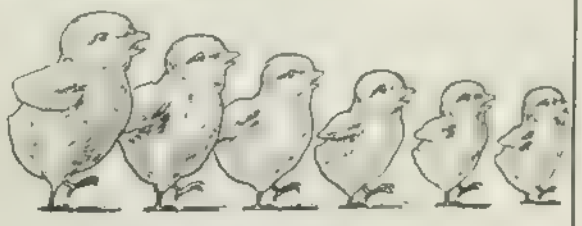
The Bunnies' Easter Dream

It was the first of April days,
The season, as you know,
When Easter Eggs and Bunnies,
Are everywhere you go.

Now some are made of cardboard,
And some are made of wool,
And some of them (the nicest ones)
Of chocolates are full.



John Bunny called his family.
He wished them all to hear
How popular the Bunnies are
At this time of the year.

"I cannot understand," said he,
"About those Easter Eggs;
Why they should be so popular
The poor things have no legs!"

"They cannot walk, they cannot run,
Or so I've often heard,
And yet they are compared with *us*—
It really is absurd!"

The other Bunnies all agreed,
And cried out with a will,
"If we should meet those Easter Eggs
We'd roll them down the hill!"

"We'd scatter them, we'd break their shells,
We'd throw them far and wide"—
These are the things the Bunnies said,
And other things beside.

Now later on that afternoon
A funny thing occurred,
It was the most peculiar thing
That ever you have heard.

(Perhaps the Bunnies walked abroad—
Perhaps they had a dream—
Things are not always, as you know
Exactly as they seem!)

The story is that as they played
Together on the green,
They met the funniest little men
That they had ever seen.

They had no bodies, but their heads
Were balanced on their legs.
Their heads were large, and white and smooth
For they were Easter Eggs.

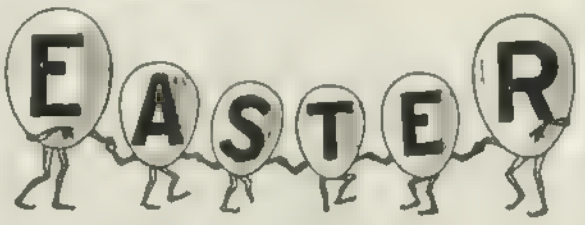
They marched like soldiers, four by four
And sometimes two by two.
The pictures show you how they looked;
I think them strange, don't you?

The Easter Eggs came marching on,
The Bunnies noted well
With great surprise, that each one's eyes
Were painted on his shell.

Their legs were long and rather thin
Exactly like a bird's
And as they came they sang a song—
I'll tell you now the words.

"We are the men of Easter time,
Brave Easter Eggs are we
And you cannot tell till you break each shell
Exactly what you'll see."

Remem'bring what they'd said about
The Easter Eggs that day,
The four and twenty Bunnies were
Too scared to run away.



The leader of the Easter Eggs
Then to the Bunnies said:
"Each of you take a little stick
And tap us on the head."

"This morning when you talked of us
You threatened so to do,
Please do it now, and we shall all
Be much obliged to you."

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

My Dear Bunnies:

I have written you such a long story this month that I haven't left much space for my little monthly letter.

The Valentine Competition was a big success. There was so much care taken by most of the Bunnies who took part in it that Uncle Peter was glad that there are to be ten prizes instead of the usual six. The names of the winners are announced on page 54 of this issue.

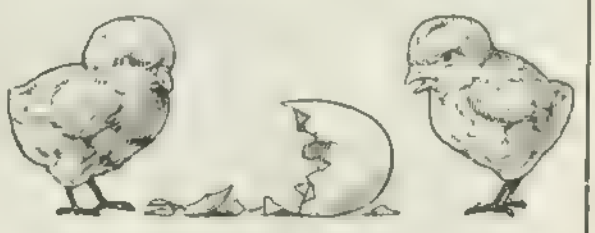
Will Miss Helen Boutillier, of Cape Breton, please send me her full address, as a letter written in connection with her Prize for the September competition has been returned by the Post Office?

New Bunnies wishing to join the Bunny Club should apply stating their age and full address, and enclosing five cents with their application. Each new member will receive a pretty Bunny Club Badge. Letters should be addressed, Uncle Peter's Bunny Club, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle.
Uncle Peter.

The Bunnies stood with sticks upraised
(They would have gladly fled)
John Bunny held his walking stick
Above the leader's head.

Then at the word, the sticks came down—
The Bunnies' blows were light,
But every eggshell fell apart
And showed a pretty sight.



Where four and twenty eggs had been
Stood four and twenty birds.
Such downy, fluffy chickens, I
Cannot describe in words.

The setting sun shone down on them
Their feathers turned to gold;
The Bunnies stared in great surprise
Such wonders to behold.

The moments passed, the chickens shook
Their wings, and seemed to grow
An inch a minute (but of this
I am not sure, you know!)

At any rate they grew so fast
The Bunnies felt quite small
They stood and shook in every limb,
So frightened were they all!

The chickens cried, "Oh, Bunnies,
Take heed to this command,
Until we tell you to go home
You on your heads must stand!"

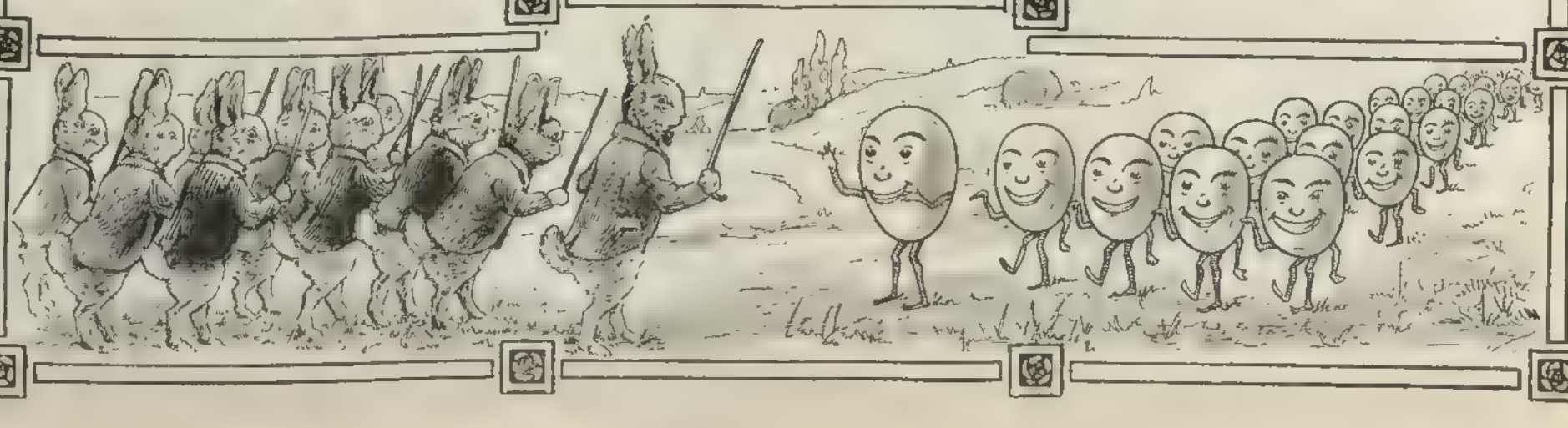
Each Bunny tried his level best
To stand upon his head—
(The chickens held them by the feet
To help them, so 'tis said.)

There came a sudden flapping noise—
The chickens—where were they?
The Bunnies found themselves at nome;
(It was the close of day.)

Said Mrs. B.: "Come, children, all,
It's time you were in bed;
Why have you each been trying
To stand upon your head?"

* * * *

(Perhaps the Bunnies walked abroad—
Perhaps they had a dream—
Things are not always, as you know—
Exactly as they seem!)



Six Beautiful Rose Bushes *Given to YOU!*

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will provide Roses for every garden in Canada. These will GROW and BLOOM. Imagine the pleasure of walking into your own garden and cutting great loads of beautiful, fragrant flowers like these. Roses that bloom every month of the season from early spring to late fall. Hardy Everbloomers, the greatest of all garden kinds, selected especially for our subscribers, each one noted for its hardy, vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright clean foliage. They are strong, well rooted one-year-old bushes, covered with clean bright foliage, and all except the climbing variety should bloom this summer.

Guaranteed to Grow and Bloom

Every one can succeed with them. They will thrive in any good garden soil, although, like all plant life, they respond more liberally in fertile and congenial surroundings. Perhaps this very moment you can see in your mind's eye these fresh, fragrant beauties growing along the garden walk, clambering over fences, twining around porch pillars and over the doorways. Make it a reality this summer by planting these modern and improved sorts and the almost unbroken continuity of the beautiful, fragrant blossoms produced the entire season will be a summer-long delight.

Yours will be Shipped when it's time to Plant—As these roses should not be set out in the open ground before all danger of hard frost is past, we have arranged with our grower to deliver them at the proper time. Below is a schedule showing about the dates deliveries will be made to the different localities, although weather conditions might vary these several days, so do not be alarmed if your order does not arrive just on date specified. **PLANTING DATES—Latitude of British Columbia, May 15 to 25th. Latitude of Southern Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Northern Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Alberta—May 25th.**

Six Sturdy Young Bushes in Each Collection

1. Etoile De France. This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy red roses—a rose possessing every distinctive attribute which adds to beauty and appeal. Great masses of the most beautiful roses imaginable are borne all summer. The fragrance is delightful, the color exquisite: a clear, rich, velvety crimson. This is one of the finest of all garden roses.

2. My Maryland. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. All summer through the large, perfectly double, magnificent flowers are borne flowers of indescribable charm, composed of thick, heavy petals, unsurpassed in elegance of form.

3. White Cochet. A most magnificent snow-white rose. It is absolutely hardy in every part of the country, giving perfect satisfaction and producing hundreds of superb flowers throughout the growing season. The buds are large, full and firm, elegantly pointed, showing depth and richness as they expand.

4. Sunburst. We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant sunburst, for there is not another like it, either in color, growth or beauty and wherever seen it has created a veritable sensation. Sunburst is the ideal garden rose, strong and vigorous in growth, healthy in every condition, thriving in practically any soil under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose.

5. Radiance. Radiance is the crowning masterpiece and hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. The buds are beautifully formed, always opening well, the rose showing double to the centre.

6. Climbing American Beauty. The marvelous production of bloom is really sensational, each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep, intense scarlet crimson, which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

How to Secure Your Collection

Offer No. 1. Renew your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at the regular rate of only $1.50 per year, postage paid, sending only twelve two cent stamps to cover cost of importing, packing and mailing your bushes and we will send the complete collection of six Rose Bushes to you all postage paid.

Offer No. 2. Send your own renewal to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD together with one new subscription from a new reader and we will send you two complete collections—twelve Rose Bushes, all postage paid. The friend who subscribes through you may also have the full collection of six Bushes by sending only twelve two-cent stamps extra.

Offer No. 3. For each additional subscription (either new or renewal) secured by you we will send you two additional complete Rose collections (twelve bushes) all delivery charges paid. We will on request send you sample copies and supplies free in order that you may get subscriptions among your friends and neighbors and take advantage of this offer.

Your order must reach us by May 1st. Your Rose Bushes will be shipped in accordance with proper planting season in your section. Full Cultural Directions accompany each Collection

Send your order to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario

Rose Bush Coupon

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I desire to take advantage of your Rose Bush Offer,

1 . . 2 . . 3..... (Check which offer you want)

Herewith find amount $. enclosed to pay for New/Renewal subscriptions. List of subscribers' names and addresses is attached. Mail Roses as instructed.

Signed. . . . . .

Address. . . . . .

I understand that the Rose Bushes will be sent in accordance with proper planting season in my district.

The Magpie's Nest

(*Continued from page 31*)

would have told her, surely—had he come to tell her?

That small consolation was torn from her with his first conscious word. Nick was waking; the nurse thought he might be conscious. And he was strong enough now to be permitted to use his faculties. His unconsciousness had been prolonged by narcotics because when at the end of ten hours he first revived he had immediately tried to rise and dress. He wanted to go somewhere, do something—at once. So, each time, they simply gave him more of the drug. And Grace, after seeing him so long in that terrifying stupor, had forgotten every wish she had ever had save to see him look at her again with clear eyes and hear him speak. She thought she could desire nothing more now; the old pain was swallowed up in this oppressing fear.

She had her wish—poor Grace! "Which of us," asks the master satirist, "has his desire or, having it, is satisfied?"

The doctor seemed long in coming. She slipped into the sick-room quietly. The sound of her light step on the bare polished floor seemed the signal for his awakening; perhaps he knew it was different from the firm purposeful tread of the nurse. In that vague region of the mind where our unformulated thoughts rise and dissolve ere seen, he may have had some wild hope.

Grace went to the bed-side, stooped, and put her hand on his. The nurse, too late to restrain her, held a finger to her lip. And then Nick opened his eyes, looked at her with a sort of surprise, and asked: "Where is Hope?"

"Where is what?" asked Mrs. Sturtevant, in a soft, tense voice.

The nurse motioned her again for silence, quite unheeded.

"Hope—where is she?"

"She's coming," the nurse interposed quickly, and whispered to Grace, "Agree with him, whatever he says."

"Have you sent for her?" Nick insisted, speaking directly to his cousin, and trying to lift a hand to his bandaged head.

"Yes," she said steadily. "Go to sleep, Nick; she'll come."

"That's—good."

"You mustn't talk any more now," the nurse interposed authoritatively, and poured out a draught for him.

Grace went out. She felt dull, tired, rather old. She had not strength to be glad, in the first reaction.

If she could have found Hope she would have sent for her. Since there was nothing else to do, she did not much mind doing it. After all, what did it matter? She did wish Nick to be happy. Anything to have him well again. She could be jealous, indeed, but not petty or vicious. But she did not know even this strange woman's name. She heard that, too, when he was strong enough.

"What did I say?" he asked her inevitably. A mere human curiosity prompts that question to everyone who has known delirium, or wonders if he has known it; a desire, perhaps, for an unguarded glimpse of one's very self. Then he read in her face that he had said something; and he was also chafing under inaction, burning with anxiety for Hope. The horror of having her left alone, penniless, in the city whose dark depths he knew too well, was goading him. "What did I say?" he insisted, with weak emphasis.

"You asked for someone," said Grace. "I am not sure of the name—Hope?"

"Did I?" He was quiet, and then looked at her imploringly. "Where is she?" he begged.

"But who is she?" asked his cousin gently. "I do not know anything. You never told me." This with faint bitterness.

"She's the woman I'm going to marry," said Nick. "I meant to tell you, Grace, as soon as it was all arranged. And now I don't know where she is." There was anguish in his voice.

"What is her name? Where does she live?" asked Grace calmly. "I will write or telephone her. Certainly she should be here."

"Her name is Mrs. Angell. She was at the Nassau Hotel; but I had the nurse telephone there, and she's gone. I can't find her." Grace could have wept for very shame; for his face betrayed too clearly what she had done to him.

"It won't be hard to find her, surely," she soothed him. "I will send to inquire."

"I know—send Updyke to me—you know his address?"

She knew him slightly; he was a friend of Nick's of long standing. She promised; cheered him with assurances of the ease with which Hope must be found; assurances Updyke, a young man of happy disposition, and no cares, reiterated when he came. Surely they would find Hope.

But they did not.

The assurances wore thin even before Nick was able to leave his bed. It was as if she had tried to cover her tracks.

Grace found his proximity gave her little happiness. Perhaps it was this she needed, this daily, hourly sight of his indifference to her, his calm and slightly egotistic friendship—the friendship of cousins—to kill her lingering, patient hopes. At the last she would have given him Hope, she would have given him all the women in the world, to take that cloud from his face, lend the old light to his eye. But "who among us has his heart's desire," or can give another his? It came to this, that, even asking nothing, she could get less.

Hope had not tried to cover her tracks at all. Nothing was more natural than that she should send a porter from the Alhambra to bring her baggage to her, when good fortune enabled her to redeem it—she had gone to Mrs. Merrick with no more than what she walked in—nor than that he should not have been especially noted at the Hotel Nassau. Her things were removed; that was all they knew. Anyone might have taken them; Elijah might have called for them in his chariot of fire for aught they recalled. She did leave a letter for Nick.

But Carter is not an uncommon name. By another diabolical turn of ill-luck someone else got the letter, made nothing of it, and it went into a waste-basket. Another letter she sent to his office. That was forwarded to Chicago, and wandered about disconsolately in the limbo devoted to such poor strays until it was frayed and dingy. It reached him just about a year later.

There were nights, in the weeks of searching, when Nick walked in hell. He used to remember, with such horrible clearness, just how much money Hope had had; those little pieces of silver.

Doggedly he went back to work; there was nothing else to do, and he needed the money, to look for her. He used to look at the faces of women in the streets, in the subway, everywhere. He stared, and never smiled. It was her distinction, at least, that he never even thought he saw her. Chicago was given up. How could she have got away from New York? So Spring passed, and Summer.

Grace Sturtevant was haunted by the memory of that shy, desperate voice asking for him, over the insensate telephone. She never dared to tell him. Sympathy for him became a veritable dagger in her breast; her own suffering, dulled now into the resignation of the intelligent, quickened understanding. It did not need his grave, unhappy eyes, his face thinned and hardened, to show her his heart. She knew just what emptiness was there.

(*To be concluded*)

Table Scraps Salvaged for Production

JUST as the scraps from the soldiers' meals in the British armies in France are salvaged for nitro-glycerine making fats, and the residue of the refuse sold to the French farmers as feed for their pigs, the refuse from the larger military convalescent hospitals is being utilized in pork production by the Military Hospitals Commission.

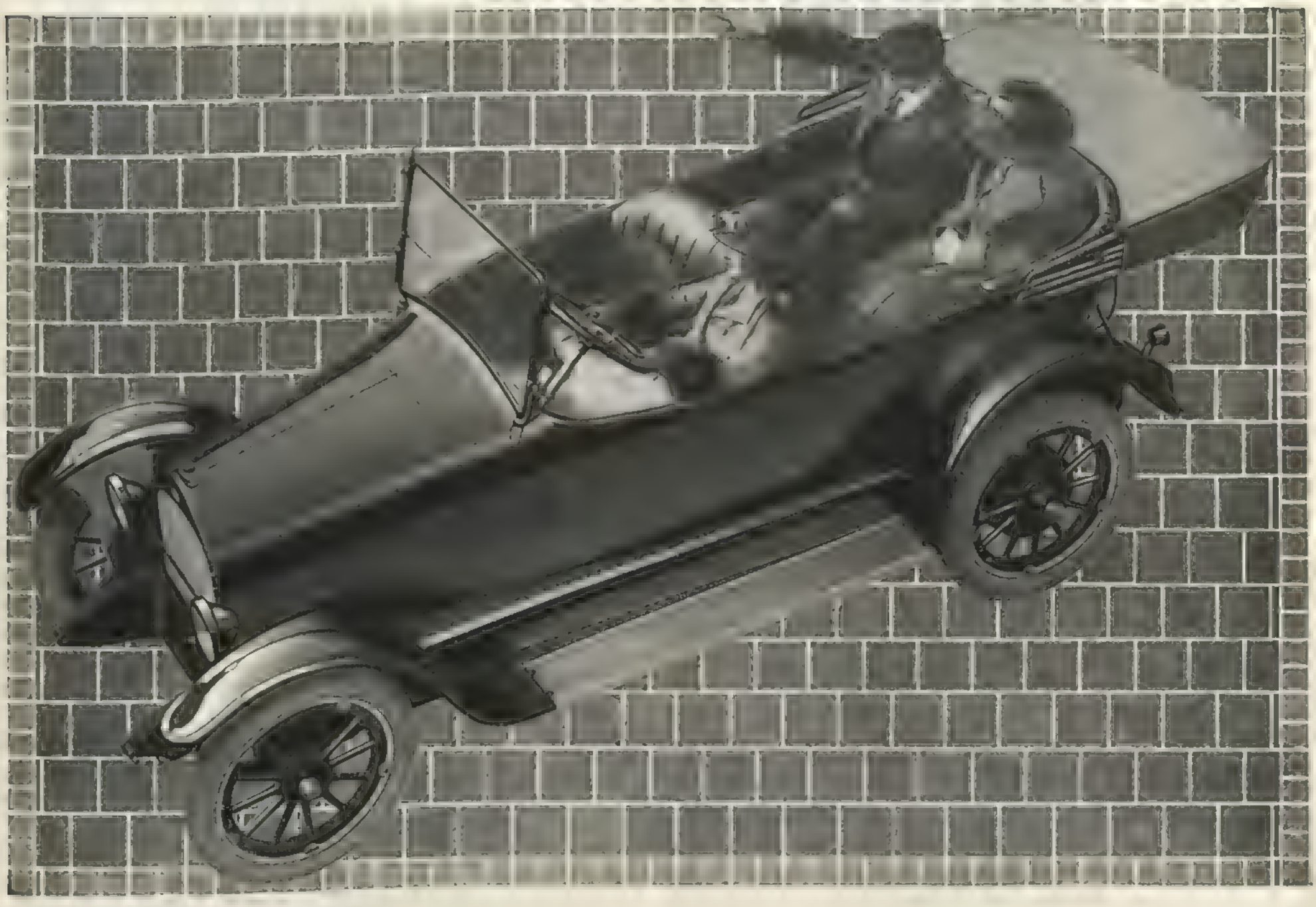
There is bound to be a certain margin of food unsuitable for human consumption in any kitchen even where the utmost economy is observed. In communities such as the convalescent centres at Guelph, Whitby and Winnipeg, it is sufficient to feed herds of considerable size and the piggeries established are revenue producing "reduction plants."

In the agricultural courses offered in the vocational training work at these centres the men take work in animal husbandry, and the piggeries offer practical experience along this line. The system has been under way in Winnipeg for several months. In Whitby the buildings are now in the course of construction. With the population to-day in considerable excess of 500 patients, the Whitby hospital looks toward aiding materially in the increase of pork production.

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

Light Four Model 90
Touring Car



The Thrift Car

THE more people demand of themselves, the more they value a car.

The more people demand of a car, the more they value the Overland.

This car is as beautiful, comfortable and desirable as it is efficient and thrifty.

How much time are *you* losing?

Appearance, Performance,
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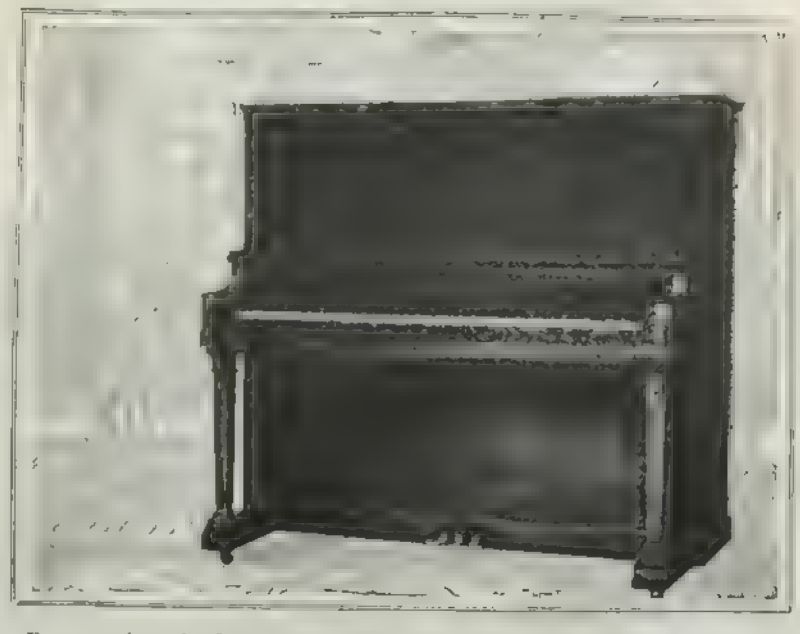
The Keys of Heaven

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below. —ADDISON.



Be sure that the Ivory Keys which unlock for you the vast Treasure-Houses of Music, have a good setting; that the instrument is worthy of the music you intend it to produce.

For 65 years the Heintzman & Co. Piano has led the world. Whether you select a Piano or a Player-Piano, let it be from

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TORONTO

Write Dept. E. for Illustrated Booklet

I am making money *at home* easily and pleasantly

I want to tell you HOW YOU CAN TOO

THERE were so many things I wanted! Things for the kiddies, for the home, for myself. But there was no way to get them without *more money.*

Of course, I didn't want to go out to work, and somehow, I couldn't bring myself to canvassing. I believed my duty to Fred and the children, as well as to myself, demanded that I should not neglect my home in order to make extra money.

Of course, I did not see how it was possible to give proper attention to the family and to earn money too. Then I heard of the Auto Knitter and what a great thing it was for women like me.

NOW how different it all seems! I have an Auto Knitter and I am making quite a little money *at home.* The Auto Knitter knits woolen socks and other useful things. It is *so* easy to run. It makes no noise, no dirt, everything is simple and nice. Mary and Tom like to run it for the fun of the thing—and every pair of socks they knit means just that much more money earned.

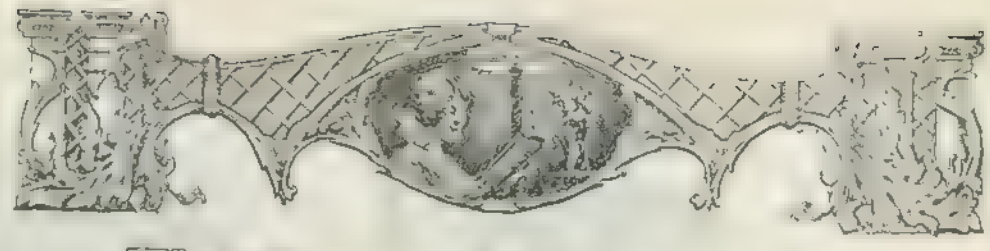
Yes, I do sell some socks to my neighbors—and make a fine profit on them. But I don't have to rely on these sales because the Auto Knitter Company gladly buys up every pair of socks I knit and pays me for them promptly.

There is no trouble in it at all. It is very easy to learn how to use the machine—and after a little practice many knit about 20 times as fast with the machine as by hand.

YES, It *is* a fine way to make the extra money I need for little pleasures and luxuries, and I recommend it to all women who want to earn money at home in an easy and congenial way. All information about the matter is given in an interesting booklet which is sent free. I strongly urge you to get the booklet because it will open up to you a chance to get easily so many things you have been longing for!"

Write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery (Can. Co., Limited, Dept. 102G., 163 College St., Toronto, for their booklet on "Making money at home with an Auto Knitter."

RED CROSS WORKERS! You can make twenty pairs of socks in the time it now takes to knit one, by using the Auto Knitter. Many in use by Red Cross organizations in Canada, United States and Great Britain. Uses less wool than hand knitting. Simple and easy to operate. Write for full information.



The Gerrard St. Mystery

(*Continued from page 42*)

matter? Are you not well?"

"I am not as strong as I used to be, and I have had a good deal to try me of late. Have patience and I will tell you all. Let us walk more slowly, or I shall not finish before we get home. In order that you may clearly understand how matters are, I had better begin at the beginning, and I hope you will not interrupt me with any questions till I have done. How I knew you would call at the Boston post-office and that you would arrive in Toronto by this train, will come last in order. By the by, have you my letter with you?"

"The one you wrote to me at Boston? Yes, here it is," I replied, taking it from my pocket-book.

"Let me have it."

I handed it to him, and he put it into the breast pocket of his inside coat. I wondered at this proceeding on his part, but made no remark upon it.

We moderated our pace, and he began his narration. Of course I don't pretend to remember his exact words, but they were to this effect. During the winter following my departure to Melbourne, he had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who had then recently settled in Toronto. The name of this gentleman was Marcus Weatherley, who had commenced business as a wholesale provision merchant immediately upon his arrival, and had been engaged in it ever since. For more than three years the acquaintance between him and my uncle had been very slight, but during the last summer they had had some real estate transactions together, and had become intimate. Weatherley, who was comparatively a young man and unmarried, had been invited to the house on Gerrard Street, where he had more recently become a pretty frequent visitor. More recently still, his visits had become so frequent that my uncle suspected him of a desire to be attentive to my cousin, and had thought proper to enlighten him as to her engagement with me. From that day his visits had been voluntarily discontinued. My uncle had not given much consideration to the subject until a fortnight afterwards, when he had accidentally become aware of the fact that Weatherley was in embarrassed circumstances.

Here my uncle paused in his narrative to take breath. He then added, in a low tone, and putting his mouth almost close to my ear:

"And, Willie, my boy, I have at last found out something else. He has forty-two thousand dollars falling due here and in Montreal within the next ten days, and he has forged my signature to acceptances for thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents."

Those to the best of my belief, were his exact words. We had walked up York Street to Queen, and then had gone down Queen to Yonge, when we turned up the east side on our way homeward. At the moment when the last words were uttered we had got a few yards north of Crookshank Street, immediately in front of a chemist's shop which was, I think, the third house from the corner. The window of this shop was well lighted, and its brightness was reflected on the sidewalk in front. Just then, two gentlemen walking rapidly in the opposite direction to that we were taking brushed by us; but I was too deeply absorbed in my uncle's communication to pay much attention to passers-by. Scarcely had they passed, however, ere one of them stopped and exclaimed:

"Surely that is Willie Furlong!"

I turned, and recognized Johnny Gray, one of my oldest friends. I relinquished my uncle's arm for a moment and shook hands with Gray, who said:

"I am surprised to see you. I heard only a few days ago, that you were not to be here till next spring."

"I am here," I replied, "somewhat in advance of my own expectations." I then hurriedly enquired after several of our common friends, to which enquiries he briefly replied.

"All well," he said; "but you are in a hurry, and so am I. Don't let me detain you. Be sure and look in on me to-morrow. You will find me at the old place, in the Romain Buildings."

We again shook hands, and he passed on down the street with the gentleman who accompanied him. I then turned to re-possess myself of my uncle's arm. The old gentleman had evidently walked on, for he was not in sight. I hurried along, making sure of overtaking him before reaching Gould Street, for my interview with Gray had occupied barely a minute. In another minute I was at the corner of Gould Street. No signs of Uncle Richard. I quickened my pace to a run, which soon brought me to Gerrard Street. Still no signs of my uncle. I had certainly not passed him on my way, and he could not have got farther on his homeward route than here. He must have called in at one of the stores; a strange thing for him to do under the circumstances. I retraced my steps all the way to the front of the chemist's shop, peering into every window and doorway as I passed along. No one in the least resembling him was to be seen.

I stood still for a moment, and reflected. Even if he had run at full speed—a thing most unseemly for him to do—he could not have reached the corner of Gerrard Street before I had done so. And what should he run for? He certainly did not wish to avoid me, for he had more to tell me before reaching home. Perhaps he had turned down Gould Street. At any rate, there was no use waiting for him. I might as well go home at once. And I did.

Upon reaching the old familiar spot, I opened the gate, passed up the steps to the front door, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a domestic who had not formed part of the establishment in my time, and who did not know me; but Alice happened to be passing through the hall, and heard my voice as I inquired for Uncle Richard. Another moment and she was in my arms. With a strange foreboding at my heart I noticed that she was in deep mourning. We passed into the dining-room, where the table was laid for dinner.

"Has Uncle Richard come in?" I asked, as soon as we were alone. "Why did he run away from me?"

"Who?" exclaimed Alice, with a start, "what do you mean, Willie? Is it possible you have not heard?"

"Heard what?"

"I see you have not heard," she replied. "Sit down, Willie, and prepare yourself for painful news. But first tell me what you meant by saying what you did just now,—who was it that ran away from you?"

"Well, perhaps I should hardly call it running away, but he certainly disappeared most mysteriously, down here near the corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Uncle Richard, of course."

"Uncle Richard! The corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets! When did you see him there?"

"When? A quarter of an hour ago. He met me at the station and we walked up together till I met Johnny Gray. I turned to speak to Johnny for a moment, when—"

"Willie, what on earth are you talking about? You are laboring under some strange delusion. Uncle Richard died of apoplexy more than six weeks ago, and lies buried in St. James's Cemetery."

II.

I DON'T know how long I sat there, trying to think, with my face buried in my hands. For a few moments after Alice's announcement I must have been in a sort of stupor. The first distinct remembrance I have after this is, that I suddenly awoke from my stupor to find Alice kneeling at my feet, and holding me by the hand. Then my mental powers came back to me, and I recalled all the incidents of the evening.

"When did uncle's death take place?" I asked.

"On the 3rd of November, about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was quite unexpected, though he had not enjoyed his usual health for some weeks before. He fell down in the hall, just as he was returning from a walk, and died within two hours. He never spoke or recognized any one after his seizure."

"What has become of his old overcoat?" I asked.

"His old overcoat, Willie—what a question?" replied Alice, evidently thinking that I was again drifting back into insensibility.

"Did he continue to wear it up to the day of his death?" I asked.

"No. Cold weather set in very early this last fall, and he was compelled to don his winter clothing earlier than usual. He had a new overcoat made within a fortnight before he died. He had it on at the time of his seizure. But why do you ask?"

"Was the new coat cut by a fashionable tailor, and had it a fur collar and cuffs?"

"It was cut at Stovel's, I think. It had a fur collar and cuffs."

"When did he begin to wear a wig?"

"About the same time that he began to wear his new overcoat. I wrote you a letter at the time, making merry over his youthful appearance and hinting—of course only in jest—that he was looking out for a young wife. But you surely did not receive my letter. You must have been on your way home before it was written."

"I left Melbourne on the 11th of October. The wig, I suppose, was buried with him?"

"Yes."

"And where is the overcoat?"

"In the wardrobe upstairs, in uncle's room."

"Come and show it to me."

I led the way upstairs, my cousin following. In the hall on the first floor we encountered my old friend, Mrs. Daly, the housekeeper. Two words explained to her where we were going, and at our request she accompanied us. We passed into my uncle's room. My cousin drew the key of the wardrobe from a drawer where it was kept, and unlocked the door. There hung the overcoat. A single glance was sufficient. It was the same.

The dazed sensation in my head began to make itself felt again. The atmosphere of the room seemed to oppress me, and closing the door of the wardrobe, I led the way down stairs again to the dining-room, followed by my cousin. Mrs. Daly had sense enough to perceive that we were discussing family matters, and retired to her own room.

I took my cousin's hand in mine, and asked:

"Will you tell me what you know of Mr. Marcus Weatherley?"

This was evidently another surprise for her. How could I have heard of Marcus Weatherley? She answered, however, without hesitation:

"I know very little of him. Uncle Richard and he had some dealings a few months since, and in that way he became a visitor here. After a while he began to call pretty often, but his visits suddenly ceased a short time before uncle's death. There is something about him that I don't quite like. Perhaps I misjudged him. Indeed, I think I must have done so, for he stands well with everybody, and is highly respected."

I looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was ten minutes to seven. I rose from my seat.

"I will ask you to excuse me for an hour or two, Alice. I must find Johnnie Gray."

"But you will not leave me, Willie, until you have given me some clue to your unexpected arrival, and to the strange questions you have been asking? Dinner is ready, and can be served at once. Pray don't go out again till you have dined."

She clung to my arm. It was evident that she considered me mad, and thought it probable that I might make away with myself. This I could not bear. As for eating any dinner, that was simply impossible in my then frame of mind, although I had not tasted food since leaving Rochester. I resolved to tell her all. I resumed my seat. She placed herself on a stool at my feet, and listened while I told her all that I have set down as happening to me subsequently to my last letter to her from Melbourne.

"And now, Alice, you know why I wish to see Johnny Gray."

She would have accompanied me, but I thought it better to prosecute my inquiries alone. I promised to return sometime during the night, and tell her the result of my interview with Gray. That gentleman had married and become a householder on his own account during my absence in Australia. Alice knew his address, and gave me the number of his house, which was on Church Street. A few minutes' rapid walking brought me to his door. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found him playing cribbage with his wife.

"Why, Willie," he exclaimed, advancing to welcome me, "this is kinder than I expected. I hardly looked for you before to-morrow. Ellen, this is my old friend, Willie Furlong, the returned convict, whose banishment you have so often heard me deplore."

After exchanging brief courtesies with Mrs. Gray, I turned to her husband.

"Johnny, did you notice anything remarkable about the old gentleman who was with me when we met on Yonge Street this evening?"

"Old gentleman! who? There was no one with you when I met you."

"Think again. He and I were walking arm in arm, and you had passed us before you recognized me, and mentioned my name."

He looked hard in my face for a moment, and then said positively:

"You are wrong, Willie. You were certainly alone when we met. You were walking slowly, and I must have noticed if any one had been with you."

"It is you who are wrong," I retorted, almost sternly. "I was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, who wore a great coat with fur collar and cuffs, and we were conversing earnestly together when you passed us."

He hesitated an instant, and seemed to consider, but there was no shade of doubt on his face.

"Have it your own way, old boy," he said. "All I can say is, that I saw no one but yourself, and neither did Charley Leitch, who was with me. If any old gentleman had been with you we could not possibly have failed to notice him."

Without a single word by way of explanation or apology, I jumped from my seat, passed out into the hall, seized my hat, and left the house.

III.

OUT into the street I rushed like a madman, banging the door after me. I knew that Johnny would follow me for an explanation, so I ran like lightning round the next corner, and thence down to Yonge Street. Then I dropped into a walk, regained my breath, and asked myself what I should do next.

Suddenly I bethought me of Dr. Marsden, an old friend of my uncle's. I hailed a passing cab, and drove to his house. The doctor was in his consultation room, and alone.

Of course he was surprised to see me, and gave expression to some appropriate words of sympathy at my bereavement. "But how is it that I see you so soon?" he asked—"I understood that you were not expected for some months to come."

Then I began my story, which I related with great circumstantiality of detail, bringing it down to the moment of my arrival in his house. He listened with the closest attention, never interrupting me by a single exclamation until I had finished. Then he began to ask questions, some of which I thought strangely irrelevant.

"Have you enjoyed your usual good health during your residence abroad?"

"Never better in my life. I have not had a moment's illness since you saw me last."

"And how have you prospered in your business enterprises?"

"Reasonably well; but pray doctor, let us confine ourselves to the matter in hand. I have come for friendly, not professional, advice."

"All in good time, my boy," he calmly remarked. This was tantalizing. My strange narrative did not seem to have disturbed his serenity in the least degree.

"Did you have a pleasant passage?" he asked, after a brief pause. "The ocean, I believe, is generally rough at this time of year."

"I felt a little squeamish for a day or two after leaving Melbourne," I replied, "but I soon got over it, and it was not very bad even while it lasted. I am a tolerably good sailor."

"And you have had no special ground of anxiety of late? At least not until you received this wonderful letter"—he added, with a perceptible contraction of his lips, as though trying to repress a smile.

Then I saw what he was driving at.

"Doctor," I exclaimed, with some exasperation in my tone—"pray dismiss from your mind the idea that what I have told you is the result of diseased imagination. I am as sane as you are. The letter itself affords sufficient evidence that I am not quite such a fool as you take me for."

"My dear boy, I don't take you for a fool at all, although you are a little excited just at present. But I thought you said you returned the letter to —ahem— your uncle."

For a moment I had forgotten that important fact. But I was not altogether without evidence that I had not been the victim of a disordered brain. My friend Gridley could corroborate the receipt of the letter and its contents. My cousin could bear witness that I had displayed an acquaintance with facts which I would not have been likely to learn from any one but my uncle. I had referred to his wig and overcoat, and had mentioned to her the name of Mr. Marcus Weatherley —a name which I had never heard before in my life. I called Dr. Marsden's attention to these matters, and asked him to explain them if he could.

"I admit," said the doctor, "that I don't quite see my way to a satisfactory explanation just at present. But let us

(*Continued on page 53*)

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4

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who are listless, dull-eyed and nervous, need a gentle tonic and corrective to relieve the headache, biliousness, depression and other symptoms which show that the system is run down or out of order. These conditions are all quickly conquered, the cause gradually corrected, and health and strength restored, while women

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Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited

The Experimenters

The Fable of a Little Boy whose Parents Wanted to Become Famous

By THE DOCTOR THEY DIDN'T HAVE

IN the beginning (I mean the beginning of my story) there was a little boy. I hope we shall find him at the end of it. This little boy had a father and mother, which is not very remarkable; but he had a very remarkable father and mother. They had an auto, which they called a Ford, because it was all they could afford; and they said, "Let us try experiments with it, and become famous."

So they filled the tank with coal oil, instead of gasoline; and it would not go. And they shook hands with each other and said, "Now we have found out something.' And they had.

Then they said, "Let us fill the tank with vinegar." And they did so, and still it wouldn't go. Then they patted each other on the back, and said, "Now we have found something else." And so they had.

And again they fell to thinking, and presently they said "Let us fill the tank with whiskey. Whiskey makes men go mad, and it may make our auto go like mad." So they tried to fill the tank with whiskey, but it ran out as fast as they poured it in, because you see the vinegar had made holes in the tank. Then they kissed each other, and said:

"Behold, we have found out several things." And so they had. But they had spoiled their Ford, which was all they could afford, so they had to think again.

After a while they said, "Lo, we have a little boy, let us forthwith make some experiments with him."

This idea pleased them so greatly that they shouted for joy, and they said: "We mustn't spoil him, as we did the Ford; but even if we spoiled him, he didn't cost as much as the Ford, and we can better afford the loss, for reasons that may not be put into words."

Now I told you at the beginning that this little boy had a father and mother. I'm not quite sure that I have spoken rightly. Because if you really love anything, you should be able to do what you like with it. But this little boy could not do what he liked with the father and mother he had. If he could have done so he would have exchanged them for a "merry-go-round." He had often seen other boys on a merry-go-round, but never had been on one himself; he felt that he needed a merry-go-round much more than a father and mother. I think it will be more correct to say that his father and mother had him, than that he had his father and mother.

And they said, "Let us weigh him," and they did so, and he weighed 30 pounds. He was five years old, so that was 6 pounds for every year he had lived.

Then they said, "Let us feed him on nothing but milk and then weigh him again." So they gave him only milk, as much as he wanted, for a whole year; and then he weighed 35 pounds, and was quite well and happy. So they said: "Behold, we have found out something. If boys get plenty of milk, they don't need anything else," and that was a great discovery.

But the cow died and they had no more milk; so they said, "Let us try bread and butter." And after living on bread and butter, with only water to drink, they called him their bread and butter boy, because you see, he was really and truly made up of bread and butter. That doesn't mean that you could have eaten him in slices, as you do bread and butter. It only means that, as he kept growing bigger and heavier every day, this increase in weight must have been mostly bread and butter, because he ate nothing else. It couldn't be all water, because they dried him outside before they weighed him; and if he were made of all water, it must be splashing about inside of him, which is ridiculous.

But although he seemed to be quite well on his bread and butter diet (that means what you eat) he didn't run about and play so much as he used to do when fed on milk. So they said, "Let us put more butter on his bread." And they spread the butter thicker. Then for a while he ran about and jumped as well as ever. He also learned to stand on his head and turn somersaults. But by and by he got tired, and lost his appetite and would not eat. Then his father and mother said, "Lo, we have discovered something. Too much butter isn't good for boys, even if it is good butter," and they nodded to each other as much as to say, "How clever we are."

Then the mother said, "Let us try putting sugar on the butter."

And the father said "That's a capital idea," and they tried it.

And the little boy enjoyed his bread and butter and sugar and he grew so rapidly and got so noisy and rampageous (that's a fine word, you had better try to remember it) that he climbed the trees, and would have stolen and eaten the apples and pears and cherries, only his father saw him and made him come down.

Then his parents took counsel (that means they talked to each other very much in earnest)and they said, "Now we have found out that bread and butter and sugar is a fine diet for boys; but you see he wants apples and pears and cherries all the same, and climbs the trees to get them."

So they decided to feed him on apples and pears and cherries only, and see what the results might be.

For a day or two, the little boy was so happy that you would have thought a fairy god-mother had visited him. But this didn't last long. Soon he came to his mother crying, "I'm so hungry, give me some bread and butter and sugar."

But you see his mother, like his father, wanted to discover something important, and thus to become famous. So she only said, "Go and eat more apples and see if that won't do."

And the poor boy said, "But I have a stomach-ache already, and I don't want any more apples.

Still she was obdurate (that's a good word, and means that she wouldn't do what he wanted her to do. You must be glad that you haven't an obdurate mother.)

The little boy was made to go to the orchard and get more apples. He was so hungry, poor fellow, that he ate the wormiest ones, and surely enough he began to feel better. Then he pulled out the worms, and ate them, and he felt better still. It was rather awful and he went and told his mother about it.

Then both father and mother clapped their hands, and shouted, "Now we have found out something of very great importance. Apples were made for the worms to eat, and then we must eat the worms. And that is the secret, whose discovery will make us famous."

And I'm glad to say that they were so pleased with this experiment that they gave the boy a drink of milk (goat's milk, for you see the cow had died), and plenty of bread with butter and sugar. And they gave him also a picture book, made by an old woman called Mother Goose, which contained these beautiful verses:

"Boys are made of snubs and snails and puppy dog tails;
And girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice."

But they still wanted to become famous.

(To be continued)

To Parents

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how often, how very often, you have experimented upon your children? In the matter of food, for instance! And when they have grown up with various ills for which you seem not to be able to account—have you struck your breast and said—"mea culpa"?

The writer of this series of articles is a professional man. For personal reasons he wishes his name withheld. He will show, in a humorous way how children are really experimented upon, the results and the remedies.

—THE EDITORS.

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CREX Rugs in the Regular and Herringbone weaves have all the characteristics of the CREX DE LUXE RUGS they are equally durable, adaptable and economical, but more simple in design and color effect—all are made from tough, pliant wire grass by our own patented processes. CREX Rugs in the home reflect good taste and a sense of refinement.

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THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Princess Irene

(*Continued from page 5*)

We oped the door of sleep and drew
Each fair dream from its cell;
Lo! each his deed has told to you—
O Queen, have we done well?
FAIRY QUEEN.—Well done, fays. And now to pleasure.
Let us dance a quicker measure. (*All dance*)
IRENE and CURDIE have been standing hand in hand watching.
IRENE (*to Curdie*).—How can I ever thank you? It was brave
Of you to come and fight the hateful elves
So gallantly, and risk your life to save
Me, just because I called.
CURDIE.—But then, I knew
The Fairy Queen would come, and quickly, too,
And then the goblins needs must hide themselves.
IRENE.—How did you know she'd come?
CURDIE.—The Queen, you see,
Is my godmother, and takes care of me.
IRENE.—I hear the fireflies, and I think they bring
My father with them to the fairy ring.
Fireflies enter, followed by King and soldiers).
FIREFLIES.—This way, this way, this way, this way,
Here it is the fairies stray.
Here the princess you will see;
Haste and greet her merrily.
IRENE.—Father! (*Runs to King.*)
KING.—Irene! Say, how came you here?
I have been hours searching for you, dear.
IRENE.—Father, last evening late I went astray
Here, in the wood, and could not find my way.
CURDIE.—The goblins caught her, said that she should be
Wife to their King's son. Then I came, you see,
And fought with them.
FAIRY QUEEN.—He thought of me and prayed
That I should come to him and give him aid.
IRENE.—She came and helped us. Won't you thank her, then?
Without her, ne'er had I been found again.
KING.—I thank you, madam, and will spread for you
Each night beneath these trees an offering fine
To show my thanks—red rose leaves, fresh with dew,
Velvety pansies, honey cakes and wine.
(*To Curdie*).—You have an old man's thanks, my lad, for she—
My little daughter's very dear to me.
What is your name, boy? I would fain confer
Some honor on you.
CURDIE.—Conrad, the miner, sir.
IRENE.—I call him Curdie.
FAIRY QUEEN.—Nay, his name should be
Prince Conrad, nephew to your majesty.
He is your sister's son. The goblins slew
Her long ago; her husband perished too.
We elves found out the babe, and by our care
He grew the sturdy lad that's standing there.
KING.—My sister's son! Right welcome are you, lad.
IRENE.—Then you're my cousin, Curdie? I'm so glad.
You'll come and live with us, won't you? And fight
The ugly goblins. We'll be happy, quite.
KING.—Let us aside. I've something for your ear. (*Leads Curdie aside.*)
FAIRY QUEEN.—Thus may all future troubles disappear.
(*To Fairies*).—The eastern sky grows red. Now, fairies, lo!
The dawn is breaking and we needs must go.
Yet, ere we part, we'll dance one measure more
Around our guests and wish them joy and mirth.
(*Fairies dance in a ring around King, Conrad and Irene, then dance out L.*)
KING.—I have lived many years, but ne'er before
Have I such happiness known upon earth.
FIRST SOLDIER.—Where is my handkerchief; this touches me.
SECOND SOLDIER.—He's not bad looking.
THIRD SOLDIER.—Oh, a fine prince this!
Now I suppose you'll see our pretty miss,
The princess there, taking a husband soon.
FOURTH SOLDIER.—Hush, or they'll hear.
FIRST SOLDIER.—Well, well, the good old moon!
Is it not well the goblins fear her light?
THIRD SOLDIER.—They say the Prince put up a valiant fight.
I wish I had the chance, but then, you see,
The Fairy Queen might not have come to me.
KING.—Well, daughter, kiss your cousin. Say you'll take
Him for your husband—then a match we'll make
Between the pair of you.
CURDIE.—You need not fear.
No goblin e'er again shall harm you, dear.
IRENE.—I'm not afraid, if only you are near.
CURDIE.—How strange it seems to think that I should be
Your cousin. You will be ashamed of me—
A poor, rough miner. Soon, I fear, you'll find
At Court, some husband nearer to your mind.
IRENE.—But you're so brave and beautiful and kind,
And Father wishes it.
CURDIE.—But what of you?
IRENE.—I think—I think—that I should like it too. (*Exit Irene and Curdie.*)
KING (*turning to Soldiers*).—The moon is waning and the air grows chill;
Let's home and drink Prince Conrad's health.
SOLDIERS (*shouting*).—We will.
Exit all singing—
O a flask of wine and a seat by the fire
Are all that the spirit of man can desire,
So home we'll go and the wine we'll pour,
And we'll drink Prince Conrad's health once more.

Bits of Gossip that Drift in to Us

WE are daily receiving from all parts of the country a flood of letters telling a tale of widespread appreciation of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and of interest in its advancement. They all make interesting reading.

From Miss A. L., Burnaby, B.C., come the following words of high praise:

"I have been reading EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for the past year, and it is my firm belief that if more will read it we will have better women in Canada; women whose minds have been broadened by the reading of this great Canadian paper.

"At this period in history, the women are taking such an active part in the affairs of our nation, it is imperative that they should learn something of the way in which our national affairs are controlled, also something of the social and political problems which confront us. The best way to acquire a general knowledge of this kind is to read EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, the greatest paper for women yet published in Canada.

"You request that it be passed on. So far as I am concerned, that request is unnecessary, for a paper of such a high standard is too good to keep to one's self."

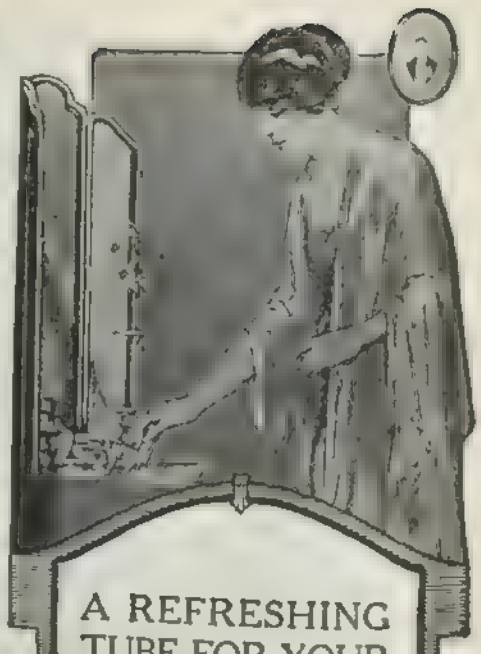
Mrs. A. S., Gabri, Sask., writes:

"It has been my privilege to have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in my house during the past year, and I can truly say that it is a most up-to-the-minute magazine and worthy of a place in every good home. It is without a doubt the best Canadian magazine, and from its constant improvement during the past year I believe it will, in the near future, become as widespread as magazines of many years standing.

"I shall recommend it to any of my friends who may not know it."

Mr. R. McG., of Ottawa, tells us:

"You may find it interesting to note that Lady Egan and Mrs. Seybold, wealthy and influential people of this city, appreciate greatly the fact that a Canadian woman's magazine is getting on its feet, or rather that it is finding its rightful place among the people of Canada, and that it is as needful a publication as any magazine printed to-day, and more particularly for the Canadian home. Both these people also appreciate that a good Canadian woman's magazine must be patronized by Canadian people to maintain its circulation and standing. It can be truly stated that a magazine like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, its growing popularity and its many good features, to have fought against such heavy odds as the competition of American magazines of many years standing, import duties, taxes and postal rates, is entirely unprecedented."



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Specially convenient when you feel a headache coming on.

Sold in tin tubes—the cleanest, handiest, most satisfactory way.

Refuse substitutes.

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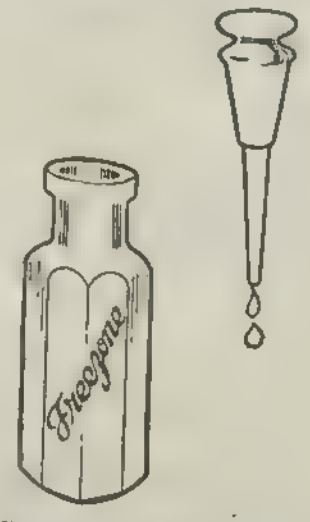

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For Women at Work

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Carhartt's Overalls

For Women

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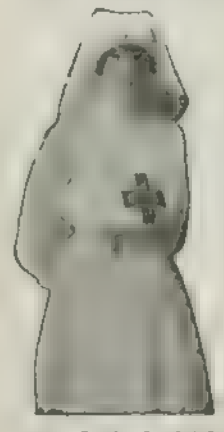

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Write for Style Sheet.

J. & J. CASH, LIMITED
Room 53, 301 St. James Street, Montreal

The Gerrard St. Mystery

(*Continued from page 49*)

took the matter squarely in the face. During an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, I always found your uncle a truthful man, who was cautious enough to make no statements about his neighbours that he was not able to prove. I know Marcus Weatherley pretty well. Such confidence have I in his solvency and integrity that I would not be afraid to take up all his outstanding paper without asking a question. If you will make inquiry, you will find that my opinion is shared by all the bankers in the city. And I have no hesitation in saying that you will find no acceptances with your uncle's name to them, either in this market or elsewhere."

"That I will try to ascertain tomorrow," I replied. "Meanwhile, Dr Marsden, will you oblige your old friend's nephew by writing to Mr. Junius Gridley, and asking him to acquaint you with the contents of the letter, and the circumstances under which I received it?"

"It seems an absurd thing to do," he said, "but I will if you like. What shall I say?" and he sat down at his desk to write the letter.

It was written in less than five minutes. It simply asked for the desired information, and requested an immediate reply. Below the doctor's signature, I added a short postscript in these words:—

"My story about the letter and its contents is discredited. Pray answer fully, and at once.—W. F. F."

At my request the doctor accompanied me to the post-office on Toronto Street, and dropped the letter into the box with his own hands. I bade him good night, and repaired to the Rossin House. I did not feel like encountering Alice again until I could place myself in a more satisfactory light before her. I despatched a messenger to her with a short note stating that I had not discovered anything important, and requesting her not to wait up for me. Then I engaged a room and went to bed.

But not to sleep. All night long I tossed about from one side of the bed to the other; and at daylight, feverish and unrefreshed, I strolled out. I returned in time for breakfast, but ate little or nothing. I longed for the arrival of ten o'clock, when the banks would open.

After breakfast I sat down in the reading-room of the hotel, and vainly tried to fix my attention upon the local columns of the morning's paper. I remember reading over several items time after time, without any comprehension of their meaning. After that I remember—nothing.

Nothing? All was blank for more than five weeks. When consciousness came back to me I found myself in bed in my own old room, in the house on Gerrard Street, and Alice and Dr. Marsden were standing by my bedside.

No need to tell how my hair had been removed, nor about the bags of ice that had been applied to my head. No need, either, to linger over my progress back to convalescence, and thence to complete recovery. In a week from the time I have mentioned, I was permitted to sit up in bed, propped up by a mountain of pillows. My impatience would brook no further delay, and I was allowed to ask questions about what had happened in the interval which had elapsed since my over wrought nerves gave way under the prolonged strain upon them. First, Junius Gridley's letter in reply to Dr. Marsden was placed in my hands. I have it still in my possession, and I transcribe the following copy from the original now lying before me: —

Boston, Dec. 22nd, 1861.

Dr. Marsden:

"In reply to your letter, which has just been received, I have to say that Mr. Furlong and myself became acquainted for the first time during our recent passage from Liverpool to Boston, in the Persia, which arrived here Monday last. Mr. Furlong accompanied me home, and remained until Tuesday morning, when I took him to see the Public Library, the State House, the Athenæum, Faneuil Hall, and other points of interest. We casually dropped into the post-office, and he remarked upon the great number of letters there. At my instigation—made, of course, in jest—he applied at the General Delivery for letters for himself. He received one bearing the Toronto postmark. He was naturally very much surprised at receiving it, and was not less so at its contents. After reading it he handed it to me, and I also read it carefully. I cannot recollect it word for word, but it professed to come from his affectionate uncle, Richard Yardington. It expressed pleasure at his coming home sooner than had been anticipated, and hinted in rather vague terms at some calamity. He referred to a lady called Alice, and stated that she had not been informed of Mr. Furlong's intended arrival. There was

(*Continued on page 58*)

A TUB AND A RUB

and baby is bathed

A newer, better baby tub such as mothers have always wanted is made by a new process in the great EDDY MILLS in HULL. Indurated ware we call it; you recognize it as FIBREWARE. But it is vastly superior to the old-style "patent" tubs. This tub has a smooth, glossy surface that will stay smooth with hardest wear. There is not a single rough surface to scratch baby's tender skin. It is light in weight, durable, easily cleaned and sanitary. It cannot rust, and will not warp or break. Baby and you will enjoy the daily sponge better with it. Costing about the same as tin or galvanized iron tubs, it is much more satisfactory. Sold by your dealer at a reasonable price.

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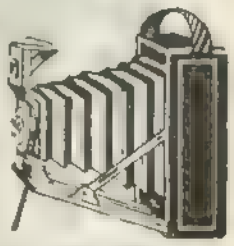

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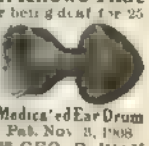
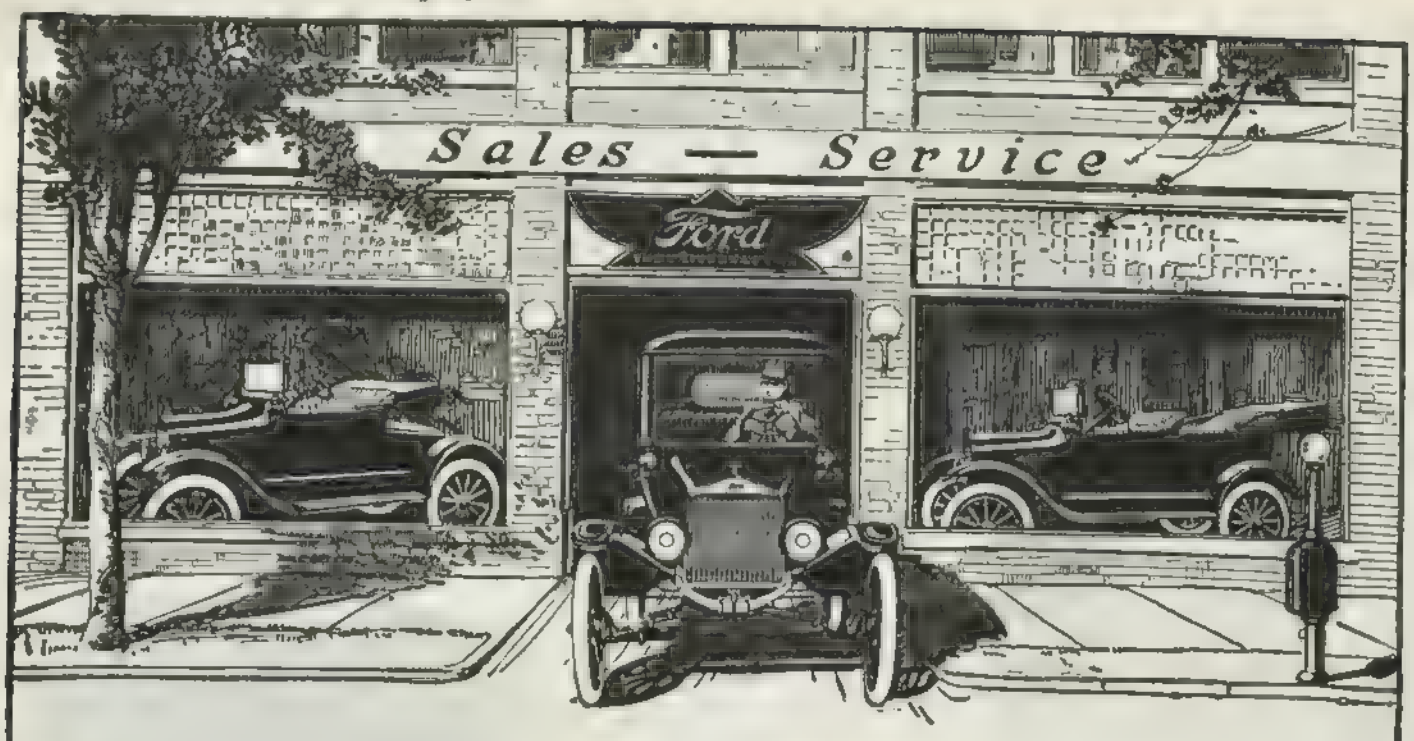


Medica'ed Ear Drum how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Pat. Nov. 3, 1908. Address GEO. P. WAY Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 52 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich



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Don't do it—

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—will clean perfectly, without injury to the most delicate fabric or color,

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Without spending a single penny you can easily obtain this beautiful Pendant and Chain, a sparkling gold filled Brilliant Ring and a handsome imported Bracelet Watch, just like the finest jewellery stores sell at $5.00 to $10.00 each. This handsome gold finished Pendant is the very newest design, and has a sparkling manufactured Ruby or Sapphire setting, with lovely Pearlet drop. Its chain has fine close links and is full 15 inches long. The beautiful ring is warranted gold filled and is set with three beautiful brilliants that sparkle like diamonds. Each girl can also win the beautiful little Wrist Watch with its reliable imported movement and porcelain dial —just the prettiest and neatest watch you have ever seen.

Girls, write to-day and we will send you just 25 big handsome bottles of our delightful "Princess Royale" perfumes, which we want you to introduce among your friends at only 10c per bottle. We send six lovely odors, White Rose, Lily of the Valley, Wood Violet, Carnation, etc., and they are so sweet that everybody buys a bottle or two at once.

Return our money, only $2.50, when the perfume is sold, and we will at once send, all postage paid, the beautiful Pendant and Chain, and the gold filled Ring, just as represented, and the lovely Watch, as well, you can also receive without selling any more goods for just showing your fine prizes to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn fine prizes as you did. Don't delay. Write to-day. Address

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO.
DEPT. C., 4 TORONTO

The Intruders

(*Continued from page 11*)

toned voice filled the silence. Her eyes were closed, when suddenly she started up with staring eyes and her heart beating violently. She had heard the same stir as of someone in the room, but this time it was closer, at the very foot of the sofa.

She peered through the shadows, for the light was solely concentrated on Stephen's book, and she could distinguish the dim figure of a woman seated on a low stool. She could clearly define the nape of the neck, the black curling hair pinned high, and one arm hanging over the end of the sofa.

She lay breathless, her heart beating till she felt that it would burst. Stephen's voice continued with a low monotony. For one interminable moment she lay there gripping the sofa cushions in both her hands, and then with a shriek that echoed through the rooms, bringing Stephen to his feet, she stumbled up and ran flying from the room, through the halls, through the open door, down the steps and along the path. She heard footsteps close behind her, and with a new and awful terror striking at her heart, the terror of the pursued, she stumbled over a piece of raised turf and pitched headlong on the ground.

JOAN'S return to consciousness brought her back to a world of quiet footsteps and low voices; for what seemed a long, long time, while centuries seemed to go by, she seemed struggling with pain that left her too languid to open her eyes. What wakened her thoroughly from this state of semi-consciousness was the sight of her baby beside her, incredibly, unbelievably hers!

It was some weeks later that she made her first journey down stairs, Stephen beside her, carrying shawls in which to wrap her, cushions to prop her comfortably in a chair. She looked about her curiously, while she hesitated on the threshold of the same room where she had been upon that terrible evening. The flood of memory came surging back.

Upstairs in her own bedroom, it had become during those weeks so much her own, so much a place of sunlight and of flowers, of the baby and all the colored, scented things appertaining to babies, that she had almost forgotten. But not quite, the memory had only lain dormant, and was the reason that she had felt no haste to leave the security of her room.

She had never spoken to Stephen of what had so frightened her that evening when she had fled from the house. He had never inquired. Probably he did not wish to bring the thought of it back to her mind. Sufficient that she was so happily herself again.

"Aren't you glad to be downstairs?" he said, "it's lovely to see you back here again."

Joan looked about her, hesitatingly, curious to know just what she did feel. She felt as always the appeal of quiet beauty, of the twilight atmosphere that soothed and charmed. To-day the sunlight was creeping between the bars of the shutters, sifting gold upon the floor, touching a thin white petalled flower to a thing of flame.

She looked about her, timidly, fearfully. But the room was quite empty. Suddenly she remembered—distinctly the words came back to her—"she could never go near a house where there was a child!"

That was it. She would not come back here any more. No, she detested children. She would not come to a house where there was a child!

The thought thrilled through Joan with a delicious sense of security. Standing beside Stephen she looked about the long room, at the bars of yellow sunlight, at the entire quiet beauty of the house, and for the first time, the very first time, she felt a sense of intimate, of entire possession.

Bunny Club Competitions

UNCLE PETER has great pleasure in announcing the names of the winners of the last three Bunny-Club Competitions:

DECEMBER COMPETITION.—Miss Sadie McKerlie, Aneroid; Master J. Black, Palmerston; Miss G. Havison, Calgary. Miss Alice Bowman, Ingersoll; Master Ronald Tipper, Glenlily; Miss Eileen Woolmer, Bladworth.

JANUARY COMPETITION.—Miss Lucy Watchorn, Pakenham; Miss Edna G. Purvis, Montreal; Master G. A. Ross, Wingham; Miss Janet L. Grant, Victoria; Master D. H. Smith, Fort William; Miss Marie James, Carstairs.

FEBRUARY COMPETITION.—There were ten prizes in this competition, and the replies were very gratifying and well executed. The names of the winners are as follows:—Master Donald Kerr, Muskoka; Miss Gladys Millard, Port Coquitlam; Miss Viola Millsap, Station Stayner; Miss Iris Spain, Lancer; Miss Olive Southon, Vancouver; Miss Agnes Killam, Weymouth; Miss Bessie Thompson, Amherst; Miss Lela Morrow, Stayner; Miss Myrna V. Smith, Sussex, N.B.; Master Jack Flicks, Prince Albert.

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WE HAVE a plan by which you can earn from $15.00 to $25.00 pin money. An hour or two of your spare time every day by our plan will do it. A card will bring full information. Write to

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
Continental Building - Toronto

Are You Responsible for These Crimes?

(*Continued from page 28*)

deplorable fact is the cause of much avoidable misery, the reason for so many early deaths and suicides."

Free Literature Available

THERE is literature enough to educate the world on these subjects, but many do very little reading in this line, and mothers often have too little time for reading, even if they were awake to the necessity of learning more of the outside world.

In so far as we are able we shall in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD give any of our readers who desire it enough information to open their eyes to the necessity of training their children, And through literature, which we are arranging to make available *free to our subscribers*, we shall give enough information to qualify them for the work.

EVERY girl and every parent and every other one interested in girls should read "Playing With Fire"—the next article in this series to appear in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for May. It advances much new information handled as a wholesome warning to girls.

In June EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Mrs. Jean Blewett will write on "How Shall I Tell My Children."

In July, for our great Canadian Patriotic Number, Janey Canuck (Mrs. Arthur Murphy) will conclude this series with some lessons drawn from the juvenile and the women's courts and from the children's shelters.

We want the mothers of our land to raise up *men who will protect* instead of debauch, and we realize that if boys were taught this idea from early childhood, many of them would take as great delight in protecting as they now do in seeking for lust. Our juvenile courts have brought home to us a proven trait of human nature, that what is often called criminal tendency is only ambition put in action, and if turned in the *right direction* it will prove just as efficient in working for good.

IN conclusion for this month, we quote again a well-known social worker: "A murder may be forgotten, or the grief lessened, but the living death that some girls are subject to is far worse than if their friends had placed them in a black box and hauled them to the cemetery. Then what must be the feeling of the parents or guardians when they have let false modesty deter them in their duty of teaching their boys the value of virtue, and their daughters of the many snares and temptations that they will meet with; of the men who are always seeking to betray or ensnare the unsuspecting or trusting; of the danger of going unattended to places where the peril would be great, lest in some unguarded moment they lose self-control and become the victims of some trap that has been laid for them, or, as sometimes happens, their lack of self-control may take the lead and thus bring about their own trouble.

"How much of the responsibility of these crimes rests on the shoulders of the teachers, the ministers, doctors, public officials and legislators, who have been indifferent and cold in doing their duty in educating the public, or in making and enforcing laws, so that the responsible parties, no matter who they are, may be brought to justice?"

The responsibility for these crimes comes home very closely to each one of us. You will agree that we are justified in heading this article, "Are You Responsible for These Crimes?"

Reason with the Child

(*Continued from page 18*)

questions as it is for him to breathe. He will gain more in five years by asking questions, than can be taught him in ten years if he is compelled to stop doing so.

Thousands of children blunder along through life, suffering themselves and causing others to suffer because they are afraid or ashamed to ask questions. Educationalists, both secular and religious, are prevented from doing their best with the pupil for the same reason. The teacher has to ask the questions instead of the pupil which is not half so profitable. The only way to become a thinker is to ask questions and yet the thoughtless parent makes his child thoughtless by the suppression of his questioning. You may not be able to answer fully. If not, do your best. If you do not know the answer, say so, and try to find it from another. Very young children cannot fully understand all explanations, but this shouldn't prevent you from trying to help them.

EGG-O
The Tasteless Baking Powder

ONE housewife, who has used Egg-O for the past seven years, told us that what she liked most about Egg-O was that you could not taste it in the cake. We hadn't realized it before, but that is a mighty important point. So often you can taste the baking powder in the cake, and it certainly spoils your enjoyment in eating it. Perhaps you have this trouble with your baking. We would recommend that you use Egg-O—the tasteless Baking Powder.

THE Food Control Department has told us that flour must be conserved for the use of the Allies. Try some of the baking powder breads which use a part substitute for wheat flour. You will find them very palatable and generally enjoyed by your family and friends. This recipe for Oatmeal Bread is very satisfactory.

1 cup flour	2 tablespoons sugar
1½ cups corn meal	1 cup cooked oatmeal or rolled oats
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons shortening
3 teaspoons Egg-O Baking Powder	1¼ cups milk

Sift together flour, corn meal, salt, baking powder and sugar; add oatmeal, melted shortening and milk. Bake in greased shallow pan in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

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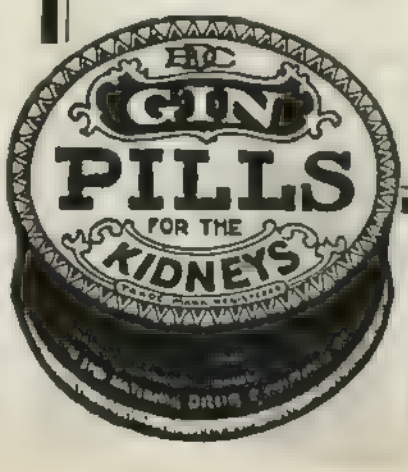

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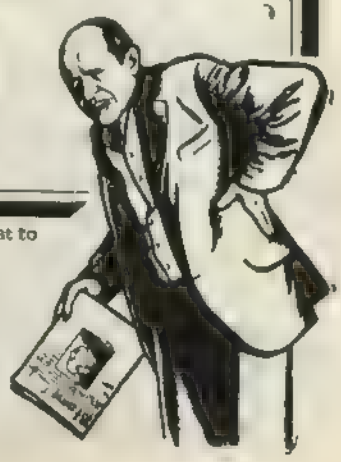

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WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3 Hannibal, Mo

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 22, Chicago.

WANTED Stories, Articles, Poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Send MSS. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 122, Washington, D.C.

FREE TO WRITERS—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas, the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address WRITER'S SERVICE, Dept. 32, Auburn, N.Y.

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PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments. Make up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 82, Chicago.

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EGGS FOR HATCHING:—Bronze Turkeys, Embden Geese, Rouen Ducks, Barred and White Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes and Rose Comb Brown Leghorns. Write for price list. J. H. Rutherford, Albion, Ontario.

Razor Blades Sharpened

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Real Estate—Farm Lands

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. He owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profits should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Songs Wanted

WANTED Song poems on love, war, other subjects. We compose music, guarantee publication. Submit verses. Fairchild Music Co., 203 Broadway, N.Y.

Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c., five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. People's Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg, Man

Eye Relief

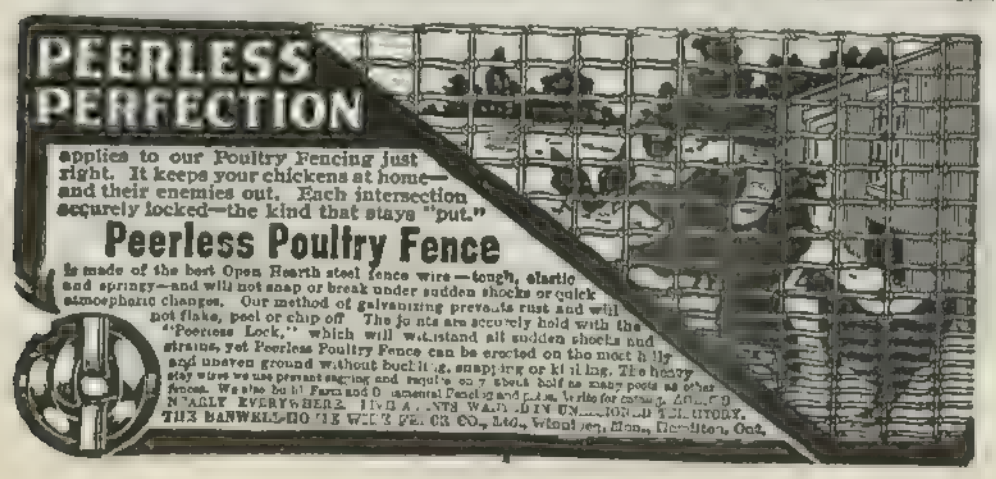
AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

Have You Anything To Sell---To Farmers?

Try *Rural Canada Advertising.* Even the small classified ads. at 5 cents a word often sell a lot of goods at a satisfactory profit.

Rural Canada Classified Advertising Division - Toronto, Canada.

NO more reason for wash-day bringing back-aches, headaches and other troubles. No more need to bend over a hot, steamy wash-tub. Let the Maxwell "Home" Washer supplant old-time methods in your home as it has in others all over Canada. Maybe you don't know how good a washing-machine really can be? Then it's time you looked thoroughly into this one. It actually does better than hand-work in half the time! Washes anything.
Maxwell
"Home" Washer
—is made in Canada, of best cypress, and is superior to any imported washer. High-speed, noiseless, easy-running—enclosed gears. Can be operated by hand or water-motor. See it at your dealer's to-day.
MAXWELLS LIMITED - Dept. K St. Marys, Ont. 37
Write us for booklet "If John had to do the Washing"


PEERLESS PERFECTION
applies to our Poultry Fencing just right. It keeps your chickens at home—and their enemies out. Each intersection securely locked—the kind that stays "put."
Peerless Poultry Fence
is made of the best Open Hearth steel fence wire—tough, elastic and springy—and will not snap or break under sudden shocks or quick atmospheric changes. Our method of galvanizing prevents rust and will not flake, peel or chip off. The joints are securely held with the "Peerless Lock," which will withstand all sudden shocks and strains, yet Peerless Poultry Fence can be erected on the most hilly and uneven ground without buckling, snapping or kinking. The heavy stay wires we use prevent sagging and require only about half as many posts as other fences. We also build Farm and Ornamental Fencing and gates. Write for catalog. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. LIBERAL TERMS WARRANTED UNCONDITIONAL SATISFACTORY.
THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd., Walkerville, Ont., Hamilton, Ont.

How Children Develop

(*Continued from page 16*)

It is this extraordinary feature of the physical development at the 'teen age period that makes this stage of development so interesting and often so critical.

The adolescent boy finds himself suddenly endowed with the height, the speed, and for brief efforts, with the muscular strength of a man. The athletic records of high school boys of fifteen and under in the jumps and the sprints are often surprisingly close to the senior University records and in such events I have again and again observed that after years of further training a young man has been barely able to surpass the record he made at fifteen years of age.

With such strength and height and with the ambition, the self-reliance and the altruism of youth, it is not strange that people should expect the adolescent boy or girl to do the full work and that they should often attempt to assume the full burdens of maturity.

To do so is disastrous—for the trunk of the body has not yet completed its development. There is strength of limb and muscle, there is quickness and power, but the body still lacks vitality and endurance. Freedom, activity, plenty of rest and simple, wholesome food are essential. Confinement, lack of exercise and of rest, and unwholesome food too often prevent the proper development and result in chronic physical defects which only years of careful living can correct, or hurry the unfortunate into an untimely grave.

It is a curious fact that errors of living during the adolescent period usually culminate in a collapse a few months after the nineteenth birthday.

The Adolescent Period

DURING the altruistic, adolescent period several important changes take place in the head and features that mark the transition from the child to the adult.

The development of the limbs, hands, and feet, for a time becomes extreme. The face becomes relatively long and narrow. After adolescence the trunk of the body increases and the face and the head broaden again, accompanying an increase of physical vitality and of selfishness.

Then, as the 'teen age passes, we note the base of the forehead becoming more prominent, especially in the boys, when it often becomes a prominent ridge. The "Frontal Sinus" as the air space in the bone at the base of the forehead is called, is usually especially large in men with deep resonant voices.

The bridge of the nose develops and along with it we find the characteristic zeal and intensity of young manhood and womanhood.

The base of the head, at the back behind the ears, develops rapidly and we behold a sudden and often overpowering, sometimes amusing interest in the other sex.

The chin develops, and we may observe a gradual increase of staying power and deliberateness of action.

Finally, we have the stage of adult maturity, with its characteristics becoming more and more marked up to old age: the prominent chin and receding lips of patient endurance and self-control; the prominent nose of strength, courage and intensity; the forehead prominent at the base, the forehead of the practical, penetrating mind.

The changes that occur from the age of thirty-five on appear to follow no definite rule, but to depend entirely upon the habits of thought and action developed and established up to this time. There may be rapid degeneration, physical and mental, resulting in early senility and death, or there may be steady development physically and mentally up to extreme old age even past the century mark.

A Most Attractive Door Holder

Upon first thought you would think that a door holder must be ugly—an unsightly thing. But it is not at all. The stores are showing them made most attractively. A little wooden lady with wide, outstanding skirts in the fashion of 1830, and any housekeeper would welcome a windy day, just to see a troublesome, banging door held back by this picturesque bit of usefulness. She is painted white, with dots and scallops in bright blue around her three-flounced skirt. Her hair is a flaming red—and the ruff around her neck is blue. An old-fashioned made bouquet with pink flowers and green leaves is painted pressed against her bosom.

The Liftup

(Patent)

The Support You Need and Just Where You Need It

All the latest styles of corsets to suit any figure.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct for catalogue and measuring form.

Representatives Wanted

BIAS CORSETS LIMITED

41 Britain Street, Toronto

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Canada.

Hon. G. HOWARD FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

EGGS COST MONEY

If you save them for hatching, you are losing real money on every chick that doesn't come to maturity.

Pratts

BABY CHICK FOOD

is what you need to raise all your young chicks. Prevents bowel trouble and other baby chick diseases. Contains the very elements required to make bone, muscle and feathers. One cent's worth will feed a chick for three weeks. Ask your dealer.

PRATTS White Diarrhoea Remedy used in the drinking water prevents this dread disease.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

New Baby Chick Book FREE. Write for it.

PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,
68-D Claremont St.
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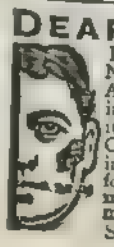
P-20

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. **A. O. LEONARD**
Suite 202, 70 5th Ave., New York City

Best Varieties of Vegetables

To Plant This Year

OWING to the scarcity of seed of many varieties of vegetables this year, it will not always be possible to get those which are desired, hence the importance of ordering early in order to make sure of getting, at least, some of the best sorts. In the following list, based on tests made at the Experimental Farm and stations in Canada, several varieties of almost equal merit of some kinds of vegetables are suggested so that if it is not possible to get one it may be possible to get the other.

BEANS.—(Round Pod Wax) Round Pod Kidney Wax, Pencil Pod and Brittle Wax; (Flat Pod Wax), Wardwell Kidney Wax, early, and Hodson Wax, late; (Green Pod), Stringless Green Pod, and Early Red Valentine, early, and Refugee or 1000 to 1, late. Lima and Pole beans are not very satisfactory except where the season is long and warm. The bush varieties of Limas are the most satisfactory. Scarlet Runner is the most reliable Pole bean, but Kentucky Wonder is one of the best in quality.

BEETS.—Crosby Egyptian, Detroit Dark Red, and Early Model.

BORECOLE or KALE.—Dwarf Green Curled Scotch.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.—Improved Dwarf. The Dwarf varieties have been found more satisfactory than the tall ones.

CABBAGE.—Early Jersey Wakefield, Copenhagen Market, early; Succession, medium; and Danish Ballhead and Drumhead Savoy, late; and Red Dutch, red.

CAULIFLOWER.—Early Snowball and Early Dwarf Erfurt.

CARROT.—Chantenay, Danvers Half Long, Early Scarlet Horn for extra early.

CELERY.—Golden Self Blanching (Paris Golden Yellow) early; Winter Queen, Evans Triumph, and Perfection Heartwell, late; White Plume for coolest parts.

CORN.—(Extra early), Early Malcolm, Malakoff, and Peep O'Day; (early), Golden Bantam; (medium), Early Evergreen or Black Mexican; (late), Country Gentleman and Stowells Evergreen; Squaw for coolest parts.

CUCUMBER.—Davis Perfect, White Spine, and Chicago Pickling.

EGG PLANT.—New York Improved, Long Purple, and Black Beauty.

LETTUCE.—Grand Rapids and Black Seeded Simpson (early loose curled), Iceberg, Giant Crystal Head, Improved Hanson, Salamander, All Heart, and Crisp as Ice (head or cabbage).

MELONS, Musk.—(Nutmeg type), Long Island Beauty, Hackensack, and Montreal Market; (yellow fleshed) Emerald Gem, Hoodoo and Paul Rose.

MELONS, Water.—Cole Early, Ice Cream, and Phinney Early.

ONIONS.—Yellow Globe Danvers and Early Red Wethersfield. Prize Taker especially for transplanting. Early Flat Red and Australian Brown are good where the season is short. Dutch sets ensure a crop in a short season when, if grown from seed, the onions may not mature.

PARSLEY.—Double Curled.

PARSNIP.—Hollow Crown of a good strain is the best. Intermediate is also good.

PEPPER.—Early Neapolitan of the large varieties and Cayenne, Chili and Cardinal of the small ones.

PEAS.—(Extra early) Gregory Surprise; (early) Thos. Laxton, Gradus, Nott Excelsior, American Wonder, and Sutton Early Giant; (second early) Sutton Excelsior and Premium Gem; (medium to late) McLean Advancer, Heroine and Stratagem; (tall late sorts) Telephone, Champion of England and Quite Content.

RADISH.—Scarlet White Tipped Turnip, Rosy Gem, and White Icicle.

SALSIFY.—Long White, Sandwich Islands.

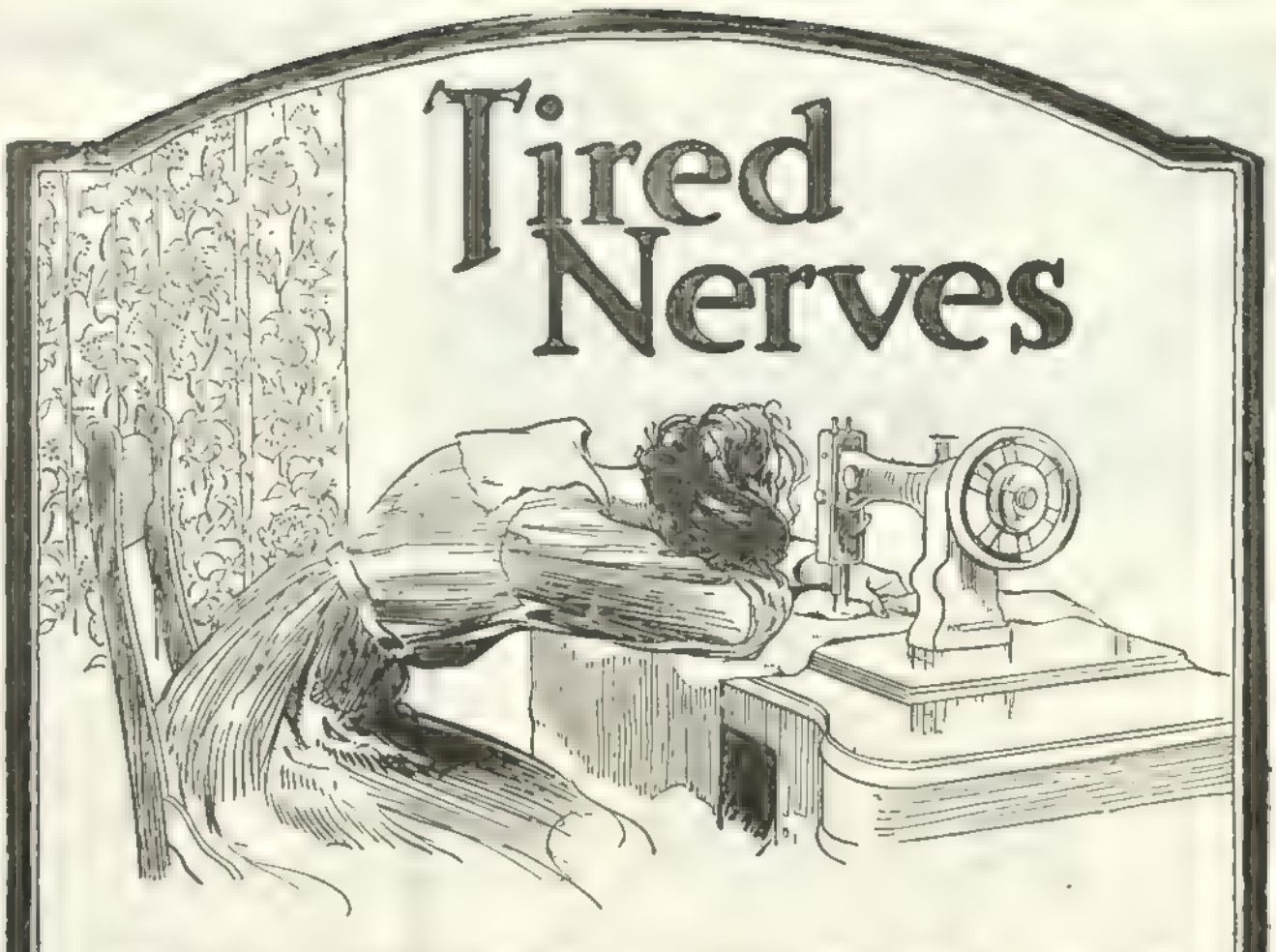
SPINACH.—Victoria Thickleaved, Viroflay.

SQUASH.—Long White Bush, Summer Crookneck; late, Delicious, Hubbard.

TOMATOES. — (Extra early) Alacrity, Sparks Earliana; (early and main crop) Bonny Best, Chalks Early Jewel. Later good sorts are Matchless and Trophy (scarlet), and Livingstone Globe and Plentiful (purplish pink). Ignotum for canning.

SWEDE TURNIPS.—Champion Purple Top.

POTATOES.—(Early) Irish Cobbler or Eureka Extra Early; (main crop) Green Mountain, Gold Coin, Wee MacGregor, Carman No. 1. Early Ohio is a good extra early pink sort, but is not very productive.



Tired Nerves

TIRED out after sewing! What a common experience, whether the work is done by hand or machine. It is not so much on account of the muscular exertion as because of the strain on the eyes.

You feel tired all over, because the nerves are exhausted. The optic nerve, wnich controls sight, is extremely sensitive, and when in constant use consumes nerve force at a tremendous rate. If the nervous system is not in good, healthy condition this strain is more than you can stand, and you have headaches, and feel all tired out.

Many people feel the same way after a shopping tour, from riding on a train, or doing any work which requires the continued use and focussing of the eyes. Many are wearing glasses when what they really need is a nerve restorative, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, to build up the exhausted nervous system.

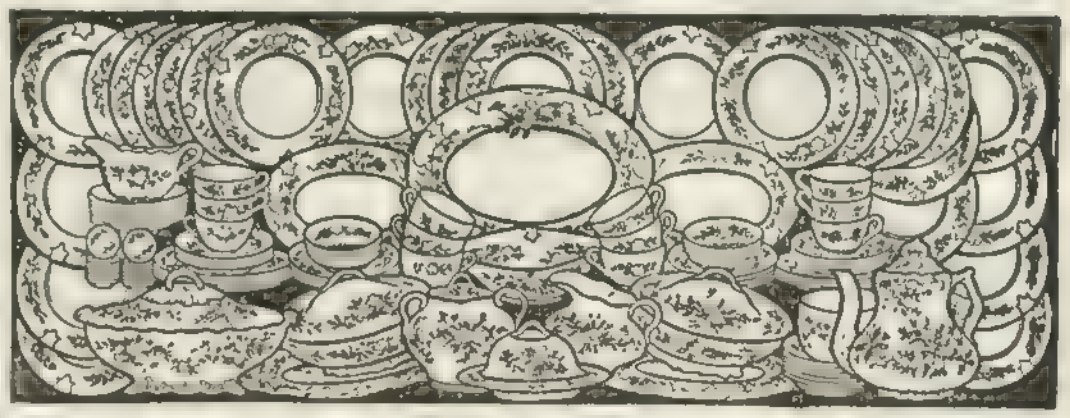
By supplying to the tired, wornout nerves the elements from which new nerve force is created Dr. Chase's Nerve Food reconstructs the wasted nerve cells. Headaches, dizzy spells, sleeplessness and tired feelings soon disappear, and you find yourself feeling better in every way.

It is worth your while to give this treatment a thorough trial, for the whole system is benefited, and the results are lasting.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box—do not pay more—at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author. 12

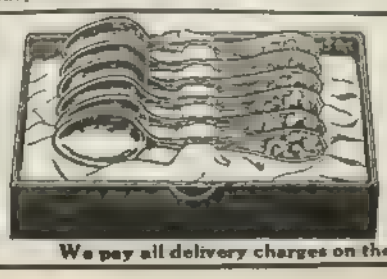
97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You



YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for Dr Edson's Famous Life Building Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills and are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will be pug by introducing this famous remedy to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent premiums.



Carnation French Canad an Teaspoons

Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen. These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums

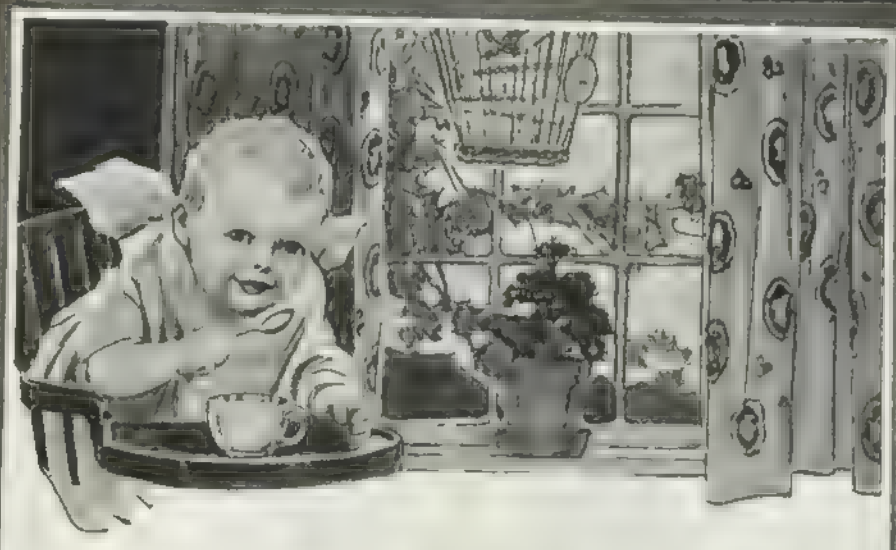
Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anaemia. In all run down conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only $3.00, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer. It gives you the opportunity of a life time. Address X28

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. 4 Toronto, Ont.



MILK IN A BETTER FORM

Junket is simply milk that is more enjoyable and more easily digested. That is why it is such an excellent food, especially for children.

That is why physicians and nurses recommend it so highly; and why your mother and grandmother served it—as a food for the little ones, as a dessert for grown-ups.

Junket
MADE *with* MILK

And Junket is so good as to attract and delight even those who do not care for milk. It can be made into a wide variety of dainty desserts, quickly, easily and economically. Frozen, it makes an excellent ice cream.

Serve Junket. See how the children enjoy it! Give them all they want, as you would milk.

Send 3c for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c for full package of 10 Tablets.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory,
Dept. B., Toronto, Canada.

"Nesnah" is Junket prepared with sugar and in 4 flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package—10c.

The Gerrard St. Mystery

(*Continued from page 53*)

something too, about his presence at home being a recompense to her for recent grief which she had sustained. It also expressed the writer's intention to meet his nephew at the Toronto railway station upon his arrival, and stated that no telegram need be sent. Mr. Furlong professed to recognize the handwriting as his uncles'. It was a cramped hand, not easy to read, and the signature was so peculiarly formed that I was hardly able to decipher it.

"Mr. Furlong was much agitated by the contents of the letter, and was anxious for the arrival of the time of his departure. He left by the B. & A. train at 11.30. This is really all I know about the matter, and I have been anxiously expecting to hear from him ever since he left.

"Yours, etc.,
"JUNIUS H. GRIDLEY."

So that my friend has completely corroborated my account, so far as the letter was concerned. My account, however, stood in no need of corroboration, as will presently appear.

When I was stricken down, Alice and Dr. Marsden were the only persons to whom I had communicated what my uncle had said to me during our walk from the station. They both maintained silence in the matter, except to each other.

During the second week of my prostration, Mr. Marcus Weatherley absconded. This event, so totally unlooked for by those who had had dealings with him, at once brought his financial condition to light. It was found that he had really been insolvent for several months past. The day after his departure a number of his acceptances became due. These acceptances proved to be four in number, amounting to exactly forty-two thousand dollars. So that that part of my uncle's story was confirmed. Three of them bore a signature presumed to be that of Richard Yardington. One of them was for $8,972 11; another was for $10,114 63; and the third and last was for $20,629.50, making a total of $39,716 24—which was the amount for which my uncle claimed that his name had been forged.

WITHIN a week after these things came to light, a letter addressed to the manager of one of the leading banking institutions of Toronto arrived from Mr. Marcus Weatherley. He voluntarily admitted having forged the name of my uncle to the three acceptances above referred to. The banks where the acceptances had been discounted were wise after the fact, and detected numerous little details wherein the forged signatures differed from the genuine signatures of my Uncle Richard. In each case they pocketed the loss and held their tongues, and I dare say they will not thank me for calling attention to the matter, even at this distance of time.

There is not much more to tell. Marcus Weatherley, the forger, met his fate within a few days after writing his letter.

He took passage at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in a sailing vessel called the Petrel, bound for Havana. The Petrel sailed from port on the 12th of January, 1862, and went down in mid-ocean with all hands on the 23rd of the same month.

I don't propose to attempt any psychological explanation of the events here recorded, for the very sufficient reason that only one explanation is possible. The weird letter and its contents, as has been seen, do not rest upon my testimony alone. With respect to my walk from the station with Uncle Richard, and the communication made by him to me, all the details are as real to my mind as any other incidents of my life. The only obvious deduction is, that I was made the recipient of a communication of the kind which the world is accustomed to regard as supernatural.

My wife, who is an enthusiastic student of electro-biology, is disposed to believe that Weatherley's mind, overweighted by the knowledge of his forgery, was in some occult manner, and unconsciously to himself, constrained to act upon my own senses. I prefer, however, simply to narrate the facts. I may or may not have my own theory about those facts. The reader is at perfect liberty to form one of his own if he so pleases.

Such speculations are profitless enough, but they have often formed the topic of discussion between my wife and myself. Gridley, too, whenever he pays us a visit, invariably revives the subject, which he long ago christened "The Gerrard Street Mystery." He has urged me a hundred times over to publish the story; and now, I follow his counsel, and adopt his nomenclature in the title.

He stands by
BAKER'S COCOA
and it is a good old stand-by too.

For generations it has supplied the demand from young and old for a pure, delicious, invigorating, wholesome food drink, rich in nutritive qualities and easily digested

The genuine has the trade-mark on the package and is made only by
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GLADIOLUS

Unequalled for beauty of bloom. Plant in May and June, bloom in August and September. Easily grown and bulbs good for several seasons.

Bruce's Choice Mixed—A satisfactory mixture, 10 for 50c; 25 for 90c; 100 for $3.00 postpaid.

Bruce's Superb Mixed—A grand mixture of all varieties, 10 for 80c; 25 for $1.80; 100 for $6.50 postpaid.

Separate Varieties—Splendid collection 30 varieties, Whites, Reds, Blues, Yellows, Striped, Bordered and Blended Shades, from 9c up to 50c each postpaid.

Also Dahlias, Lilies, Begonias, Gloxinias, Tuberoses, Etc.

FREE: Our valuable 112-page catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Garden Implements, Poultry Supplies, Etc. Write to-day for it.

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DUSTBANE

Use This

When swept ahead of the broom Dustbane prevents dust from rising, and kills all germs. It leaves carpets and floors looking all spic and span—almost like new again!

Order a tin today from your dealer. You will be delighted with the results of your next sweeping!

Let the Searching Sun of Spring Find Your Complexion Clear and Attractive

So easy to have a lovely skin, if you use the preparations we recommend with full instructions for home use. We have been established for 25 years and our preparations have always won the praise of users from coast to coast. If you have Pimples, Blackheads, Oily, Red or Blotchy Skin, Eczema, Wrinkles, Crow's feet, etc., we can supply you with an unfailing remedy. Consultation FREE. Booklet "W" sent on request. Write us to-day for full particulars of our treatments.

Princess Complexion Purifier	$1.50
Princess Skin Food	$1.50
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Princess Nerve Tonic and Blood Builder	$1.00
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Sent carriage paid, with full instructions, to any address on receipt of price.

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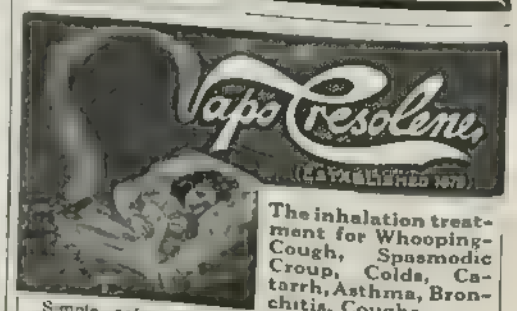

The inhalation treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe, and effective avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse and experience shows that a **neglected cold is a dangerous cold.**

Mrs Bramwell Booth says **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

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Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

"What Will Women Do Next?" He Asked

"What Will We Do Next?" was the title of the only address I ever had the joy of hearing Mark Twain deliver. It was before the first (and at that time the only) woman's press club in Illinois, and with all his irresistible drollery, his delicious humor, were mingled some staid facts, some truths which set me thinking and kept me thinking long after the laughter had died away.

He said he had on one occasion asked his chum's father if it were really true that the hand that rocked the cradle was the hand that ruled the world. "No," had come the despondent answer, "it used to be that-a-way, but now she brings the babies up without rocking, and rules the world with both hands." "The Governor of this state is one bilious old pessimist," he confided, "who'd give a lot to know what woman will do next. He was growling about it the last time we met, said his wife used to do her own dressmaking and let him manufacture her opinions. 'She has turned things round—nowadays she gets ready-made finery and does her own thinking—it's mighty uncomfortable.' 'For her?' we asked, and got the truth out of him before he had time to think up a lie. 'No, for the rest of us,' he snorted. 'You see, nobody knows how far she'll go, once she gets a good start.'"

With a Good Start Her Motto is "Sail On"

"She Has the Good Start all right—and what she will do next remains to be seen," went on Mark Twain. "Death and taxes are the only sure things, but there are a few other items one can almost count on. One of them is that having started up the hill of progress, she won't stop putting one foot up and one foot down till she gets somewhere. Also, she isn't going to make herself dizzy by any sudden backward turn. Christopher Columbus is her hero, and her motto, 'Sail on.' She's hailed at and railed at, but it's not troubling her to any extent, she is too busy discovering a new world (and a new woman) to be put out by trifles. She is up and away to the fair and her itinerancy hasn't a single, solitary return engagement in it.

"What'll she do next? Never mind—the higher she goes the wider her outlook. What'll she do next? Only heaven knows. But between heaven and her it will be well done, whatever it may be.

"To climb down from this lofty flow of language to my old lumbering style, I rise to remark that the most disturbing thing about a woman who begins to sit up and take notice is that you never can tell *where* she'll elect to do the sitting up, nor what she'll take it into her head to notice."

Women Are Learning the Value of Money

Economic Independence is going to cure woman of extravagance—once she learns the meaning of money. So long as her knowledge of money-getting is confined to what, as a girl, she gets from father, and what, as a woman, she gets from husband, she naturally looks on it as a sort of lucky find, something which allows her to do what she likes and buy what she pleases. But once she earns her dollar by the sweat of her brow, she knows just how much every one of the hundred cents which go to make it is worth.

But she has to learn more than the mere making of it, she has to learn to save it once it is made. The girl who up till her marriage has earned her fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five dollars a week, and put it all on her back, is not going to make a good business partner for the man whose salary she expects to spend. The wife's ability to spend judiciously is second only in importance to the husband's earning power.

Heaven's Gift—These Babies Are

Euphrosine of the Perfectly appointed house, took us in her perfectly appointed car to pay our respects to the new arrivals. "Are we to congratulate you or condole with you?" she wanted to know of the proud mother. They were dear, those twin girls, in their white slips without a trace of tuck or lace, and their sleeves tied back with blue. "Wax dolls," laughed Euphrosine, "if you drop one it will break." We shook our head——No wax dolls, these soft little mites, breathing gently, moving gently, closing and unclosing their hands, lifting the lashes from sleepy eyes, but flowers "a-growing and a-blowing" in the warmest sunshine of all, the sunshine made up of breast-warmth and mother-love. "Let me hold them both, oh please! There now, look out you don't make me mad or I'll take my playthings and go home. They are lovely!" we cried.

The mother smiled assent. A woman may be too modest to praise her own offspring, but never too modest to listen to your praises—and look for more.

"Excuse the litter on the sewing table," she said. "I'm making over my old rose dressing gown. We oughtn't to get a thing more than we need in war-time, and—"

"But what about those?" interrupted Euphrosine, pointing an accusatory finger at the twins.

"Those," she said with sweet assurance, "are heaven's gift to hearts in need of them."

Everywoman's Forum

Dear Everywoman's,—

May a wild and woolly westerner make bold to lift her hand, snap a finger and thumb and call "answer" to the "Why is it?" of an eastern sister re the rows (oh yes, I know you call them differences of opinion down there, but up here we give things their honest names) stirred up in women's clubs and organizations by the last Dominion election? What goes to make a woman's row? Talk of the wrong kind, bitterness, recriminations, mean little jabs—things which mark her small. Because women do not think alike is no reason for trouble. A club is an organization where people meet on common ground to learn something and do something. You have no business quarrelling with me or I with you if our view point happens to be opposite as the poles. Your women's clubs seem "touchy" to say the least. With so much real work to be done, doesn't it seem childish in one of Montreal's strongest clubs to be split up over the soul-racking query, "Shall or shall not our President be made to resign from her position because she showed herself a Liberal in the last elections?" And Toronto's pet organization follows suit by "censuring" certain charter members who happened to have opinions of their own. It's the old Family Compact leaven still working. It belongs in the east—keep it there. The west has no use for it; it belongs with empty titles, "mind your manners," "touch your hat to your betters," and other fool forms of snobbishness. When we get this wide wonderful west just where we want it, we'll send some missionaries to wean you from your idols.

Thanking you, dear Everywoman, for space for my sermon, I am yours in faith, hope and broadmindedness—which goes charity one better,

Margaret Arbuckle.

What a breeze from the west! It is almost a hurricane. How we poor Easterners do catch it, eh! But don't be in too big a hurry sending that missionary—you know about the hare and the tortoise. We make haste slowly.

"No use hurrying that I see,
Take your time is the text for me.—Ed.

A Rose of the Garden Type

You Know How on a June Day, with all its beauty unfolding to the sun, a garden seems to lie back and smile to itself for sheer downright gladness that in this weary old world there is at least one spot on which the dear Lord can look and see that it is good.

"The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive—the lilies grow and thrive."

She was just like that, rejoicing in her fertility, her beauty, her blossoms. The garden type of woman, dewy, wholesome, wonderful, with sudden surprises in beauty, and warmth and fragrance strangely sweet.

"Children are mussy things," commented Euphrosine, as we drove home, "my house-proud heart would break if I had to be bothered bringing up those two bundles of trouble tied in blue."

Nothing of the garden type here—a rose, I grant you, but a rose of linen leaves and wax, with a drop of French perfume in its heart—lovely to look at, but not wholesome or heartening like the garden type. We tried to tell her so, but Euphrosine only laughed at the comparison.

Biggest Thing in Life is Finding One's Self

You are Sure to Receive some pithy advice if you attend the open meetings of the Business Women's Club. Mrs. Carrie MacMichael gave her hearers a talk calculated to start the dullest thinking. The biggest thing in life, she maintained, was finding one's self and making the best of one's self after said finding, climbing steadily up, with a hand outstretched to help others along. She did not urge that business girls study certain cults or read certain books, hers was the practical advice so valuable to youth and inexperience. Mrs. MacMichael laid stress on good health and good dressing. Soiled finery should be tabooed—so with jewelry—"every piece of ornament worn in working hours detracts from our force," she said.

"But," argues one, "a girl doesn't want to look a fright when working." Of course not. And a proper business costume is not going to make her look like one. I have in mind a frock worn by a young bookkeeper in a village store. She designed it herself, cut, fitted and made it herself, and it is perfect in its way. The country girls and village girls very often have more taste and initiative than their city cousins. This frock is of dark grey wool and silk material, a one piece garment with box pleats in the back, a wide belt, and dear little collar, and the severity of it redeemed by the bit of exquisite hand embroidery in bright colors on collar, cuffs and belt. With her hair brushed till it shines, her sweet face, her becoming dress, she might well stand for a model to business girls everywhere.

The Mother-Spoiled Boy a Poor Husband

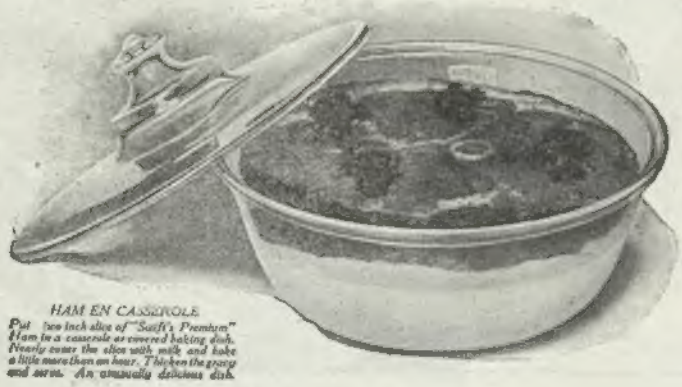
She Made the Big Mistake of marrying a mother-spoiled boy. You know the kind, kept a baby by pampering, made a bully by the same process. Until he reaches man's estate he is only a nuisance, the mother-spoiled boy; after that, he is a menace. One feels like calling all the nice girls in, when he goes in search of a wife. He wants the best, of course, has all his life had the best, if mother could manage it. If he would be content to fix his affections—and inflictions—on some girl so lacking in charm she would be grateful for any kind of a lover! Not he. Or a meek, melting maiden, who wouldn't mind being bossed to death by a selfish hulk in the form of an Adonis—but no. For a space one indulges in a wild hope that a certain handsome virago will be his choice. She would be a kill or cure proposition, and anyway it seems a shame to spoil two houses with them. Heigho! nothing comes of it. He wants to make sure he is securing the "queen rose of the rose bud garden of girls" for mother's boy.

Nine times out of ten, he does it too. Then what happens? "Oh, you fortunate girl!" sighs his mother. "He is awfully in love." He is—with himself—and "awfully" is the word. What kind of a husband does he make? Ask the girl. She will not tell, but the beauty gone from her face, and gladness from her nature, writes in letters large enough for all who run to read that the mother-spoiled boy, selfish, exacting, is no life partner for a woman with a heart.

Women Learning How to Co-operate

The Conference of Canadian Women held at Ottawa, while it did not accomplish all that was hoped of it, revealed the pertinent and pleasing fact that women are learning the potency of co-operation, and establishing a broad bond of sympathy. "The Eastern women are dears!" cried one enthusiastic member from the prairie, "they seem to take us to their hearts and look on us as sisters, in all the helpful schemes discussed."

"There is a strength and optimism most inspiring about the big-hearted, breezy western women. They do not seem afraid of anything—even failure. I cannot find words to express the comfort we find in working with them," was the way many of the eastern contingent expressed themselves. It means that they are doing team work for almost the first time in the history of Canada. This is how it should be. We are learning to stand shoulder to shoulder in behalf of all that means right, justice and fair play for women, heart to heart for all that heaven has in store for us when we are ready to receive it. Team work is the work that tells.



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Can You Solve the Movie Mystery?

The Great Moving Picture Puzzle Contest continues to arouse intense interest. Try your skill; you may win a valuable prize. See page 36.

What to Eat and When to Eat It

Menus and Recipes that Support Spring Economy

By MARJORIE DALE

THE question of the proper thing to serve at each meal is one that confronts every housewife, and often proves very perplexing. Many women seem to feel that when the main dish has been selected the other foods will take care of themselves. But no meal can be piled together helterskelter, for in planning the menu some one dish must be selected around which the rest of the meal revolves. The main dish is represented by the most substantial course, but the meal can be made to fit around a dessert or salad.

Indeed a good rule to follow in serving vegetables is that those of starchy nature such as hominy, rice, potatoes and macaroni should always be served with a green vegetable rich in minerals, such as cauliflower spinach, etc. In case a third vegetable is to be used, rice, tomatoes and string beans make a good combination, or pptatoes, carrots and spinach may be used together.

A white fish or meat is best with a sauce of contrasting color and flavor. In preparing meat for a roast, have it a rich dark brown. Meats such as pork tenderloin, veal cutlets, etc., are better combined with tomato or a dark sauce. If chicken is creamed, the addition of the yolk of an egg, a little chopped parsley or green pepper adds flavor and harmonizes with the dish. Wise combinations not only please the eye, but are better suited to the digestion.

Cook well and plan well. Many a case of over-eating and consequent indigestion may be traced to the combining of too many foods on the same taste level, that is, foods made of similar ingredients. The following receipts will support your spring economy.

A One-Day Thrift Menu

Breakfast
Oranges Beauregard Eggs Toast
Cereal Beverage

Luncheon
Cheese Ramekins Rice Gems
Canned Peaches Ginger Snaps

Dinner
Cream of Tomato Soup
Sauted Fillet Lamb Baked Potatoes
Creamed New Carrots
Orange Jelly Salad Wafers
Coffee

Beauregard Eggs

BOIL eggs twenty minutes, make cream sauce. Cut whites of eggs in thin strips, mix with sauce, fill baking shells one for each person. Put yolks of the eggs through a sieve on top of each shell, put in oven for from two to three minutes. Serve.

Cheese Ramekins

Six ounces grated cheese, two small teaspoonfuls mixed mustard, 5 ounces bread crumbs, 1¾ cupfuls milk, 2 ounces butter.

BOIL milk, pour over breadcrumbs and let them stand on the stove covered up for a quarter of an hour. Mix in grated cheese, mustard and butter. Butter ramekin cases, fill three parts full of mixture. Bake ten to fifteen minutes in hot oven. Serve immediately.

Sauted Fillet of Lamb

Two pounds lamb, 3 tablespoonfuls olive oil, 3 tablespoonfuls vinegar, 2/3 teaspoonful salt, ½ onion finely chopped, 1 teaspoonful finely chopped parsley, butter.

ORDER lamb from fore-quarter. Wipe, remove bone, cut meat in one inch strips 1 inch in thickness, then flatten to ¾ of an inch. Arrange on platter and pour over marinade made by mixing olive oil, vinegar, salt, onion and parsley together. Cover, let stand over night. Remove and sauté meat in butter.

Cottage Pudding

One-quarter cupful butter substitute, ¼ to ½ cupful sugar, 1 egg, ½ cupful warm milk, 1 cupful flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1/8 teaspoonful salt, few drops vanilla.

CREAM butter substitute. Add sugar and the yolk of the egg. Beat till light, then add milk and flavoring, flour sifted four times with salt, and baking powder. Whisk egg-white to froth. Stir up pudding, fold in egg-white. Bake in muffin tins. Serve with chocolate sauce:

Casserole of Beef

Two and one-half to 3 pounds beef, 1 large onion, 1 clove garlic, flour, parsley, 3 carrots, 3 potatoes, salt, pepper.

ROUND steak or short thick piece of beef, Wash, wipe, pound well with flour. Pierce meat here and there, fill with chopped garlic, salt and pepper. Put two or three tablespoonfuls dripping in casserole. Cook onion slices till tender, add meat and brown, cover with water, put on lid and put in moderate oven. Cook till gravy is brown and meat tender. Just before meat is done add carrots and potatoes cubed.

French Pea Soup

One pound beef shank and bone, 4 cloves garlic, 1 pound split peas, salt.

WASH beef shank and bone, put on to boil, cover with water. Look over and thoroughly wash split peas, add to soup pot, boil vigorously three-quarters hour, then add garlic and salt to taste. Boil till peas are tender, strain through colander, thicken with one heaping tablespoonful diluted cornstarch.

Sally's Bread Pudding

One quart scalded milk, 2 cupfuls breadcrumbs, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, ¼ teaspoonful soda, nutmeg.

POUR milk over breadcrumbs, let stand fifteen minutes, add egg yolks well beaten and melted butter. Dissolve soda in two teaspoonfuls hot water, beat in with flavoring, then fold in egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes.

Honey and Almond Cakes

One pound flour, 1 pound honey, 6 ounces ground almonds, 1 teaspoonful powdered cloves, 1½ teaspoonfuls carbonate soda, 3 ounces butter.

PUT honey and butter on fire and let it boil. Mix flour, cloves and almonds together, pour boiling mixture on them; mix soda in a little cold milk and add last. Mix all well together and let stand for four or five hours, then roll out one inch thick, cut into squares, put few almonds on top. Bake fifteen minutes.

Rhubarb Tapioca Padding

Two-thirds cupful pearl tapioca, ¼ cupful boiling water, 2/3 teaspoonful salt, 3 cupfuls rhubarb, 1/3 cupful sugar, cream.

SOAK tapioca over night in cold water to cover. Drain, put in double boiler, add boiling water and salt and cook till tapioca has absorbed all the water. Peel rhubarb and cut into three-quarter inch pieces crosswise, sprinkle with sugar, add tapioca and cook until tapioca is transparent and rhubarb is soft. Turn into service dish and serve with cream.

Hominy, Southern Style

One cup boiling water, ¾ cupful fine hominy, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 cupfuls milk, ¼ cupful butter, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 slightly beaten egg.

MIX boiling water with salt, add hominy gradually while stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point and let boil two mnutes. Cook in double boiler till all water is absorbed. Add 1 cupful milk, stir thoroughly, cook one hour. Remove from range, add butter, sugar, egg and another cupful milk. Turn into a buttered bake dish and bake in slow oven one hour.

Salad Rolls

One and a half cupfuls milk, ¼ cupful sugar, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ yeast cake, 4 cupfuls flour, 2 egg whites, ½ cupful butter.

SCALD milk, add sugar, butter and salt. When luke-warm, add yeast cake, and when yeast cake is dissolved add flour, mix thoroughly and add egg whites beaten until stiff. Cover and let rise. Turn into iron gem pans, having pans half full of mixture. Let rise and bake in hot oven twenty minutes.

THE CAKE WE BAKED

We followed exactly the same recipe in using FIVE ROSES and the new "War Flour." The cake from the new FIVE ROSES was equal to that from the old flour in lightness and texture; the flavour was excellent, the colour rich and creamy. There should be no fear of cake waste, as we do not doubt its keeping qualities.

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CANADA

THE PIE WE MADE

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